"Me Li'l Swee'pea"

POPEYE

E.C. Segar's

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E. C. SEGAR

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS



VOLUME SIX

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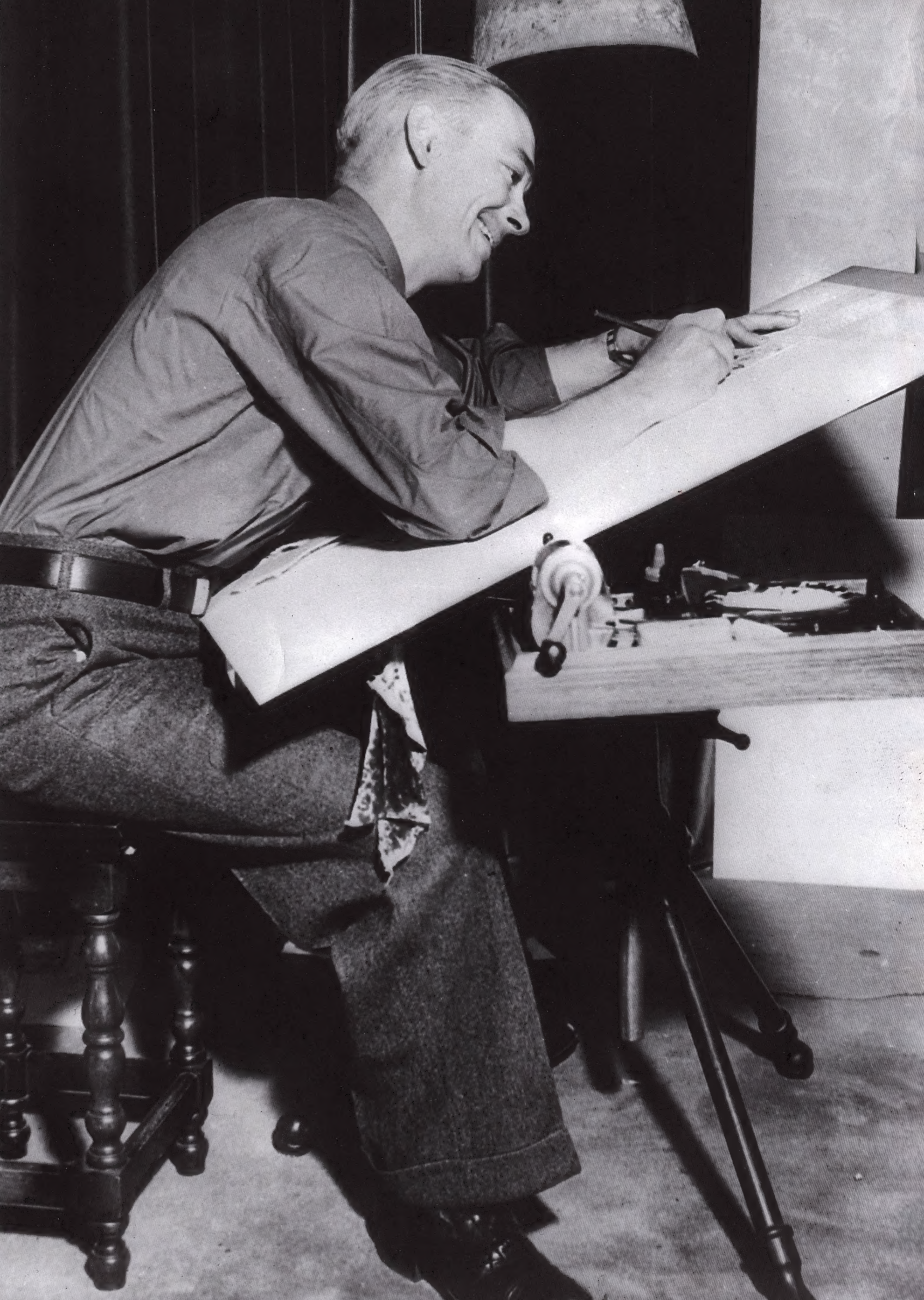
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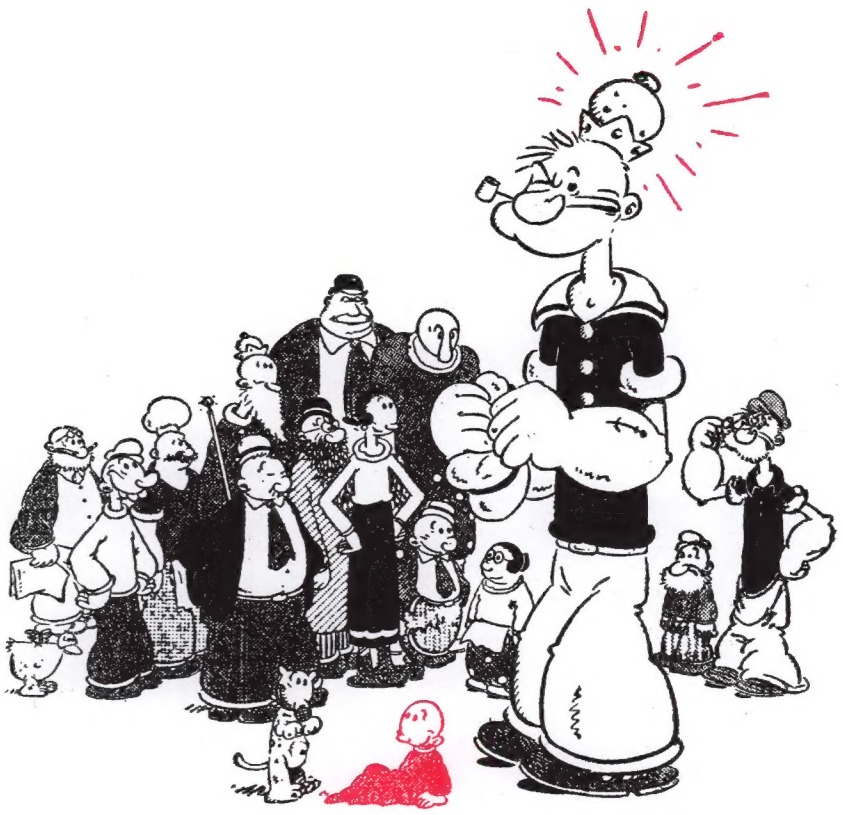
Seattle, Wash., USA

Editor Kim Thompson • *Designer* Jacob Covey • *Contributing Editor* Eric Reynolds • *Production* Paul Baresh • *Publishers* Gary Groth and Kim Thompson
Distributed in the USA by WW Norton (212-233-4830), in Canada by Canadian Manda Group (800-452-6642 x862), and in the UK by Turnaround Distribution (44-[0]-20-8829-3002).

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First Fantagraphics Books edition: February 2012 • ISBN: 978-1-60699-483-2 • Printed in China through Print Vision.





THE CONTINUITY STYLE OF E.C. SEGAR

BETWEEN "MEANWHILE" & "TO BE CONTINUED..."

Introduction by Richard Marschall

In this series of the complete Segar *Popeye* we previously have discussed cartoonist Elzie Segar's narrative techniques and characterizations. In the succeeding, and concluding, essay, we will address the public's reception of his art, story, and the universe he created, measured by the licensing and merchandising aspects of *The Thimble Theatre.*

Here we will address an aspect of Segar's genius that is easy to miss, his continuity skills, the *craft* of creating and sustaining a continuity comic strip. That is, more than gags and stories: the method of his presentations and the devices he employed to produce a strip that continued over many months but needed to be divided into daily segments.

The Thimble Theatre in the years preceding Popeye's entrance, but especially during his center-stage dominance, required the following of its creator: six days a week for the entire year it was a six-panel narrative; it simultaneously sustained characters with consistent personalities; employed humor to amuse readers; and carried a plotline that, functionally at least, induced readers to return every next day. In addition, Sunday pages (usually between 16 and 24 panels in extent) also mixed humor and continuity; and when not stand-alone gags, the episodes were different from the daily sequences. New characters – in fact a veritable and memorable cast of thousands – were invented along the way. In addition, Segar populated the world of a second strip, the Sunday *Sappo*, which maintained its own continuities; and drew a children's feature of puzzles, drawing lessons, advice, and so forth.

This was day-in, day-out work. Newspaper strip cartoonists did not take vacations then; or when they did, it simply was understood that they would "double up" their output beforehand, or bring ink and paper along on trips with the wife and kids.

Some cartoonists of the day coped with all these demands by having outright "ghosts"; Bud Fisher, for instance, hardly touched *Mutt and Jeff* after the late 'teens, nor Chic Young with *Blondie* after the mid-1930s. Some cartoonists had assistants; the stories of Ferd Johnson (*Moon Mullins*), Zeke Zekely (*Bringing Up Father*), Fred Lasswell (*Barney Google*), and Paul Frehm (*Red Barry*) being artists, writers, golfing partners, and "gophers" for, respectively, Frank Willard, George McManus, Billy DeBeck, and Will Gould, are instructive. They are also hilarious, and form an interesting sidelight of both cartooning history and the chronicles of indentured servitude.

Many cartoonists ceded neither all nor half of their work to others, and just kep' rollin' along. George Herriman was one; E C Segar was another. Their employer, King Feature Syndicate, maintained a stable of brilliant and versatile "ghost artists" (Alex Raymond at the beginning of his career) to adequate cartoonists (Bob Naylor, Stan Randall, Doc Winner) to assist or pinch-hit on its comics. In the case of *Krazy Kat*, when Herriman was ill, old strips were recycled. With *The Thimble Theatre*, when Segar was ill, especially toward 1938 when he died of leukemia, Doc Winner was employed to pinch-hit, anonymously.

Lifting these tent-flaps can add to our astonishment at Segar's output. *Thimble Theatre*'s deceptively simple artwork and superficially breezy humor mask the challenges he met, and conquered.

It seems odd that the comic strip, as it developed in American newspapers as a tool to build circulation, took so long to evolve from stand-alone jokes each day or each week. In a certain way the art form itself, or the Sunday funny section, became a "continuity hook" – "Let's look at those comics in the *Journal*; they're sure to be funny!" or "I wonder what scrape Happy Hooligan has gotten into today!" It also seems odd that the nascent motion picture, in many ways a child – certainly a cousin – of the comic strip, turned to continuity modes before strips did. Of course I am not referring to internal sequential narration, which is the essence of story-construction in both forms, panel to panel and frame to frame.

But the movies initiated the cliff-hanger, named for the instantly clichéd device to induce audiences to return with their nickels and see whether hero or heroine would be rescued, and how. As I mentioned in Volume Four of this series, my research for a book on the interrelationships and simultaneous developments of comics, the movies, and animation reveals some facts obscured by the passage of time. Some comic-strip pioneers, for instance, and several editors of Sunday supplements who directed the early cartoonists, transitioned into the movies in the earliest nickelodeon days. Film studios were so eager for story ideas they issued public appeals. Major magazines and newspapers serialized stories with the stated notice that they were to be made into movie serials. William Randolph Hearst, the

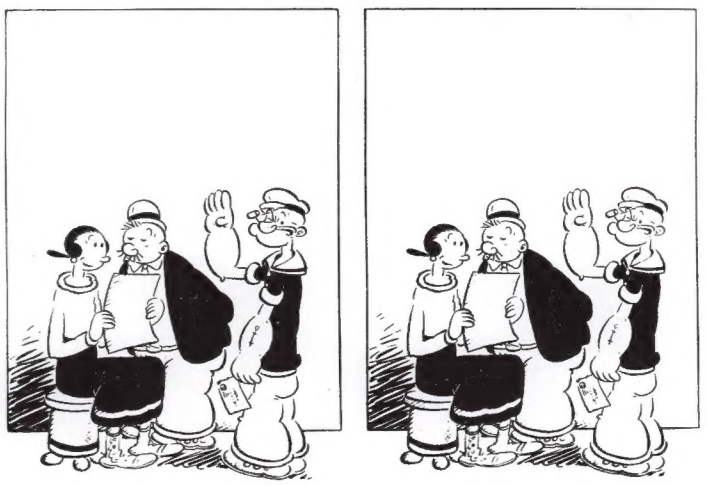
godliest godfather of the comics, was also a pioneer of the movie serial and Saturday morning cliff-hangers through the iconic *Perils of Pauline*. His staff (some say he, personally, as well) participated in its storyline development, widely publicizing (and "novelizing") the series in the Hearst newspapers. Hearst's International also published a book novelization and a photoplay edition. Although no literal cliff-hanging occurred in the first series of the *Perils*, it was filmed in Fort Lee NJ, across from New York City, on the rocky Palisades.

The Perils of Pauline appeared in 1914. The following year an even more popular movie serial was produced, *The Diamond from the Sky*. It was *preceded* by a newspaper campaign, in which $10,000 was offered for the best idea for a movie serial. The prize was won (and the fee eventually upped to $30,000, according to publicity, for script and production work) by Roy L McCardell, a veteran cartoon writer and editor for *Puck* magazine and the New York *World*'s "Funny Side" Sunday supplement. The contest was run by the *Chicago Tribune*, which serialized the story, and the American Film Manufacturing Company, which produced the 30 weekly episodes for theaters. Mary Pickford's sister Lottie had the starring role. Crossovers crossed over from the earliest moments.

In these years, daily and Sunday comic strips were overwhelmingly humorous, not dramatic or melodramatic, and uniformly self-contained, very seldom "to be continued." Many comics histories cite January of 1929 as the birth of comic-strip adventure continuities (*Tarzan* and *Buck Rogers* starting on the same day) but through the late 'teens and the 1920s there were quite a few strips that dealt in continuities, cliff-hangers, adventure, and melodrama. *Our Friend Mush* by Ad Carter was a badly drawn and unlikely pioneer of the genre, but its Sunday pages were full of kids' adventures, not punchlines. *The Gumps* trafficked in both boy's adventure and melodrama, schizophrenically swinging back to domestic gags and vaudeville patter. *Little Orphan Annie*, *Wash Tubbs*, and *Bobby Thatcher* all represent strips that honed the craft, thanks to their themes, of daily continuity writing.

The foregoing is not only to establish the state of the comic-strip field which Segar eventually joined, but also properly to place him in the timeline of the popular arts' embrace of continuity and episodic storylines.

Movies were only starting to hit the American hinterland in 1906-1908, when the young Segar, barely a teen, fell under their spell and got a job in the only theater in Chester, Illinois. He rose to the most exalted position he coveted there – not manager but projectionist. It enabled him to be, in a manner of speaking, the mechanical storyteller. Legend has it that he would draw cartoon versions of the movies in chalk on sidewalks of Chester; and he bore the tattoo MPO – Motion Picture Operator – on his forearm, to his grave.



ABOVE: Can you spot the ten differences between these two drawings? We were going to leave it at that and drive our readers mad (there are in fact no differences) but thought better of it: It's actually an original paste-up of a Segar drawing clearly intended to be photocopied and then sliced in two, for Segar to personalize and mail out to fans.

We have previously established Segar's love of movies, and how, coincidentally or not, his early comic-strip features revolved around movies: as a member of the team that drew *Charlie Chaplin's Comic Capers*; *Movies, Starring Haphard Helen*; and *The Thimble Theatre*. But we should look beyond coincidences or even touchstones in order to understand Segar's continuity techniques in his mature years.

What began as parodies (withal, respectful) eventually became synergy: the cartoonist adopted the conventions and clichés of drama and melodrama into his strip work. This is easily overlooked in Segar's work – or it mistakenly can be assumed a common attribute of every continuity comic strip – but there are uncountable ways to tell a story in daily-strip segments. Segar chose to hew to the language and structure of movie serials, never abandoning such accouterments as opening credits, title cards, intros, synopses, and narrator-voice captions. Only Roy Crane, in *Wash Tubbs* and *Captain Easy*, employed such devices in comic strips.

It is to be noted that Segar used these movie-serial tools through the 1930s… subsequent to the movies themselves, after sound, largely having discarded them as superfluous.

Finally, although Segar loved the motion picture – to the point of literally branding himself as a member of the herd – and despite his title-cards eventually resembling title-cards in movie serials, we should remember that *The Thimble Theatre* was conceived as a parody of stage theatricals, not movies. The cast was not a list of putative movie stars. Rather, Olive Oyl, Castor Oyl, Harold Hamgravy, and company were to be seen as actors in an itinerant repertory group of actors. Segar harkened to the days when such troupes criss-crossed the country, playing in small theaters and local "opera houses," invariably for meager pay, and – as cartoonists lampooned them in magazine gags – usually walking along railroad tracks from one little town to the next.

All of which is to say that Segar might have loved movies, but when he drew his comic strips, he was showing his love (and instincts, and disciplines, and the lessons he learned) not of movies alone but from dramatic technique as developed by the strictures of stage, and of screen. I will assume Segar's awareness of these presentations of comedy, drama, and melodrama was at first inchoate and his adoption of them by a process like osmosis and cell-division, but they were real and they were unique to him. Every distinguished cartoonist of continuity strips of the 1920s and 1930s had a personal narrative style.

Harold Gray in *Little Orphan Annie*, for instance, frequently advanced his storylines a day at a time; that is, each strip represented a succeeding day's action: a maddening challenge.

Crane and Chester Gould (*Dick Tracy*) often delineated parallel action – captions would carry us crosstown, to what other characters were doing at that moment. When Segar showed a character apart from Popeye or Castor at a critical juncture… usually it was a moment before Popeye or Castor walk in on them.

Characters in *The Thimble Theatre* frequently engaged in soliloquies, but never did Segar resort to thought balloons, or captions that explained characters' reflections or motivations, in the fashion of many strips.

Many cartoonists used close-ups and varied the "camera angles" – we think here of Alex Raymond in *Flash Gordon* and George Storm in *Bobby Thatcher*, respectively – but Segar almost invariably kept his "camera" in a static position. As with movies before Billy Bitzer and D W Griffith; as with an audience's point of view, seated in the sixth row, middle seat, of a local opera house.

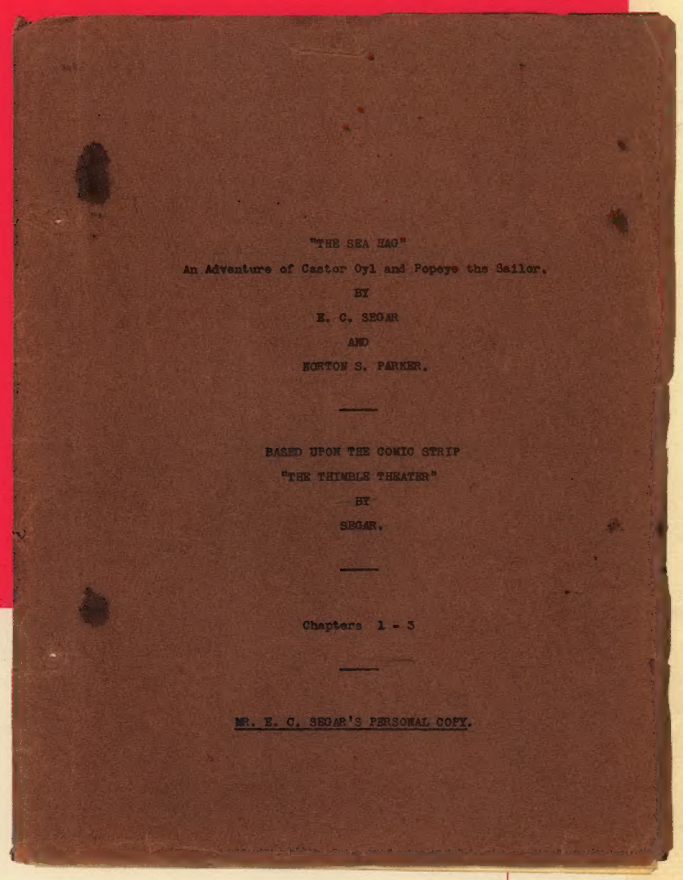
His techniques were not better or worse; in comics, the standards are quality, integrity, and consistency, not working to some arbitrary template. So understood, Segar's techniques were perfect for what he was doing. That they have withstood the test of time (we can place Segar in the company of Mark Twain, Charlie Chaplin, Fred Allen, Ernie Kovacs) attests to the perfect marriage of Form and Function. And Funny.

It is ironic that when Segar began to infuse *The Thimble Theatre* with longer, mature continuities (and not its early farce-melodramas and parodies), around 1925, King Features commenced a promotional campaign for Segar's page, calling it "the nation's premier 'plop' comic." This was a sincere but back-handed classification of *The Thimble Theatre* as a simple, vaudeville-gag, wheeze wherein the character receiving the punch line in the last panel does a back-flip out of the frame, attended by a swarm of sweat beads, question marks, and exclamation points. This at a time when Castor Oyl was embarking on a Sunday-page adventure that would last more than a year.

William Randolph Hearst's copywriters were doing what they could for a feature that, frankly, was not gaining much traction. *The Thimble Theatre*, after approximately five years, ran in few papers outside the

[CONTINUED P. 6]

I YAM WHAT I YAM... and More

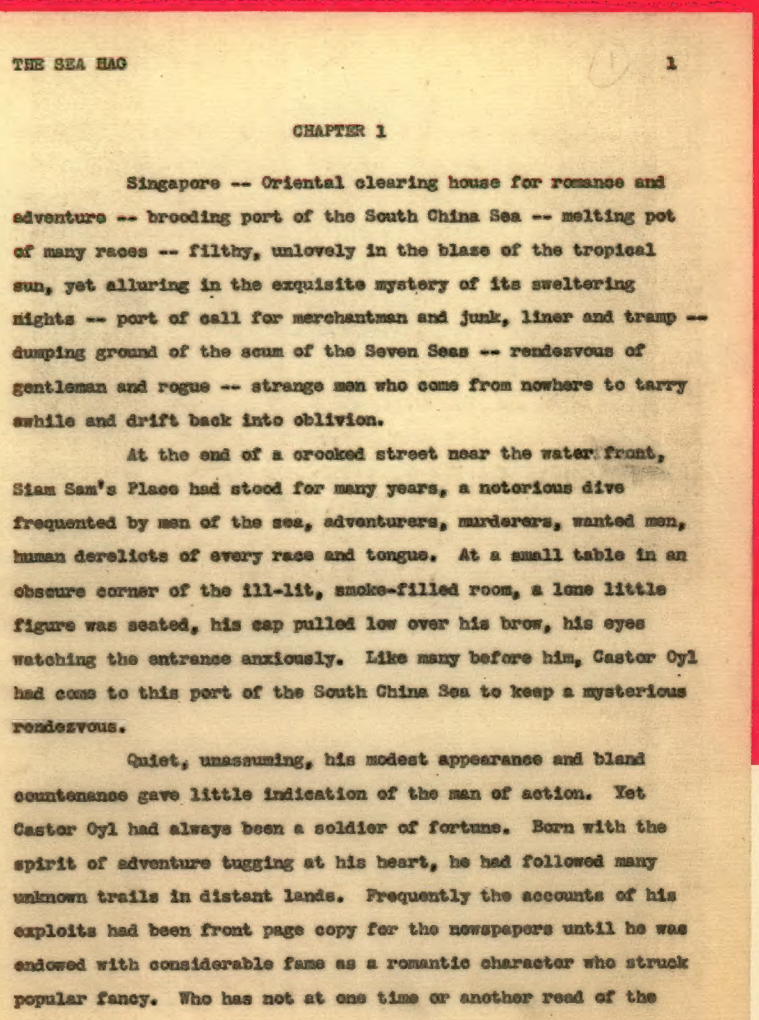


"THE SEA HAG"
An Adventure of Castor Oyl and Popeye the Sailor.
BY
E. C. SEGAR
AND
NORTON S. PARKER.

BASED UPON THE COMIC STRIP
"THE THIMBLE THEATER"
BY
SEGAR.

Chapters 1 - 3

MR. E. C. SEGAR'S PERSONAL COPY.



THE SEA HAG 1

CHAPTER 1

Singapore -- Oriental clearing house for romance and adventure -- brooding port of the South China Sea -- melting pot of many races -- filthy, unlovely in the blaze of the tropical sun, yet alluring in the exquisite mystery of its sweltering nights -- port of call for merchantman and junk, liner and tramp -- dumping ground of the scum of the Seven Seas -- rendezvous of gentleman and rogue -- strange men who come from nowhere to tarry awhile and drift back into oblivion.

At the end of a crooked street near the water front, Siam Sam's Place had stood for many years, a notorious dive frequented by men of the sea, adventurers, murderers, wanted men, human derelicts of every race and tongue. At a small table in an obscure corner of the ill-lit, smoke-filled room, a lone little figure was seated, his cap pulled low over his brow, his eyes watching the entrance anxiously. Like many before him, Castor Oyl had come to this port of the South China Sea to keep a mysterious rendezvous.

Quiet, unassuming, his modest appearance and bland countenance gave little indication of the man of action. Yet Castor Oyl had always been a soldier of fortune. Born with the spirit of adventure tugging at his heart, he had followed many unknown trails in distant lands. Frequently the accounts of his exploits had been front page copy for the newspapers until he was endowed with considerable fame as a romantic character who struck popular fancy. Who has not at one time or another read of the

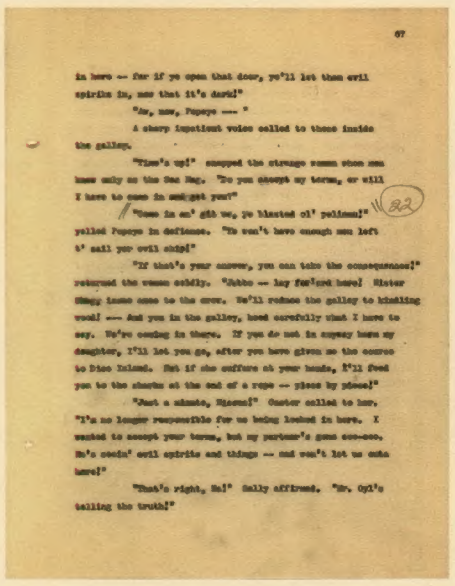
Elzie Segar's devotion to continuity – to *story* – can be inferred from reading years of *The Thimble Theatre.* There seldom is variation from nonsense, humor, exaggeration, rich characterization, and a touch of surrealism.

Yet we see, occasionally, in Popeye, a touch of pathos. Like Segar's clear inspiration, Charlie Chaplin, the character is not 100 per cent humorous. Popeye sometimes shows his soft and sympathekick side; he is tender to women and children; we spot him shedding a tear; and we deduce that he is, at bottom, a lonely man. Segar himself said in a 1936 interview, "Popeye's life has been a sad one and I claim that pathos is the best background for humor. Tragedy and comedy are so closely related that it is only a step from one to the other."

And we have evidence of another literary interest – indeed, a literary ambition – of Segar.

Occasionally, *Thimble Theatre* episodes were more serious than others: the villains were darker; the violence stronger; the intended laughs fewer. The story in which Popeye made his debut in 1929, in fact, was one: the Dice Island saga, with Fadewell, Jabbo, Bill Skag, and the Sea Hag. The 1933-1934 "Plunder Island" sequence was another. It was far more sinister. One can believe, despite silly subplots with Wimpy, that children reading the Sunday funnies those months could have had bad dreams from *Pop*eye. Immediately before that sequence and after, *Thimble Theatre* was its silly, satirical, surreal self. But Segar was doing something different, and we can assume special to him, in those stories.

We have fascinating evidence, recently come to light, of this intriguing aspect of Segar's genius. Back in 1983, when I was editing the magazine *nemo: the classic comics library,* I devoted a major portion of Issue Two to Popeye. I ran an excerpt from a novel that Segar wrote in the 1930s – that I printed any of it was thanks to Segar's daughter Marie; that I printed so little of it was thanks to her nervousness. My pleas, and her fears, have never left me: the public should see this... *but she was afraid it was too "rough" for modern Popeye fans.* This is a "literary find!"... *if King Features didn't want it published then, they might object now.* And so forth.



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in here -- for if ye open that door, ye'll let them evil spirits in, now that it's dark!"

"Ar, now, Popeye ---- "

A sharp impatient voice called to those inside the galley.

"Time's up!" snapped the strange woman whom men knew only as the Sea Hag. "Do you accept my terms, or will I have to come in and get you?"

"Come in an' gith me, ye blasted ol' pullman!" yelled Popeye in defiance. "Ye won't have enough men left t' sail yer evil ship!"

"If that's your answer, you can take the consequences!" returned the woman coldly. "Jabbo -- lay for'ard here! Mister Skagg! Come aft to the crew. We'll redress the galley to kindling wood! --- And you in the galley, heed carefully what I have to say. We've company in there. If you do not in anyway harm my daughter, I'll let you go, after you have given me the course to Dice Island. But if she suffers ah your hands, I'll feed you to the sharks at the end of a rope -- piece by piece!"

"Just a minute, Hagsie!" Castor called to her. "I'm no longer responsible for us being locked in here. I wanted to accept your terms, but my partner's gone coo-coo. He's seein' evil spirits and things -- and won't let us outa here!"

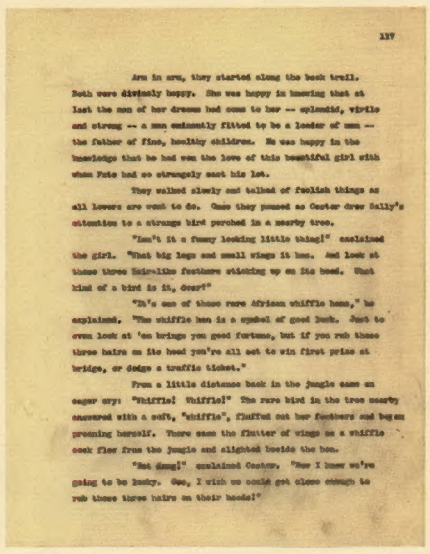
"That's right, Ma!" Sally affirmed. "Mr. Oyl's telling the truth!"

Recently we (I refer to my partner in Rosebud Archives, Jon Barli; and my son Ted) have acquired the manuscript, and plan to see it published soon. It is germane to the topic of this essay because it reveals much about Segar's taste – for characterization, continuity, action, violence, and romance, outside the context of the newspaper comic strip. It is a full, 190-page manuscript, well crafted. It is an absorbing example of Segar the Storyteller in a new light.

The title is *The Sea Hag.* It was written with Segar's friend Norton S Parker (1900-1969), who wrote or scripted 30 films and several novels in his career, mostly moralistic tales, swashbuckling adventures, and Westerns. It features many of the characters in the "Dice Island" sequence of *Thimble Theatre*; but its brooding undertone and violence anticipate the "Plunder Island" sequence.

A major surprise (because, to me, it indicates Segar's "blue-sky" intentions for Popeye if the cartoonist could chart his own course) is that the novel was written in early 1930. Popeye had barely become a national sensation. He and the Sea Hag were scarcely established in the public's mind. Castor Oyl was somewhat known as the lead character in *The Thimble Theatre...* but not the Castor who appears in this book. Many of the characters are quite different than their comic-strip selves. The book suggests where Segar might have gone if he had traded the projector and the drawing board for the typewriter...

There will be no "spoilers" here. I just offer you three pages from the manuscript to show that – indeed! – Elzie Segar was not casual about storylines and continuity. There were many roiling currents under the surface of the seas upon which Popeye sailed.



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Arm in arm, they started along the beach trail. Both were divinely happy. She was happy in knowing that at last the man of her dreams had come to her -- splendid, virile and strong -- a man eminently fitted to be a leader of men -- the father of fine, healthy children. He was happy in the knowledge that he had won the love of this beautiful girl with whom Fate had so strangely cast his lot.

They walked slowly and talked of foolish things as all lovers are wont to do. Once they paused as Castor drew Sally's attention to a strange bird perched in a nearby tree.

"Isn't it a funny looking little thing!" exclaimed the girl. "What big legs and small wings it has. And look at those three hair-like feathers sticking up on its head. What kind of a bird is it, dear?"

"It's one of those rare African whiffle hens," he explained. "The whiffle hen is a symbol of good luck. Just to even look at 'em brings you good fortune, but if you rub those three hairs on its head you're all set to win first prize at bridge, or dodge a traffic ticket."

From a little distance back in the jungle came an eager cry: "Whiffle! Whiffle!" The rare bird in the tree nearby answered with a soft, "whiffle", fluffed out her feathers and began preening herself. There came the flutter of wings as a whiffle cock flew from the jungle and alighted beside the hen.

"Not dawg!" exclaimed Castor. "Now I know we've going to be lucky. Gee, I wish we could get close enough to rub those three hairs on their heads!"

Hearst chain; and such was to be the case for another five years. Fortunately, Hearst was indulgent enough, and his string of newspapers numerous enough, that this state of affairs was common – Segar, Herriman, Hoban (*Jerry on the Job*), Chic Young (*Dumb Dora*), and others, did not fear for their jobs. They were syndicated, but syndication largely was moot: they seldom appeared outside the Hearst chain.

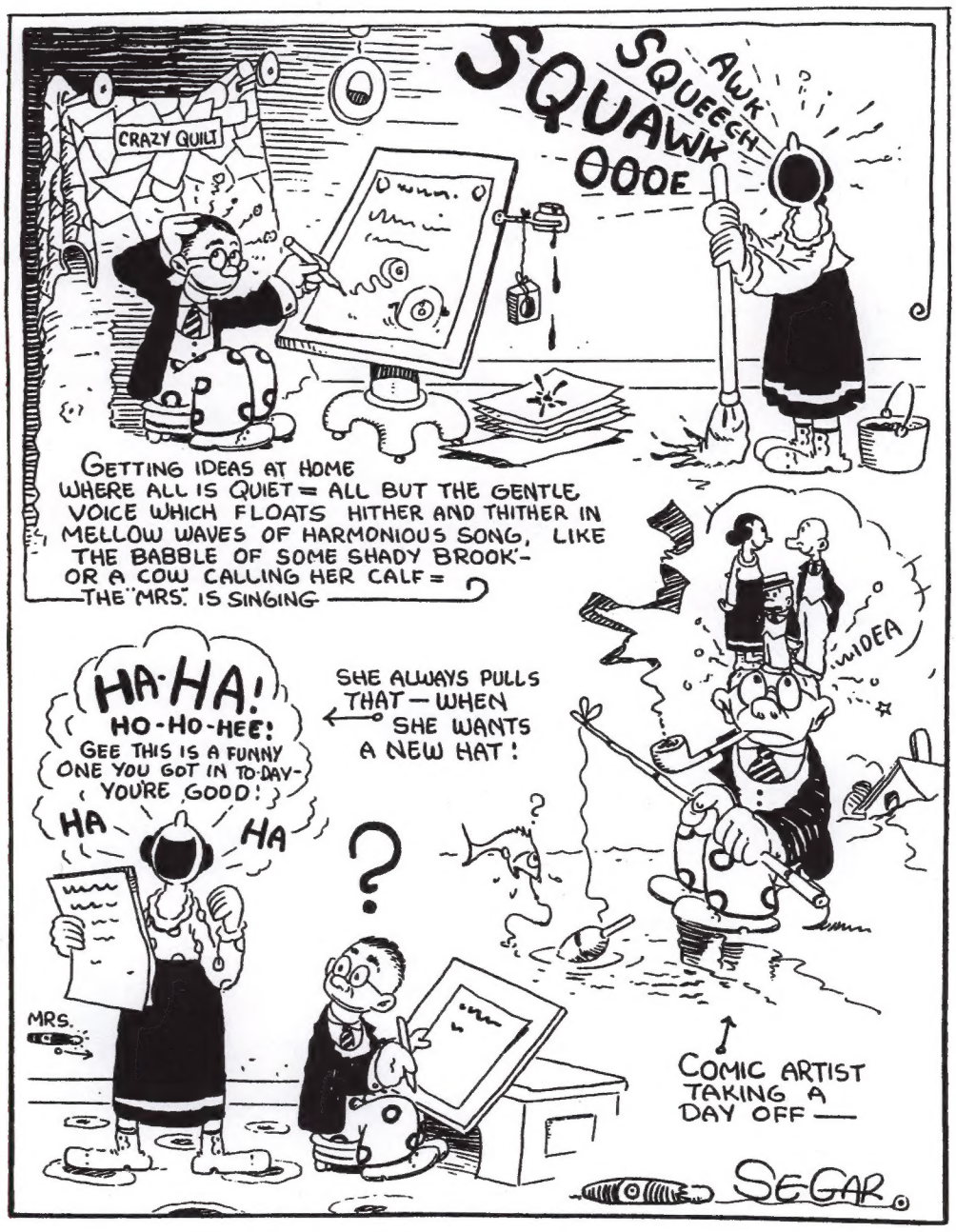
Without obvious – or endless – cliff-hangers, Segar propelled his continuities by time-honored elements of mystery, surprises, twists, dilemmas, and chases. Even more time-worn were "teases" like doom-laden threats, impending danger, imminent harm to the main characters, and looming disaster. His heroes manifested all the attributes of humor and naiveté he could summon; Castor Oyl, who became the protagonist of *The Thimble Theatre*, embodied them all at times.

Segar had a special fondness for Castor, and invested him variously with bravery, cowardice, wisdom, and foolishness. Eventually, in the Popeye period of the strip, Segar learned to imbue separate characters with separate characteristics.

The villains in *The Thimble Theatre* were ridiculously exaggerated in their negative attributes, to a greater extent than the "good guys" were sympathetically depicted. By such a device, Segar at once made them less evil (for young readers?) and more comical. The tension in Segar's universe between naifs or oafs on one side, and absurd scoundrels on the other, provided in itself a continuity element. No matter what plot or conflict was dished up, the heroes could never prevail on their own. Readers grew to know that.

… until the final puzzle-piece of Segar's continuity technique was put on the table. And that is the supernatural aspect to *The Thimble Theatre*. An endless parade of characters, usually creatures from the same realms tapped by Lewis Carroll and Dr Seuss, provided readers with a reason to return to each day's new installment, and each new, titled, episode, just as surely as did breathless captions like other strips' "*To be continued…*" and "*What will happen to our heroes?*" Segar's fans fastened their seat belts for rides of nonsensical conflicts and silly – but capricious – resolutions. Creatures like Bernice the Whiffle Hen and Eugene the Jeep; and "humans" from Jabbo to the Sea Hag to Toar to Alice the Goon were unpredictable as characters. More important, they exercised totally random effects on Segar's narrative structure, if such it can be called.

When combined (once again, in the Popeye years) with an inspired cast of "normal" characters – well, you have met them in these volumes: Wimpy, King Blozo, Geezil, Roughhouse, Oscar, Bluto – a formula was established that would never grow stale. Most stories (for the exceptions, see the Sidebar) were picaresque adventures or absurd mysteries, usually tinged with surrealism thanks to Segar's inevitable character constructions. Like screwball comedies, there is a heavy dose of stories built around individuals vs authority; bizarre monarchs and leaders; and fantasies revolving around money and treasures.



ABOVE: Segar at work and (relative) leisure, in a panel published in the September 1921 issue of *Circulation* magazine — seven years before the birth of Popeye. (One hopes the "Mrs." had a good sense of humor about her own signing skills.) Reproduction courtesy of Thierry Groensteen and the Musée de la Bande Dessinée (Angoulême).

Further, an aspect of Segar's reliance on his characters' personality traits wherewith he propelled his continuities has eluded comics scholars through the years. Since Bill Blackbeard's seminal essay "The First (Arf! Arf! Superhero of Them All") in the '60s fanzine *Zero*, edited by Dick and Pat Lupoff and Bhiob Stewart (and reprinted in *All in Color for a Dime*), Popeye has been seen as a fighter of near-superhuman strength. Bill argued that Superman and Batman paled in comparison to Popeye, if not attractiveness. Occasional fisticuffs in the strips and invariable fistfights in the animated cartoons reinforced the perception. But the real superheroes – those who possessed super-powers of prescience, teleportation, gifts of knowledge, life in other dimensions – were walk-on characters like the Whiffle Hen and the Jeep. *They*, not Popeye, provided the superhero/supernatural elements, for gags, and for continuity functions.

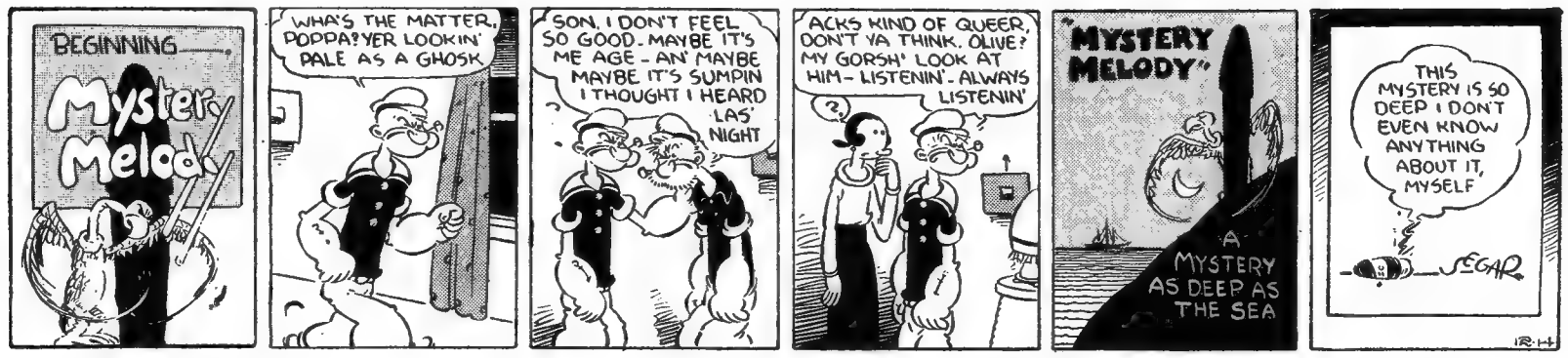
Once Popeye was drawn into a situation, in the style of Thurber or Hitchcock's average protagonists, Segar's continuities were casual in the extreme… but not without precedent and pattern. In *Thimble Theatre* continuities, chance events occur, with regularity; Segar is deliberate about narrative mishaps (nothing is illogical in the strip); accidents are predictable; indiscriminate plot elements have consequence… or not! Absurdist dialog, often revealing intense frustration or unrealizable resolutions, as well as Popeye's inevitable malapropisms, carry the slow moments that are never slow, and bridge the narrative flow that never needs it.

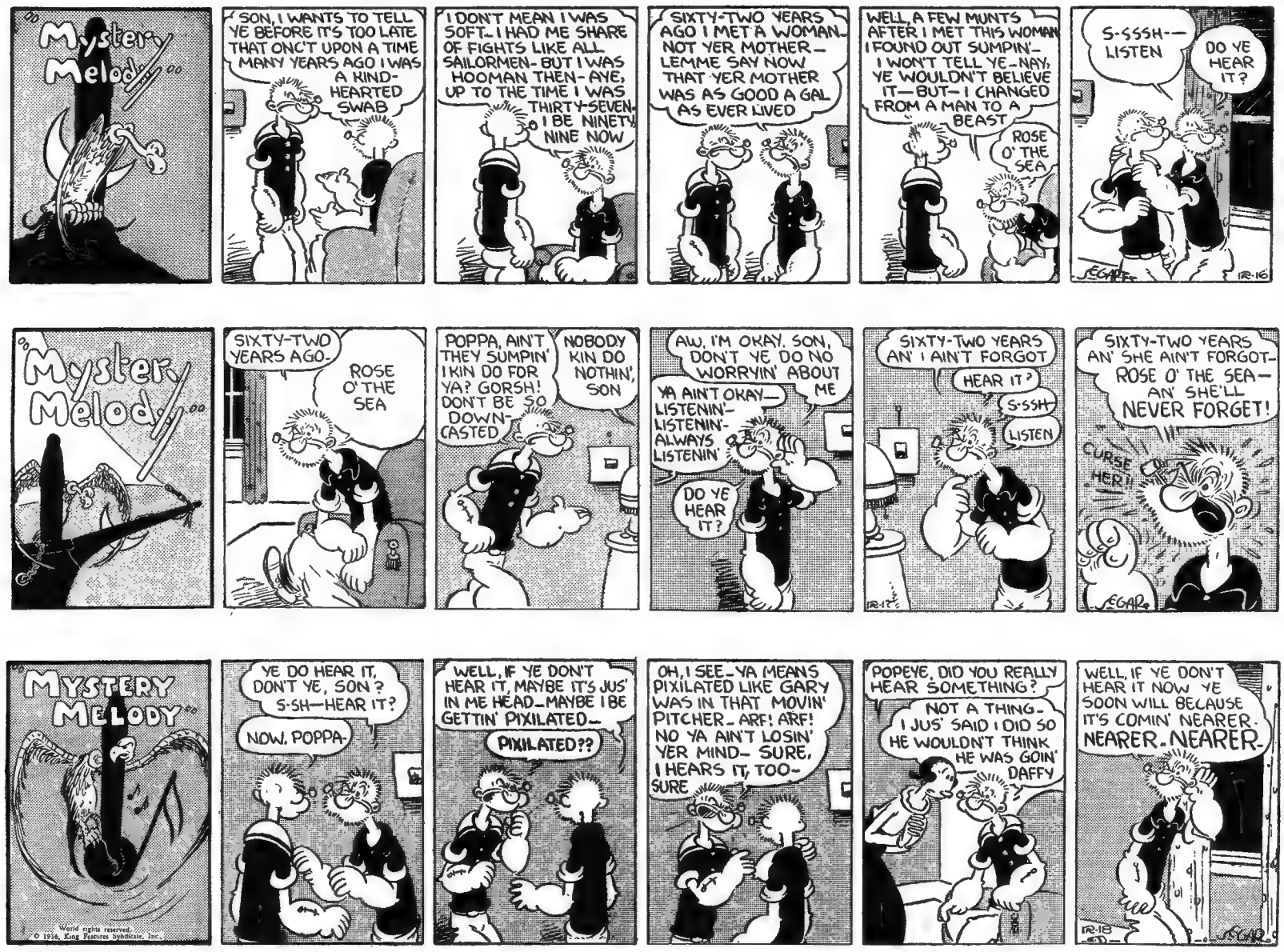
Such are the elements of Segar's continuity style. A style it is, and distinctive, one that his contemporaries in the field – and successors on the strip – could never approach. To dissect it, as I have attempted, is Sisyphean: the superficial simplicity of *The Thimble Theatre*, especially of Segar's drawing style, ultimately confounds analysis.

But, ultimately, the proof of a brilliant mastery of continuity is not that readers returned day after day in the 1920s and 1930s to the comic strips of Elzie Segar. Its evidence is that, nearly a century later, we ourselves return with such happy avidity to his remarkable work.

CHAPTER I:

MYSTERY MELODY





Mystery Melody

WHAT WAS THAT ?

I WAS OUTSIDE AN' I'D SWEAR I HEARD THE FLAPPIN' OF WINGS- BIG WINGS

NOW, POPPA- DON'T BE LIKE THAT. I'LL PROTECK YA

THE FLAPPIN' O' WINGS! THEN IT'S REAL – IT AIN'T ME 'MAGINATION – I KNOW'D IT WAS HER – SIXTY-TWO YEARS – BUT SHE NEVER FORGETS – NOT HER – ROSE O' THE SEA!

12-19

POPPA, THEM WINGS I HEARD OUTSIDE WAS PROBALY JUS'A SEA BIRD FLYIN' OVER

OH, YEAH?

?

SON, YE WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME IF I DONE SOME EXPLAININ' SO I'LL KEEP ME MOUTH SHUT

I'LL GO TO THE WINDOW, AN' I KNOWS WHAT I'LL SEE- AYE- I SEEN IT SIXTY-TWO YEARS AGO

12-21

I KNEW YOU'D BE HOVERIN' AROUND- WELL, HERE I BE – POOPDECK PAPPY IS HERE

TELL HER- GO TELL HER! YOU BLACK DAUGHTER OF SATAN

SEGAR

SON, YE DIDN'T SEE A BIG BIRD HOVERIN' HIGH OVER OUR SHIP ON OUR WAY HERE FROM ME ISLAND DID YE?

NO, POPPA

WELL, I SEEN IT- AN' I KNOWS NOW IT WAS LOOKIN' FOR ME- THA'S THE BIRD WICH WAS HOVERIN' OVER THIS HOUSE JUS' NOW

AN' SHE'LL SOON KNOW WHERE I BE AT- THE BIRD'LL TELL HER

DON'T WORRY, POPPA, I'LL PROTECK YA

YE COULDN'T PROTECK ME

BUT YA AIN'T AFRAID OF A WOMAN, ARE YA?

I REFUSES TO ANSWER

12-22

ME POPPA JUS' SETS AN' LISTENS- ACKS LIKE AS IF HE WAS HYPNOCIZED- WON'ER WHAT HE HEARS ?

OH!

I HEAR IT, TOO, NOW!

HEAVENS! IT'S AWFUL- I CAN'T STAND IT!!

OLIVE!

WHA'S EATIN' YA? GET OUT FROM UNDER THE RUG!

NO! NO! LET ME ALONE!

12-23

SEGAR

I HEARD IT! I HEARD IT! I STILL HEAR IT!

AW, PIPE DOWN! CONTROL YERSELF!

OH, MY GORSH!

WHA'S THAT SOUND?

I HEARS IT NOW, MESELF

IT'S MUSIC- BUT WHAT A HORREEBLE KIND OF MUSIC

12-24

YE HEARS IT NOW, EH, SON?

YEAH, POPPA, STRANGE MUSIC WICH GOES THROUGH ME BONES

IT'S COMIN' CLOSER, AIN'T IT, SON?

IS IT? IS IT REALLY COMING NEARER, WHATEVER IT IS?

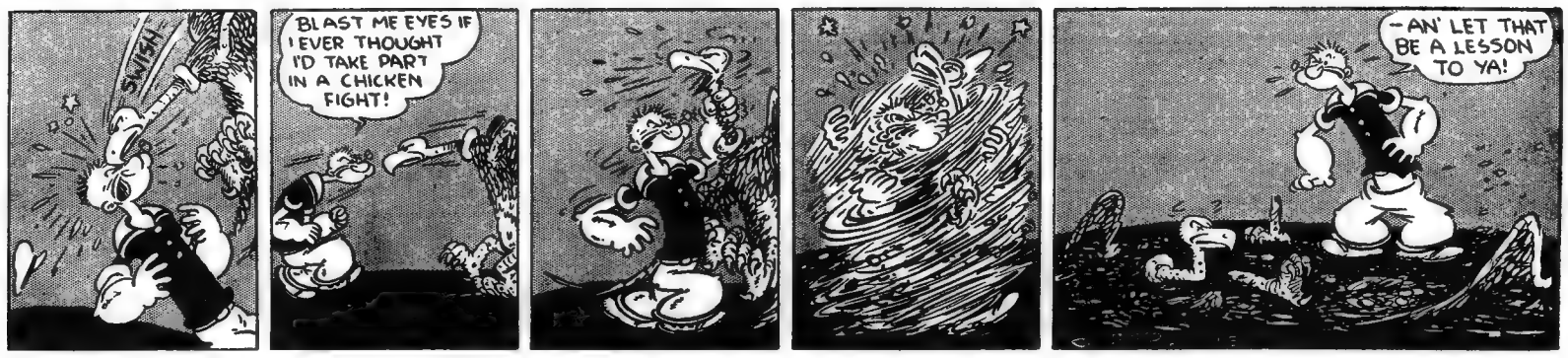
YEAH, IT MUST BE COMIN' NEARER- IT'S GETTIN' LOUDER

12-25

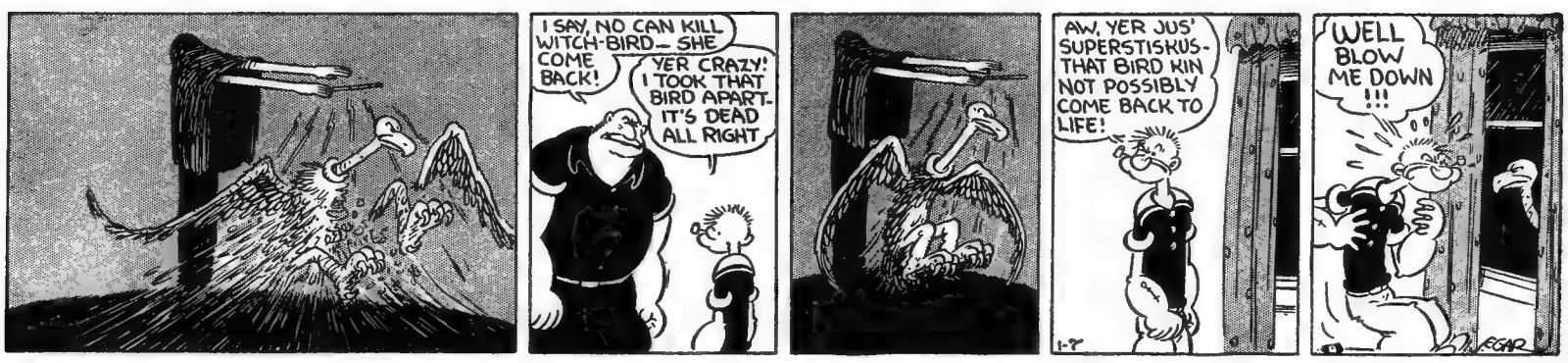

THAT'S THE CREEPIEST MUSIC I EVER HEARD! IT GIVES ME THE SHIVERS!!
OH, LOOK AT YOUR POPPA! HIS HAIR IS STANDING ON END-YOU'RE NOT AFRAID, ARE YOU POPEYE?
NO- I'M NOT AFRAID
IF I THOUGHT YOU WAS AFRAID I'D BE FRIGHTENED TO DEATH
TAKE OFF YER CAP, SON
H-MM-YERS AIN'T EZACKLY HUGGIN' YER HEAD
OH, I CAN'T STAND IT!!
?
WELL, I YAM A LITTLE SCARED- NOT MUCH-JUS'A LITTLE BIT
TOAR UNDERSTAND MAGIC MUSIC-TOAR OLD LIKE HILLS-YOU KNOW TOAR DRINK FROM "POOL OF NEVER DIE" HEAR MAD MUSIC YEARS AGO
IF YA KNOWS, TELL ME QUICK
TOAR ALMOST AFRAID TO TELL-BUT SOON I GO INTO NIGHT, RISK LIFE TO SAVE YOUR POPPA-HE KNOW ME YEARS AGO, BUT NOW HE NOT REMEMBER
I REMEMBER HIM NOW, SON-AYE, "TOAR" SLAVE OF ONE OF THE DAUGHTERS OF SATAN-THE WORST MONSTER THAT EVER LIVED
I'VE KNOW'D TOAR SINCE ME TRIP TO THEM STRANGE UNKNOWN ISLANDS
I DON'T CARE, GET HIM OUT OF HERE 'AFORE HE MURDERS THE LOT OF US
TOAR LOVES YOUR SON SO TOAR LOVE YOU, TOO, POOPDECK PAPPY-I BE HAPPY TO DIE FOR BOTH
AVAST, YA SWAB, DON'T GET SEDIMENTAL
YE DOES LOOK LIKE TOAR, THE SLAVE I KNOW'D SIXTY-TWO YEARS AGO, BUT YE CAN'T BE-YE HAVEN'T AGED A BIT- YE SHOULD BE OLD LIKE ME
TOAR IS WHAT YOU CALL PREHISTORIC MAN, THOUSANDS YEARS OLD- TOAR NOT CHANGE IN MANY THOUSAND YEARS- HAH! ONE TIME DRINK FROM "POOL OF NEVER DIE" POPEYE KNOW!
HE'S RIGHT, POPPA, HE KIN NOT DIE OF OL' AGE- THE ONLY WAY HE KIN PASS OUT IS FROM GETTIN' INJURED
!
THERE IT IS AGAIN! IT'S CALLIN' ME- LEMME GO!!
YOU NOT GO OUT INTO NIGHT- TOAR SAY NO!
LISTEN, TOAR, IF THERE'S ANY DANGER I WANTS IN ON IT
NO- YOU STAY HERE- TOAR'S EYES SEE IN DARK
I GO- MAYBE I KETCH
NOW, POPPA, DON'T LOOK SO BLUE- TOAR AN' ME'LL PROTECK YA- I SEZ WE WILL
HAH! I SEE-
I KILL! I TEAR TO PIECES!!
I GOT TO GO! SHE'S CALLIN' ME! I DON'T WANT TO, BUT I MUST GO
TOAR WENT OUT TO LOOK AROUND YOU STAY HERE
I TEAR TO PIECES!!
I KILL YOU, ROSE OF SEA, FOR THIS!
I KILL YOU!
I KILL FOR THIS!!
TOAR! WHAT IN THE ~~!??

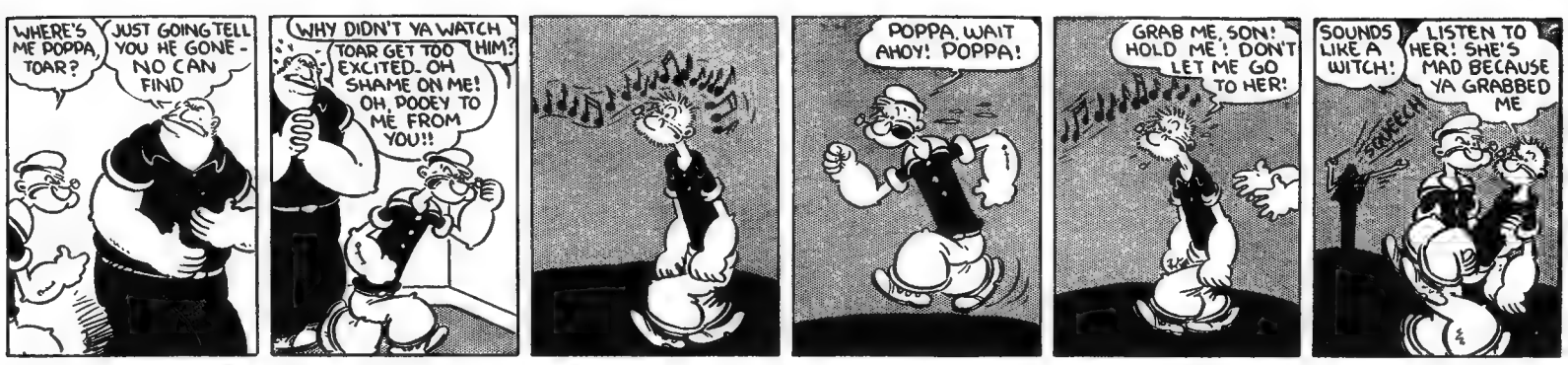

HE'S TELLIN' THE TRUTH, SON
BUT NO BIRD COULD CARRY A NINE-HUNERD-POUND MAN UP IN THE AIR
SHE CARRY ME UP AND DROP ME THROUGH ROOF OF THIS HOUSE
I KNOWS THIS EVIL VULTURE BIRD, SON- SHE'S GOT THE STRENGTH OF AN ELEPHINT
MY GORSH! REALLY?
THERE SHE IS AT WINDOW
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN
COME BACK, POPEYE, SHE KILL YOU!!
NO BLASTED BUZZARD KIN GET FRESH AROUND HERE ~~~-!!
EGAR
1-2

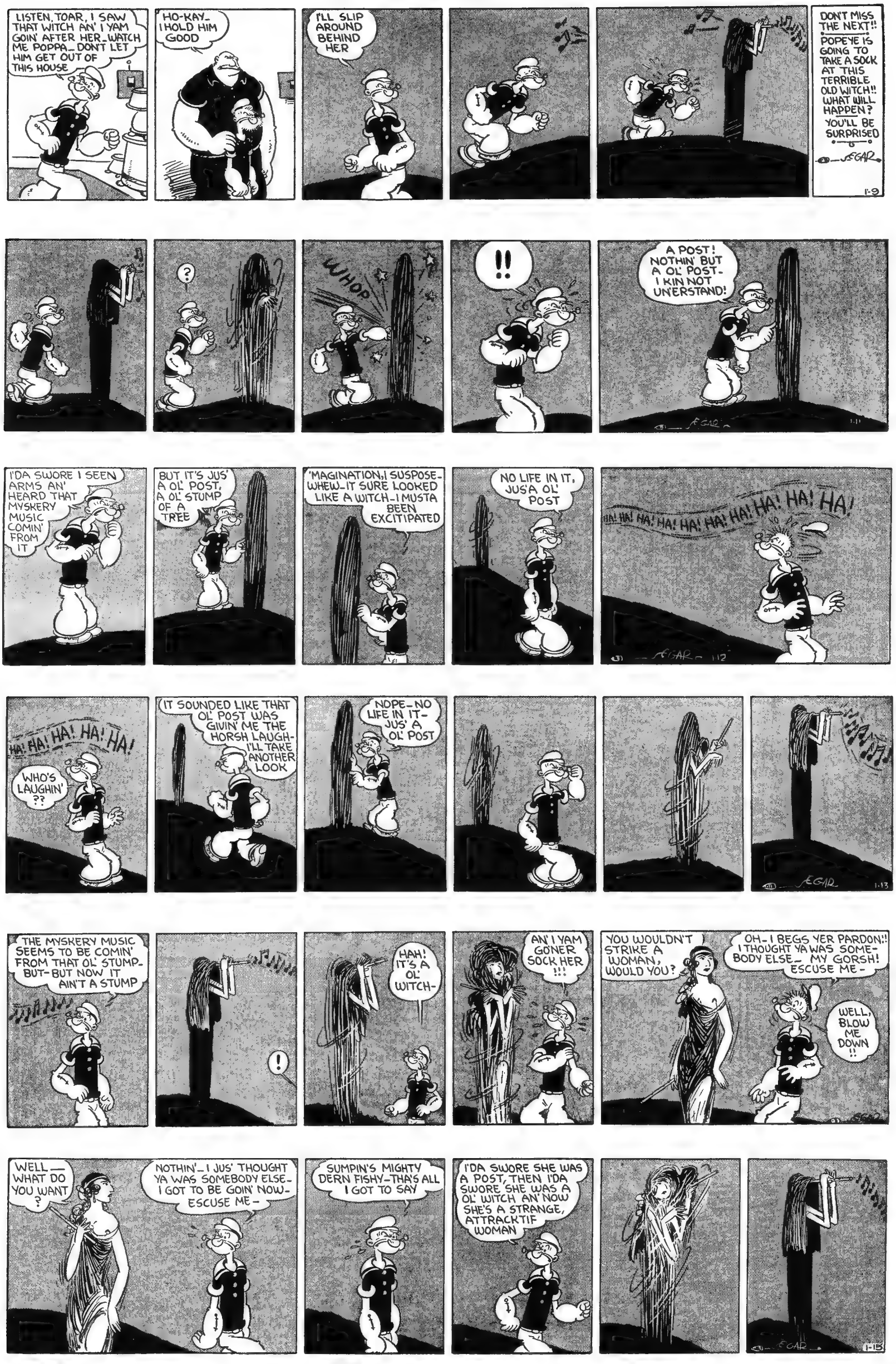

BIG BIRD KILL YOU- YOU NOT GOING OUT
AVAST YA SWAB !!
BLAST YA, TOAR!! DON'T TRY TO HOLD ME!!
A BIG BRUTE LIKE YOU, AN YE DIDN'T HIT ME SON BACK!
ANYBODY ELSE HIT TOAR, TOAR KILL QUICK- TOAR BAD GUY BUT NO HIT POPEYE- TOAR LOVE HIM TOO MUCH
POPEYE IS MY FRIEND, SO, FOR WHY SHOULD I HIT HIM BACK? HE'D JUST KNOCK ME DOWN AGAIN! HA! HA!
!
1-4
OH, SO THERE YA ARE!! I'LL FIX YA!! POOEY- NO BLASTED BUZZARD KIN GET FRESH AROUND ME
EGAR


SWISH
BLAST ME EYES IF I EVER THOUGHT I'D TAKE PART IN A CHICKEN FIGHT!
-AN' LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YA!


COME HOME, POPEYE- WITCH OR WITCH-BIRD WILL GET YOU OUT HERE IN DARK
THE WITCH-BIRD WON'T BOTHER US NO MORE- I TOOK THAT BLASTED PELICAN APART
NO CAN KILL WITCH-BIRD- YOU WAIT AND SEE- SHE BE BACK-
DON'T BE SILLY!!
1-6
EGAR


I SAY, NO CAN KILL WITCH-BIRD- SHE COME BACK!
YER CRAZY! I TOOK THAT BIRD APART- IT'S DEAD ALL RIGHT
AW, YER JUS' SUPERSTISKUS- THAT BIRD KIN NOT POSSIBLY COME BACK TO LIFE!
1-7
WELL BLOW ME DOWN !!!
EGAR

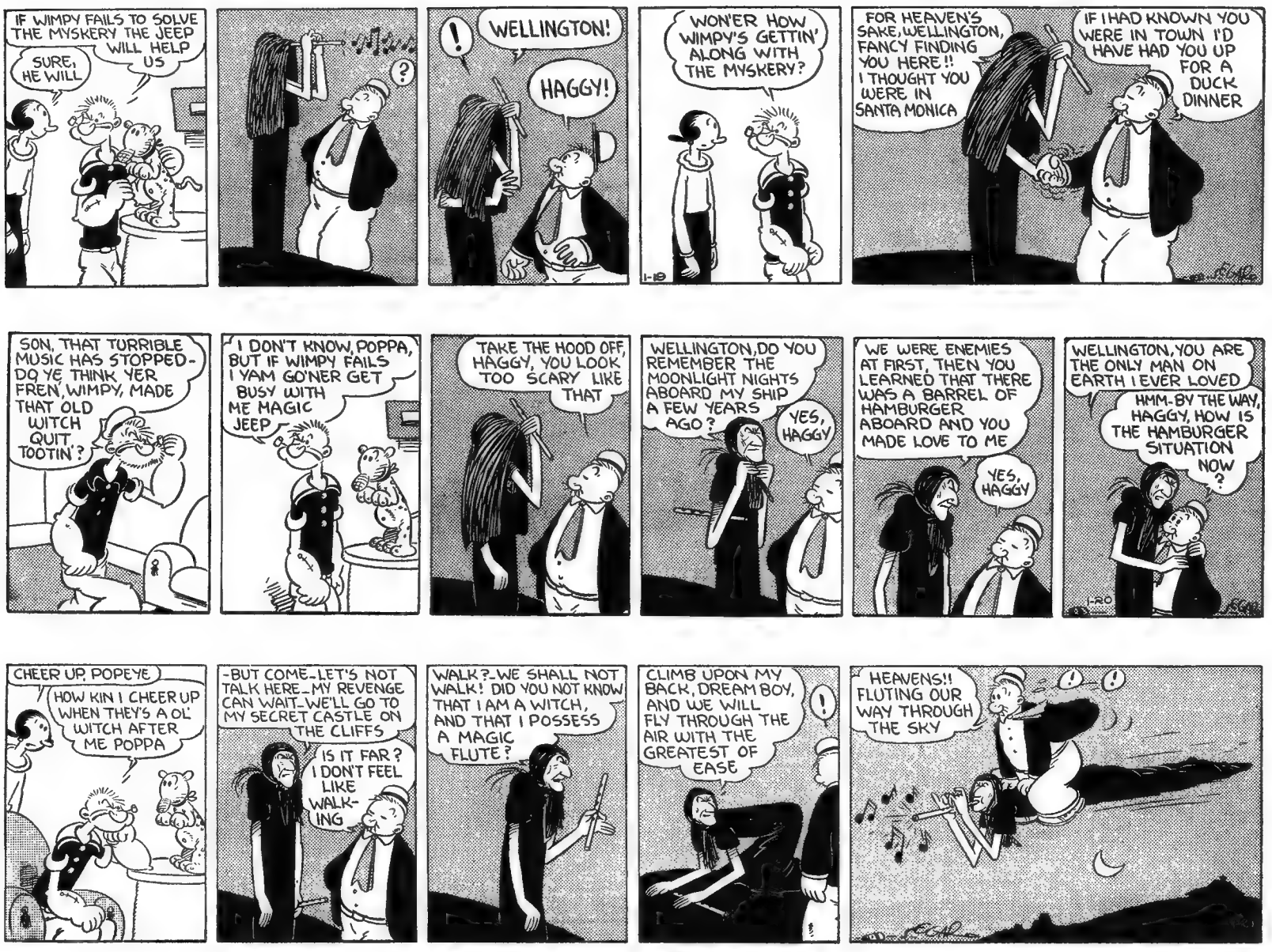

WHERE'S ME POPPA, TOAR?
JUST GOING TELL YOU HE GONE- NO CAN FIND
WHY DIDN'T YA WATCH TOAR GET TOO EXCITED- OH SHAME ON ME! OH, POOEY TO ME FROM YOU!!
HIM?
POPPA, WAIT AHOY! POPPA!
GRAB ME, SON! HOLD ME! DON'T LET ME GO TO HER!
SOUNDS LIKE A WITCH!
LISTEN TO HER! SHE'S MAD BECAUSE YA GRABBED ME
SQUEECH

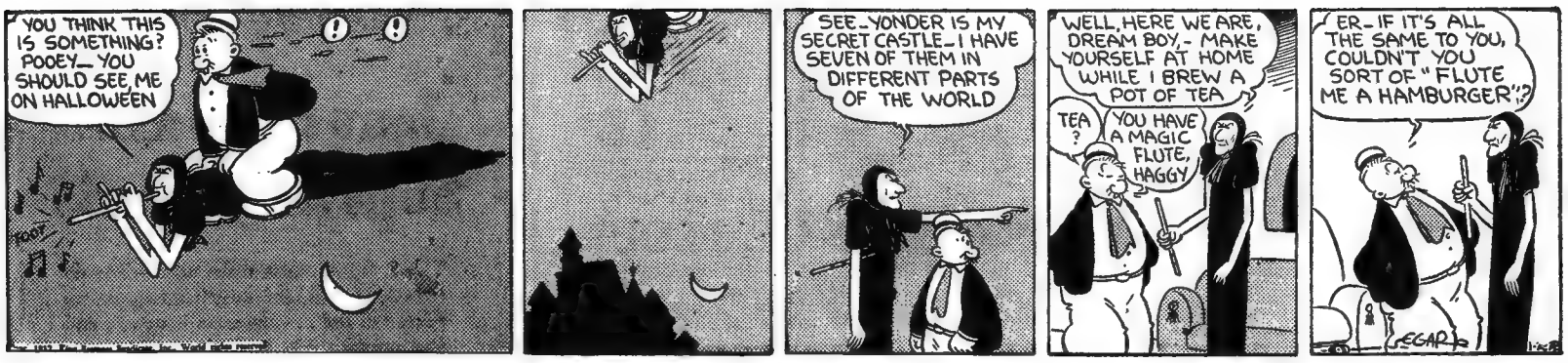

LISTEN, TOAR, I SAW THAT WITCH AN' I YAM GOIN' AFTER HER- WATCH ME POPPA- DON'T LET HIM GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE
HO-KAY- I HOLD HIM GOOD
I'LL SLIP AROUND BEHIND HER
DON'T MISS THE NEXT!! POPEYE IS GOING TO TAKE A SOCK AT THIS TERRIBLE OLD WITCH!! WHAT WILL HAPPEN? YOU'LL BE SURPRISED
1-9
?
WHOP
!!
A POST! NOTHIN' BUT A OL' POST- I KIN NOT UNERSTAND!
1-11
I'DA SWORE I SEEN ARMS AN' HEARD THAT MYSKERY MUSIC COMIN' FROM IT
BUT IT'S JUS' A OL' POST, A OL' STUMP OF A TREE
'MAGINATION, I SUSPOSE- WHEW- IT SURE LOOKED LIKE A WITCH- I MUSTA BEEN EXCITIPATED
NO LIFE IN IT, JUS'A OL' POST
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
1-12
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
WHO'S LAUGHIN' ??
IT SOUNDED LIKE THAT OL' POST WAS GIVIN' ME THE HORSH LAUGH- I'LL TAKE ANOTHER LOOK
NOPE- NO LIFE IN IT- JUS' A OL' POST
1-13
THE MYSKERY MUSIC SEEMS TO BE COMIN' FROM THAT OL' STUMP- BUT- BUT NOW IT AIN'T A STUMP
!
HAH! IT'S A OL' WITCH-
AN' I YAM GO'NER SOCK HER !!!
YOU WOULDN'T STRIKE A WOMAN, WOULD YOU?
OH- I BEGS YER PARDON!! I THOUGHT YA WAS SOMEBODY ELSE- MY GORSH! ESCUSE ME-
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN !!
WELL— WHAT DO YOU WANT ?
NOTHIN'- I JUS' THOUGHT YA WAS SOMEBODY ELSE- I GOT TO BE GOIN' NOW- ESCUSE ME-
SUMPIN'S MIGHTY DERN FISHY- THA'S ALL I GOT TO SAY
I'DA SWORE SHE WAS A POST, THEN I'DA SWORE SHE WAS A OL' WITCH AN' NOW SHE'S A STRANGE, ATTRACKTIF WOMAN
1-15

CHAPTER II:

TEA AND HAMBURGERS

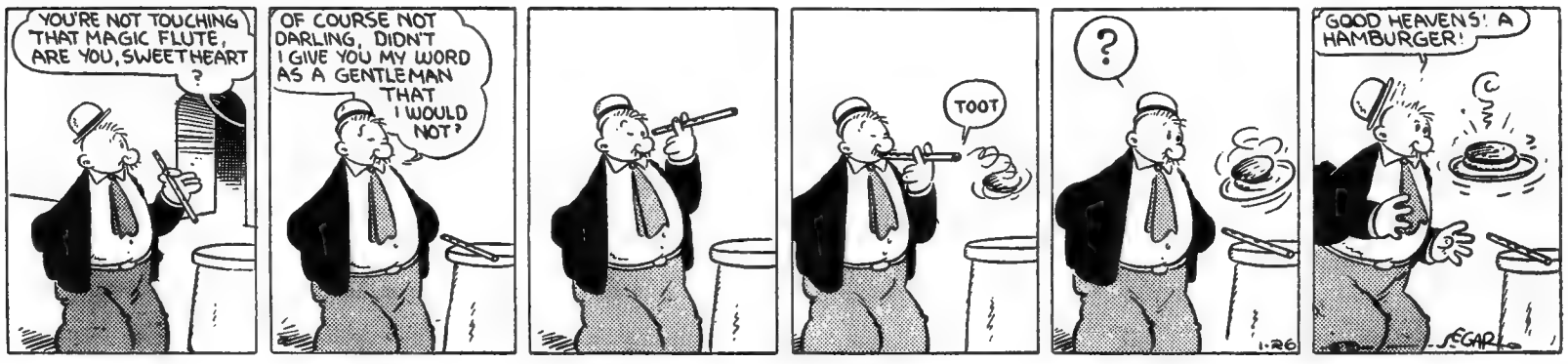


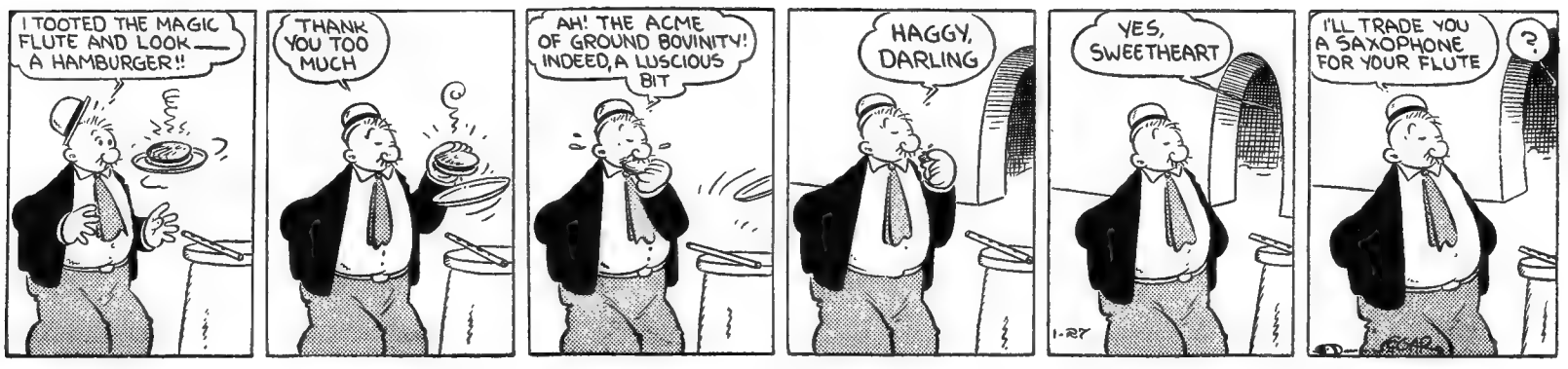


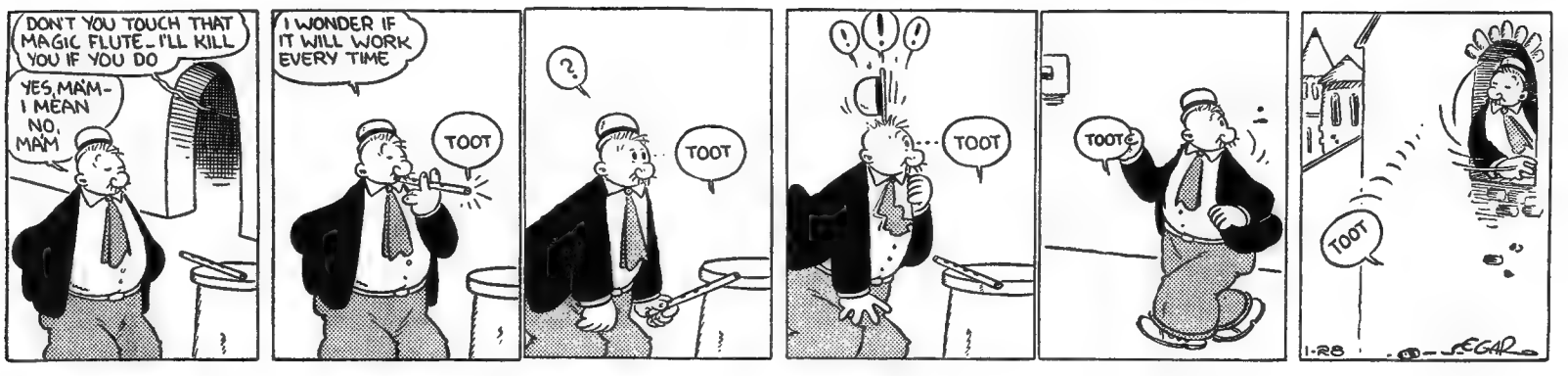

YOU THINK THIS IS SOMETHING? POOEY— YOU SHOULD SEE ME ON HALLOWEEN
TOOT
SEE—YONDER IS MY SECRET CASTLE—I HAVE SEVEN OF THEM IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE WORLD
WELL, HERE WE ARE, DREAM BOY,— MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME WHILE I BREW A POT OF TEA
TEA?
YOU HAVE A MAGIC FLUTE, HAGGY
ER—IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, COULDN'T YOU SORT OF "FLUTE ME A HAMBURGER"?
SEGAR


DO WHAT?
WELL—ER— YOU HAVE A MAGIC FLUTE— HMM—
YOU SEE, I THOUGHT THAT INSTEAD OF TEA— I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT FLUTE ME UP A HAMBURGER," THAT IS, IF YOU FEEL LIKE TOOTING
I SAID WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TEA—
—AND WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TEA—
AND NOTHING BUT TEA!
AND IF YOU MAKE ME MAD, SWEETHEART, I'LL KILL YOU!
1-23
VERY WELL, WE'LL HAVE TEA
SEGAR

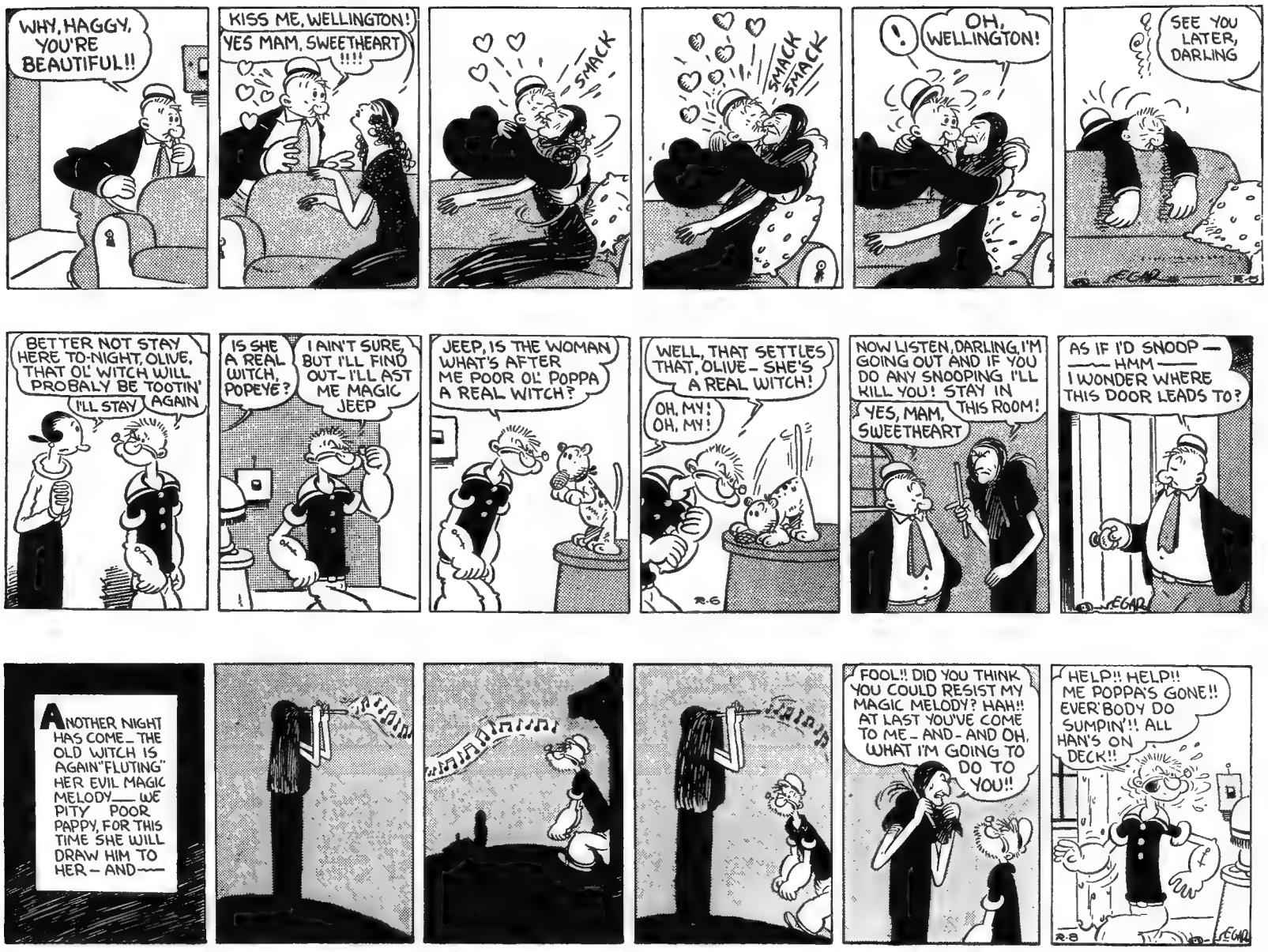

IT'S DAYLIGHT AN' WE' BEEN UP ALL NIGHT— I THINK WE OUGHTER GET SOME SLEEP
I WONDER HOW WIMPY IS GETTING ALONG WITH THE MYSTERY?
COME ON, POPPA, GO TO BED AN' DON'T WORRY ABOUT NOTHIN— I'LL SET BY YA AN' PROTECK YA FROM THAT OL' WITCH
SWEETHEART, I'M GOING TO LEAVE THE MAGIC FLUTE HERE ON THE TABLE, WHILE I BREW A POT OF TEA.
AND DON'T YOU DARE TOUCH IT, WHILE I'M OUT IN THE KITCHEN— DON'T TOUCH THE MAGIC FLUTE!
I WON'T TOUCH IT— I GIVE YOU MY WORD AS A GENTLE-MAN!
1-25
HMMM— CUTE LITTLE THING, ISN'T IT?
HMMM.
SEGAR

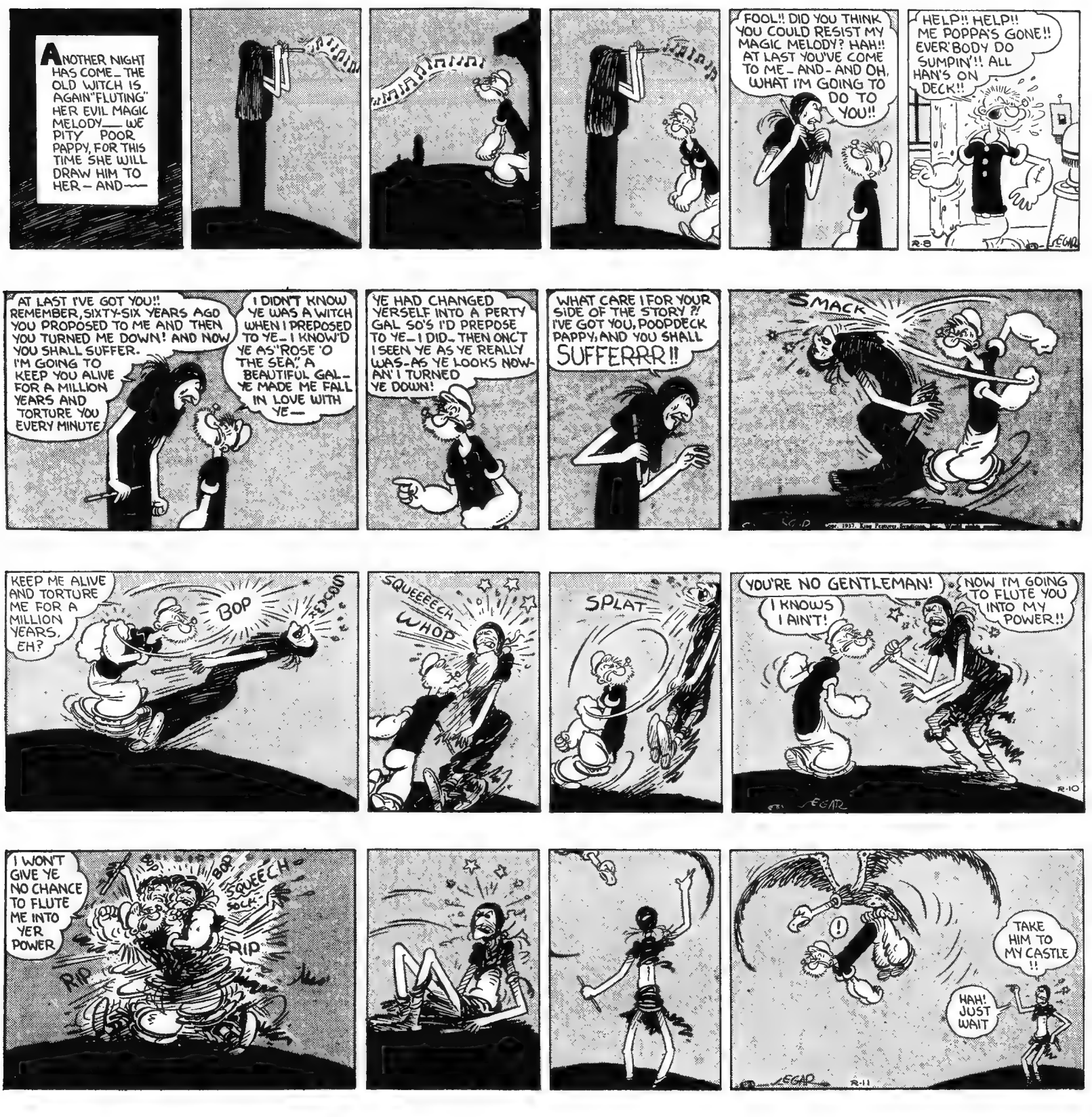

YOU'RE NOT TOUCHING THAT MAGIC FLUTE, ARE YOU, SWEETHEART?
OF COURSE NOT DARLING, DIDN'T I GIVE YOU MY WORD AS A GENTLEMAN THAT I WOULD NOT?
TOOT
?
1-26
GOOD HEAVENS! A HAMBURGER!
SEGAR


I TOOTED THE MAGIC FLUTE AND LOOK— A HAMBURGER!!
THANK YOU TOO MUCH
AH! THE ACME OF GROUND BOVINITY! INDEED, A LUSCIOUS BIT
HAGGY, DARLING
YES, SWEETHEART
1-27
I'LL TRADE YOU A SAXOPHONE FOR YOUR FLUTE
?
SEGAR

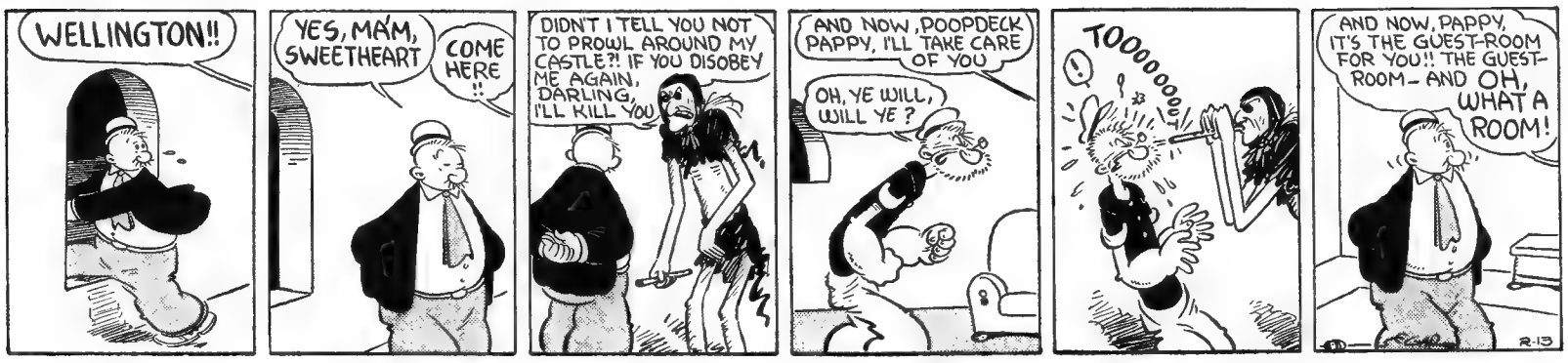

DON'T YOU TOUCH THAT MAGIC FLUTE— I'LL KILL YOU IF YOU DO
YES, MA'M— I MEAN NO, MA'M
I WONDER IF IT WILL WORK EVERY TIME
TOOT
?
TOOT
TOOT
TOOT
TOOT
1-28
SEGAR

REMEMBER, DARLING, DON'T TOUCH THAT MAGIC FLUTE!
NO MAM, SWEET-HEART
THE FIRST TIME I TOOTED IT A HAMBURGER APPEARED- I SHALL TRY TO FLUTE MYSELF UP ANOTHER ONE
HAGGY IS BUSY IN THE KITCHEN BREWING A POT OF TEA- SHE'LL NEVER KNOW
!
HONK
TRICKY LITTLE RASCAL, AREN'T YOU?
1-29
GO TO SLEEP, POPPA- I'LL PROTECK YA FROM ALL THE WITCHES ON EART'
I'M ASCARED, SON
THE TEA IS READY, MY SWEET, AND WE SHALL DRINK TO OUR LOVE
'TIS WELL, ANGEL
YOU DIDN'T TOUCH THE MAGIC FLUTE, DID YOU, WELLINGTON?
OF COURSE, I DIDN'T, HAGGY, OF COURSE, I DIDN'T!!
!
THE HECK HE DIDN'T!
SEGAR
1-30
I DIDN'T! I DIDN'T! I DIDN'T!
HE DID PICK ME UP. HE DID!
HONEST, HAGGY, I DIDN'T TOUCH YOUR MAGIC FLUTE- IT LIED
SILLY- THE FLUTE DIDN'T TALK- I THREW MY VOICE- I'M A VENTRILOQUIST- I TRIED TO CATCH YOU IN A LIE
BUT I BELIEVE YOU- HAH! IF YOU LIE TO ME, DARLING, I'LL KILL YOU- YOU WOULDN'T LIE TO ME, WOULD YOU?
NO MAM, SWEET-HEART
I WON'ER HOW WIMPY IS GETTIN' ALONG WITH THAT OL' WITCH?
I KIN NOT SLEEP, SON, I BE WORRIED
THA'S TOO BAD, POPPA- YA BEEN UP ALL NIGHT AN' STILL YA KIN NOT SLEEP-
BLAST THAT OL' WITCH
ROCKY-BYE, POOPDECK IN A TREE TOP- WHEN A BOW BREAKS ME POPPA WILL PLOP
2-2-2-2
SEGAR
R-1
I MIGHT AS WELL GET UP- I CAN'T SLEEP- I KEEP THINKING ABOUT THAT AWFUL OLD WITCH
!
ROCKY-BYE POPPA IN A TREE TOP
ETC- ETC
ISN'T THAT CUTE? POPEYE IS ROCKING HIS POPPA TO SLEEP
OH, POPEYE- I CAN'T SLEEP EITHER
WELL- COME ON
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-
ROCKY-BYE POOPDECK AN' OLIVE OYL- POOPDECK'S ME POPPA AN' OLIVE'S ME GOIL-
ETC
SEGAR
R-2
POOEY TO ME- NO CAN SLEEP- TOO MUCH WORRY ABOUT OLD WITCH
POPEYE, WE NO CAN SLEEP- TOO WORRIED ABOUT OLD WITCH
ROCKY BYE POPPA-
ROCKY-BYE OLIVE
ROCKY-BYE, POPPA— TOAR- OLIVE- SWEE'PEA, ROCKY-BYE GOON AN' ROCKY-BYE ME
ETC —
Z-Z-Z-Z
CREAK
SEGAR
R-3
WIMPY, DARLING, NIGHT HAS COME- I MUST GO SOON TO TORMENT POOPDECK PAPPY WITH MY MAGIC MELODY— CURSE HIM!— COME SIT BY MY SIDE AND TALK OF LOVE A WHILE BEFORE I GO
HAGGY, I DON'T FEEL LIKE MAKING LOVE
OH, YOU DON'T, HAH?
AND WHEN ONE DOESN'T FEEL LIKE MAKING LOVE— HMM- WELL— ONE DOESN'T FEEL LIKE MAKING LOVE
BESIDES YOU'RE NOT QUITE MY TYPE-
WHY, WELLINGTON, DON'T YOU LOVE YOUR LITTLE HAGGY?
SEGAR
R-4
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WHY, HAGGY, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL!!
KISS ME, WELLINGTON!
YES MAM, SWEETHEART !!!!
SMACK
SMACK SMACK
!
OH, WELLINGTON!
SEE YOU LATER, DARLING
BETTER NOT STAY HERE TO-NIGHT, OLIVE, THAT OL' WITCH WILL PROBALY BE TOOTIN' I'LL STAY AGAIN
IS SHE A REAL WITCH, POPEYE?
I AIN'T SURE, BUT I'LL FIND OUT- I'LL AST ME MAGIC JEEP
JEEP, IS THE WOMAN WHAT'S AFTER ME POOR OL' POPPA A REAL WITCH?
WELL, THAT SETTLES THAT, OLIVE- SHE'S A REAL WITCH!
OH, MY! OH, MY!
R-6
NOW LISTEN, DARLING, I'M GOING OUT AND IF YOU DO ANY SNOOPING I'LL KILL YOU! STAY IN THIS ROOM!
YES, MAM, SWEETHEART
AS IF I'D SNOOP — HMM — I WONDER WHERE THIS DOOR LEADS TO?
EGAR
ANOTHER NIGHT HAS COME- THE OLD WITCH IS AGAIN "FLUTING" HER EVIL MAGIC MELODY— WE PITY POOR PAPPY, FOR THIS TIME SHE WILL DRAW HIM TO HER- AND—
FOOL!! DID YOU THINK YOU COULD RESIST MY MAGIC MELODY? HAH!! AT LAST YOU'VE COME TO ME- AND- AND OH, WHAT I'M GOING TO DO TO YOU!!
HELP!! HELP!! ME POPPA'S GONE!! EVER'BODY DO SUMPIN'!! ALL HAN'S ON DECK!!
R-8
EGAR

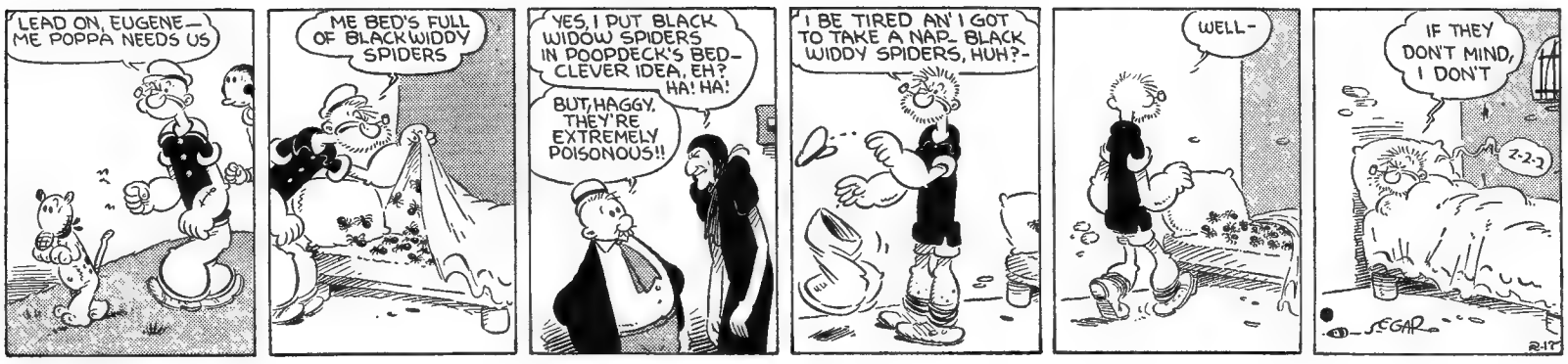

AT LAST I'VE GOT YOU!! REMEMBER, SIXTY-SIX YEARS AGO YOU PROPOSED TO ME AND THEN YOU TURNED ME DOWN! AND NOW YOU SHALL SUFFER. I'M GOING TO KEEP YOU ALIVE FOR A MILLION YEARS AND TORTURE YOU EVERY MINUTE!
I DIDN'T KNOW YE WAS A WITCH WHEN I PREPOSED TO YE- I KNOW'D YE AS "ROSE 'O THE SEA", A BEAUTIFUL GAL- YE MADE ME FALL IN LOVE WITH YE—
YE HAD CHANGED YERSELF INTO A PERTY GAL SO'S I'D PREPOSE TO YE- I DID- THEN ONC'T I SEEN YE AS YE REALLY WAS- AS YE LOOKS NOW- AN' I TURNED YE DOWN!
WHAT CARE I FOR YOUR SIDE OF THE STORY?! I'VE GOT YOU, POOPDECK PAPPY, AND YOU SHALL SUFFERRR!!
SMACK
KEEP ME ALIVE AND TORTURE ME FOR A MILLION YEARS, EH?
BOP
SQUEEEECH WHOP
SPLAT
YOU'RE NO GENTLEMAN!
I KNOWS I AIN'T!
NOW I'M GOING TO FLUTE YOU INTO MY POWER!!
R-10
EGAR
I WON'T GIVE YE NO CHANCE TO FLUTE ME INTO YER POWER
BOP
SQUEECH
SOCK
RIP
RIP
TAKE HIM TO MY CASTLE !!
HAH! JUST WAIT
EGAR
R-11

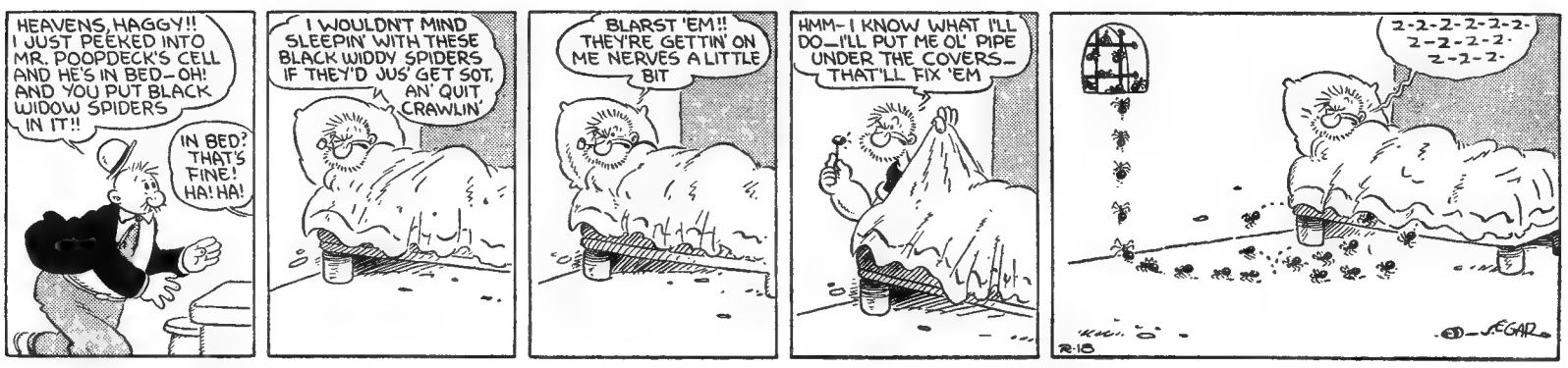


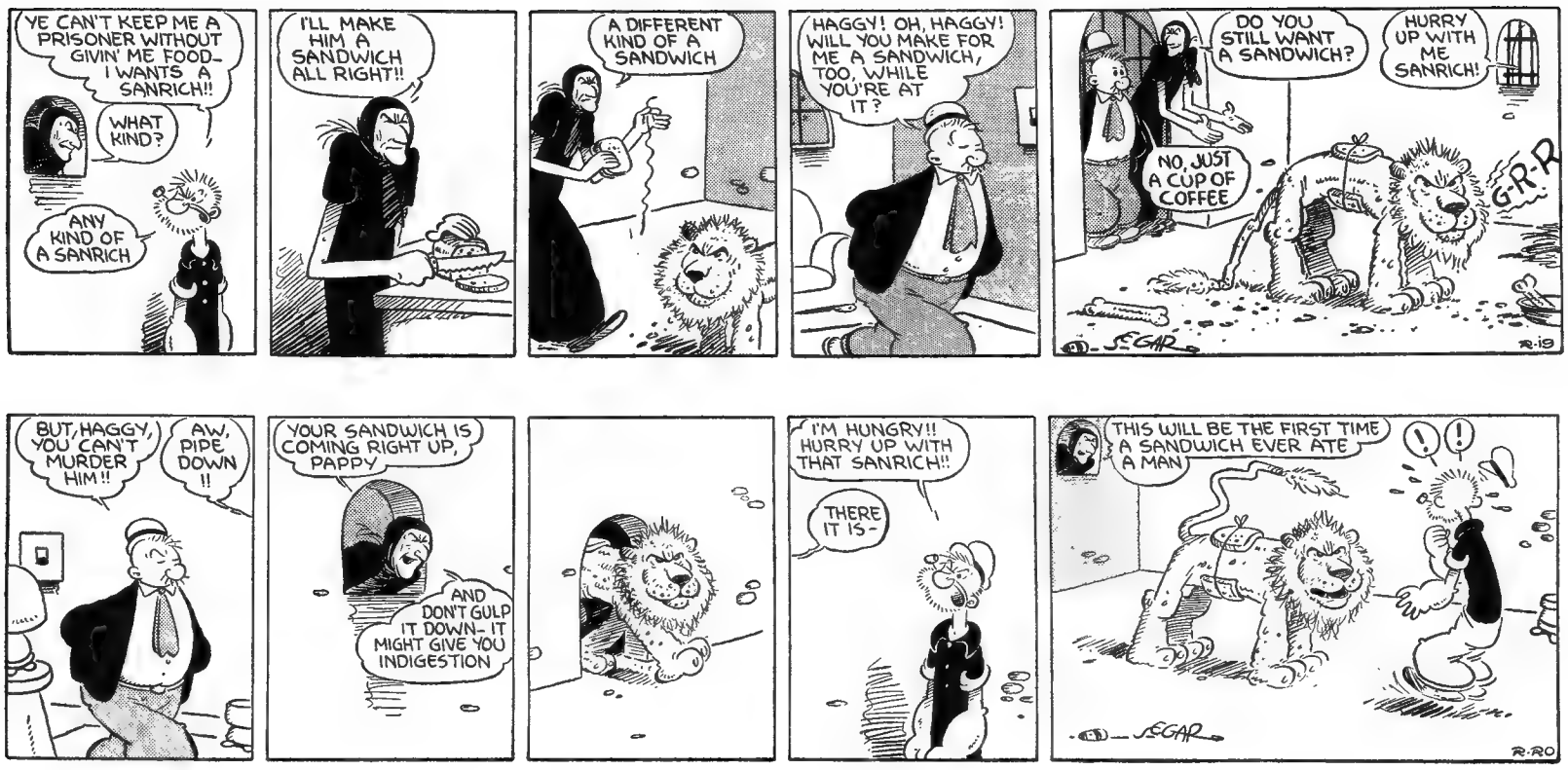






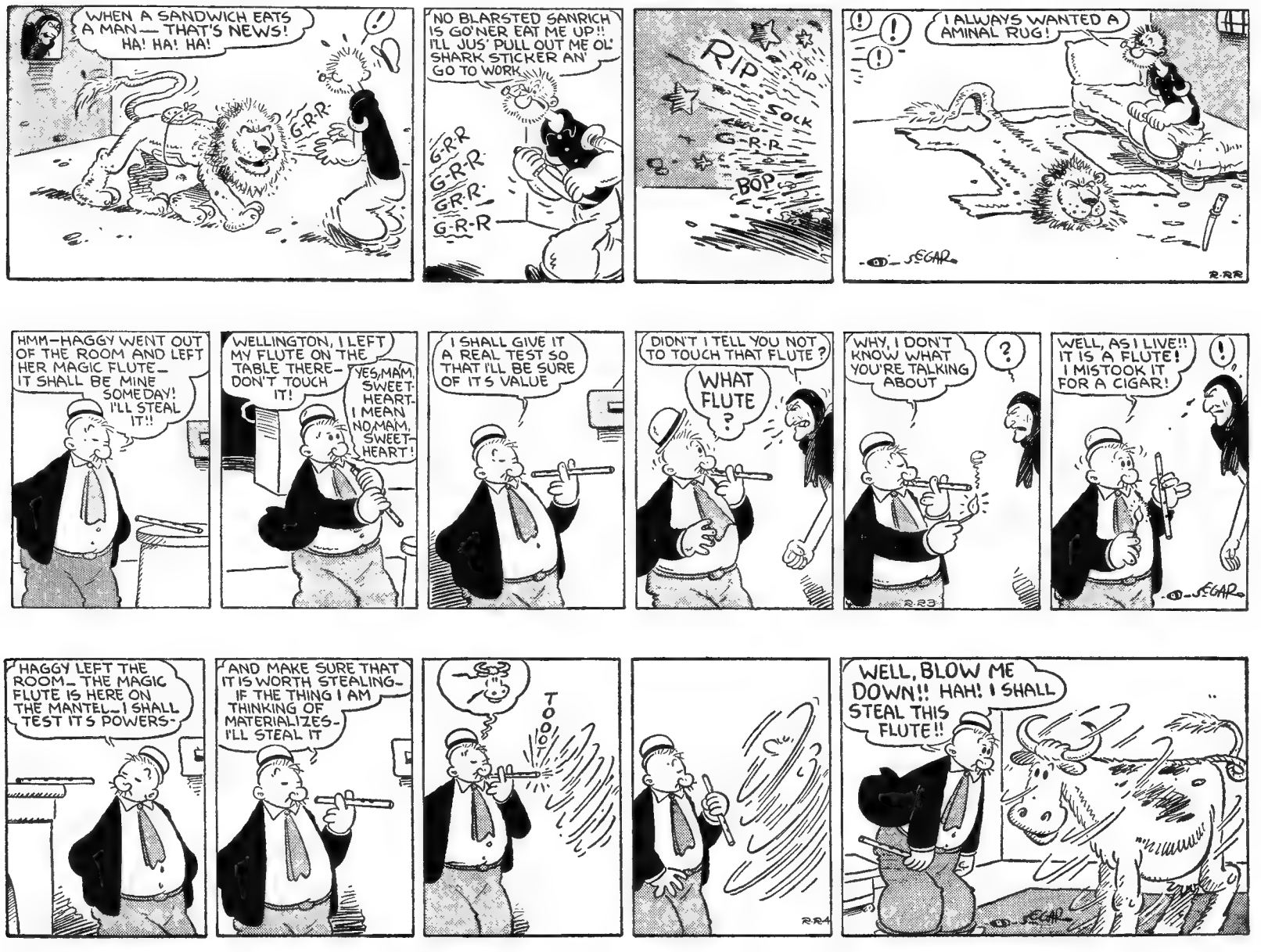


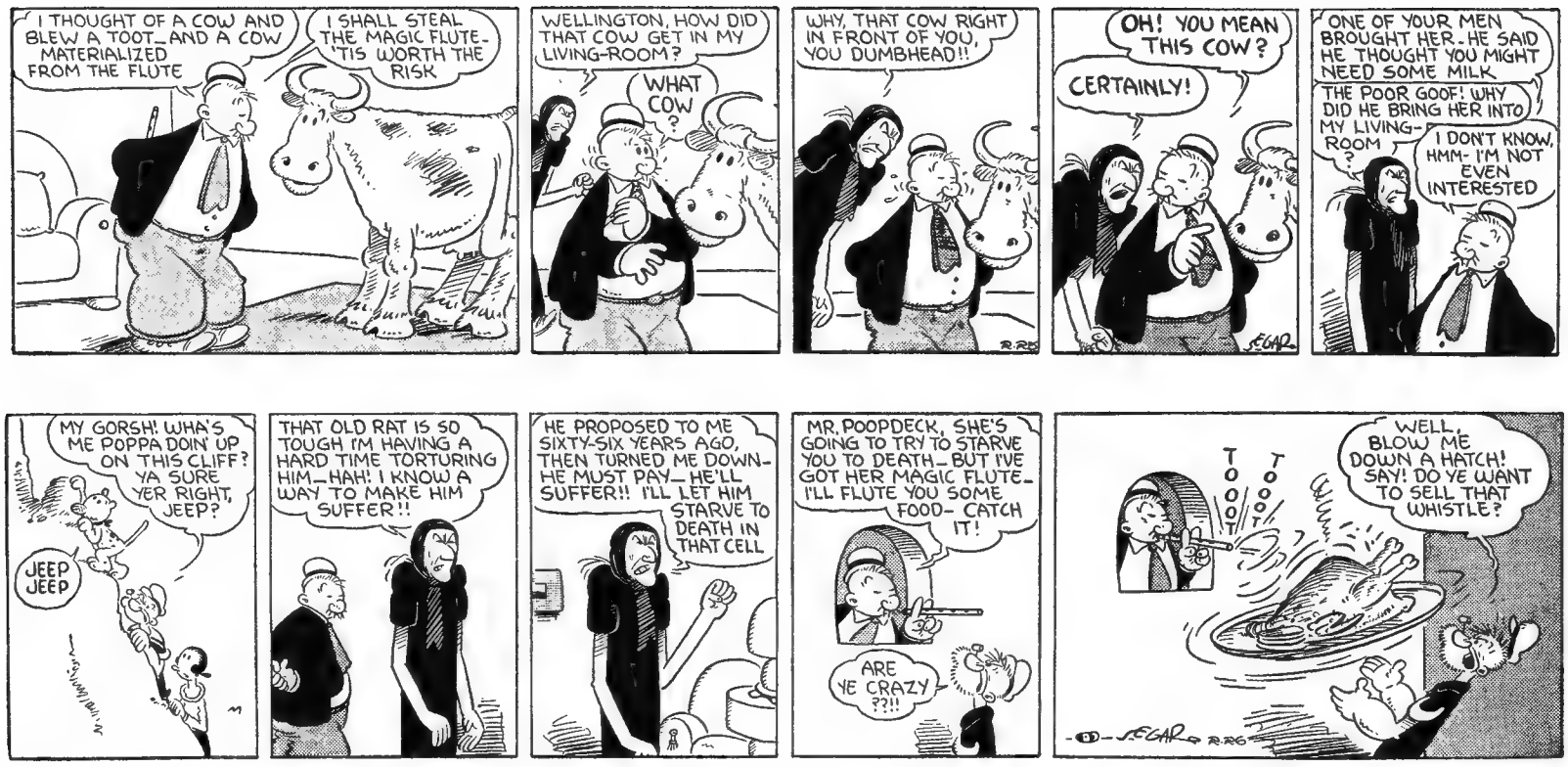

HEAVENS, HAGGY!! I JUST PEEKED INTO MR. POOPDECK'S CELL AND HE'S IN BED— OH! AND YOU PUT BLACK WIDOW SPIDERS IN IT!!
IN BED? THAT'S FINE! HA! HA!
I WOULDN'T MIND SLEEPIN' WITH THESE BLACK WIDDY SPIDERS IF THEY'D JUS' GET SOT, AN' QUIT CRAWLIN'
BLARST 'EM!! THEY'RE GETTIN' ON ME NERVES A LITTLE BIT
HMM— I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO— I'LL PUT ME OL' PIPE UNDER THE COVERS— THAT'LL FIX 'EM
Z-Z-Z-

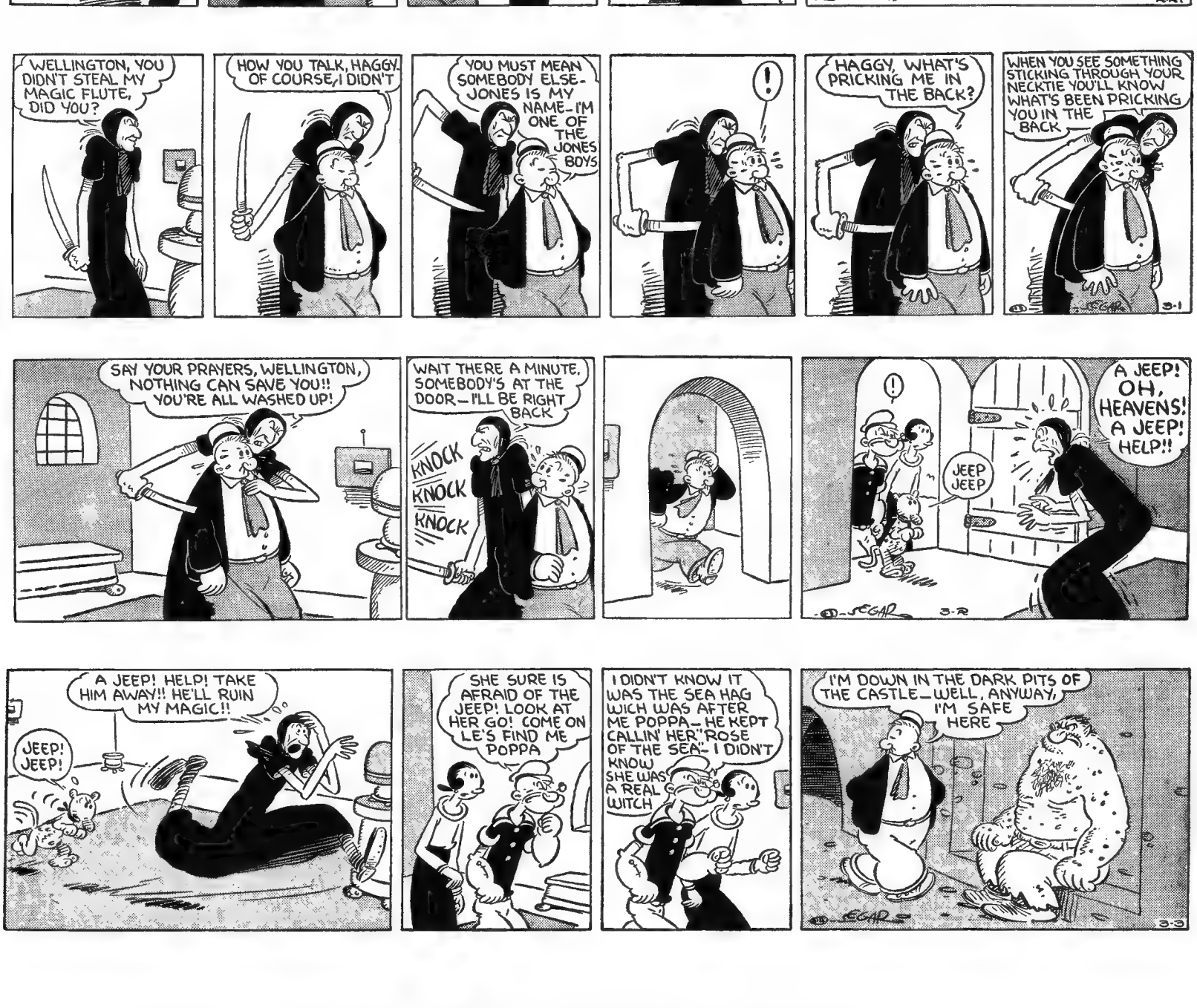


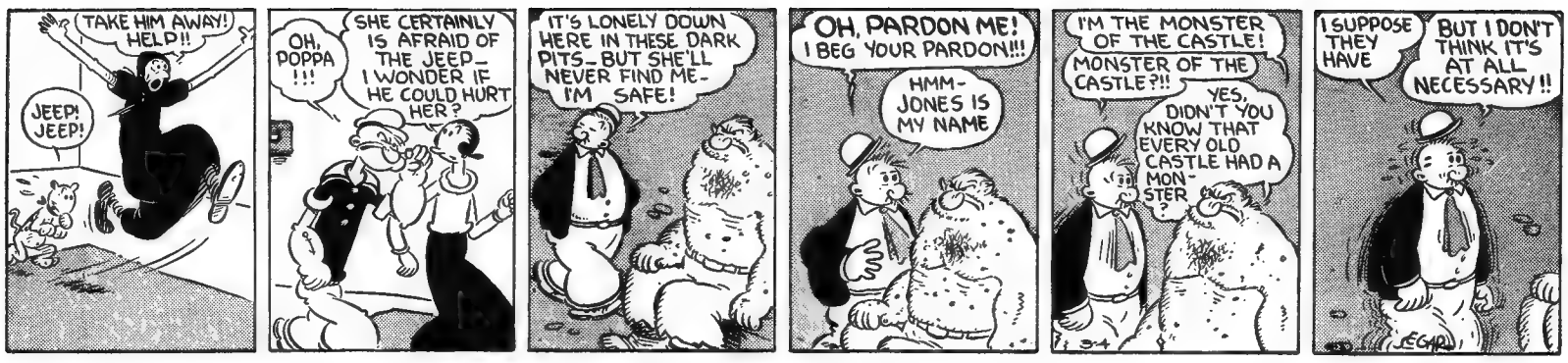
CHAPTER III:

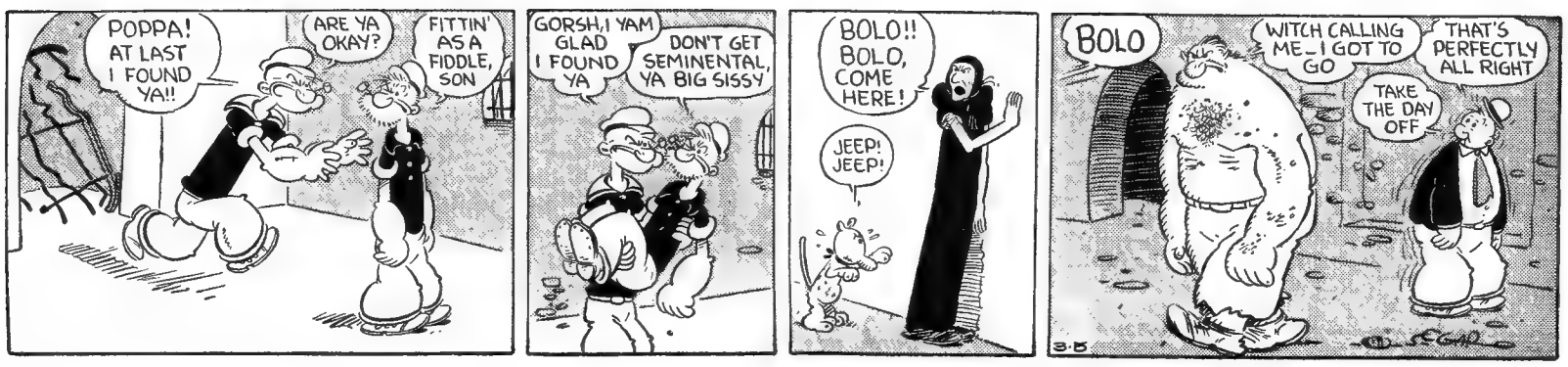
BOLO VS. EVERYONE!

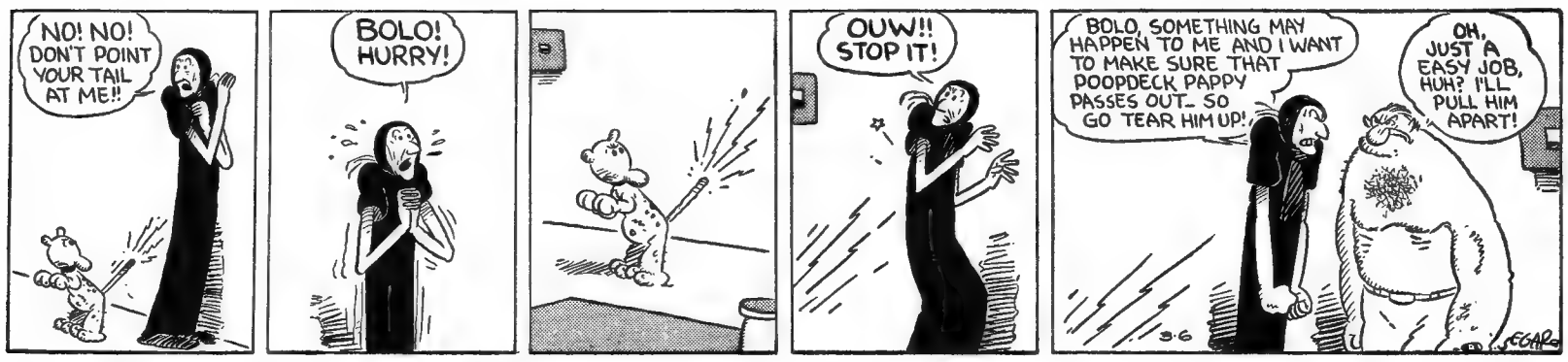


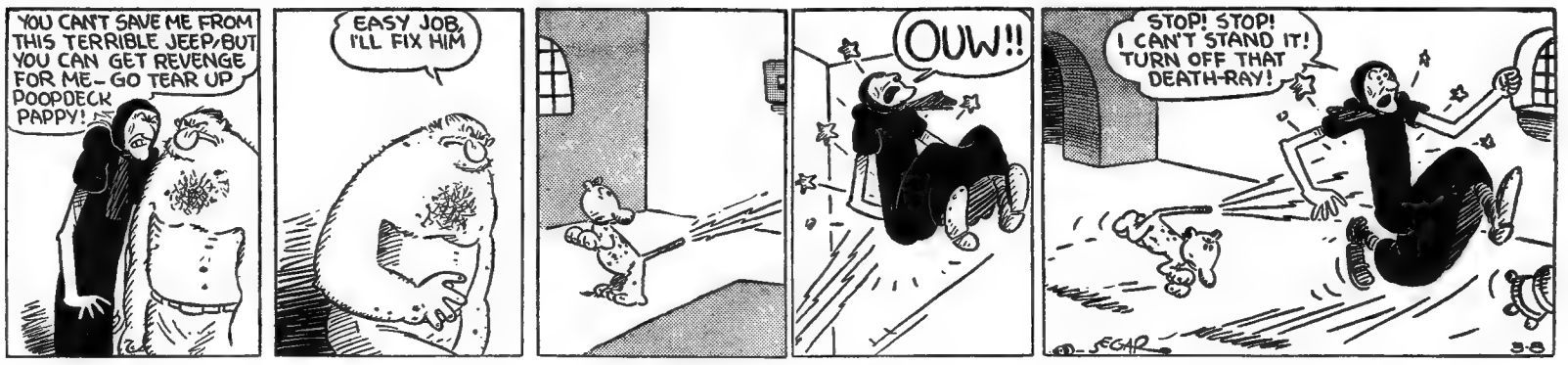

I THOUGHT OF A COW AND BLEW A TOOT—AND A COW MATERIALIZED FROM THE FLUTE
I SHALL STEAL THE MAGIC FLUTE—'TIS WORTH THE RISK
WELLINGTON, HOW DID THAT COW GET IN MY LIVING-ROOM?
WHAT COW?
WHY, THAT COW RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU, YOU DUMBHEAD!!
OH! YOU MEAN THIS COW?
CERTAINLY!
SEGAR
ONE OF YOUR MEN BROUGHT HER—HE SAID HE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT NEED SOME MILK
THE POOR GOOF! WHY DID HE BRING HER INTO MY LIVING-ROOM?
I DON'T KNOW, HMM—I'M NOT EVEN INTERESTED
MY GORSH! WHA'S ME POPPA DOIN' UP ON THIS CLIFF? YA SURE YER RIGHT, JEEP?
JEEP JEEP
THAT OLD RAT IS SO TOUGH I'M HAVING A HARD TIME TORTURING HIM—HAH! I KNOW A WAY TO MAKE HIM SUFFER!!
HE PROPOSED TO ME SIXTY-SIX YEARS AGO, THEN TURNED ME DOWN—HE MUST PAY—HE'LL SUFFER!! I'LL LET HIM STARVE TO DEATH IN THAT CELL
MR. POOPDECK, SHE'S GOING TO TRY TO STARVE YOU TO DEATH—BUT I'VE GOT HER MAGIC FLUTE—I'LL FLUTE YOU SOME FOOD—CATCH IT!
ARE YE CRAZY ??!!
TOOT TOOT
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN A HATCH! SAY! DO YE WANT TO SELL THAT WHISTLE?
SEGAR R.RG
DON'T WORRY, MISTER POOPDECK—I'LL KEEP YOU IN FOOD—HERE, HAVE SOME DUCKS
HE'LL SUFFER ALL RIGHT—A SLOW AND TERRIBLE DEATH!
ARE YOU TORTURING MR. POOPDECK, HAGGY?
YES—I'M STARVING HIM—HEE! HEE! HEE!
IT'S LOADS OF FUN TORTURING PEOPLE YOU HATE—HAH! WHEN HE SEES ME HE'LL BEG FOR FOOD!!
AHOY, WITCHIE, OL' KID!
SEGAR R.RT

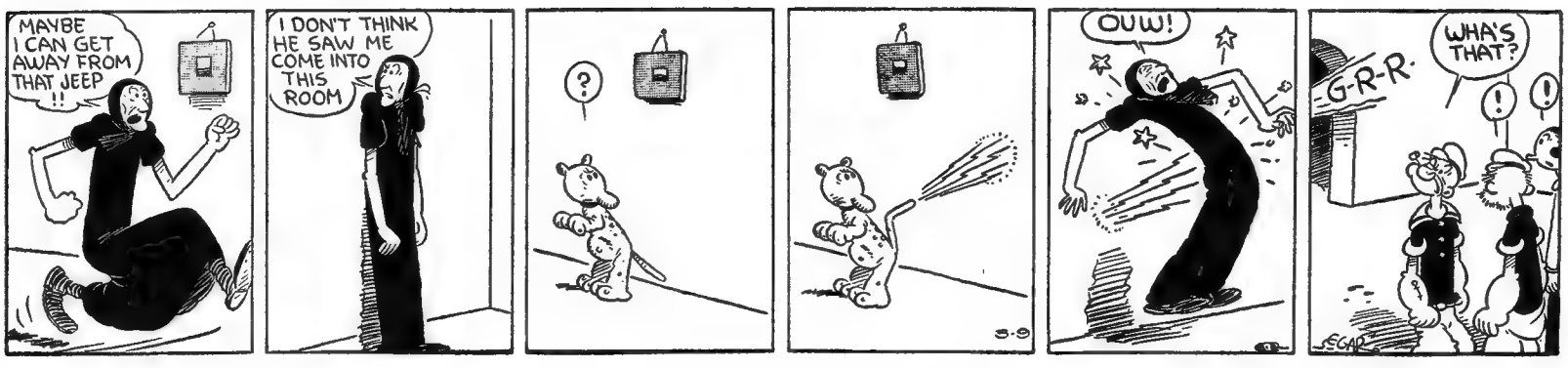

WELLINGTON, YOU DIDN'T STEAL MY MAGIC FLUTE, DID YOU?
HOW YOU TALK, HAGGY. OF COURSE, I DIDN'T
YOU MUST MEAN SOMEBODY ELSE—JONES IS MY NAME—I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS
!
HAGGY, WHAT'S PRICKING ME IN THE BACK?
WHEN YOU SEE SOMETHING STICKING THROUGH YOUR NECKTIE YOU'LL KNOW WHAT'S BEEN PRICKING YOU IN THE BACK
SEGAR 3-1
SAY YOUR PRAYERS, WELLINGTON, NOTHING CAN SAVE YOU!! YOU'RE ALL WASHED UP!
WAIT THERE A MINUTE, SOMEBODY'S AT THE DOOR—I'LL BE RIGHT BACK
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
!
JEEP JEEP
A JEEP! OH, HEAVENS! A JEEP! HELP!!
SEGAR 3-2
A JEEP! HELP! TAKE HIM AWAY!! HE'LL RUIN MY MAGIC!!
JEEP! JEEP!
SHE SURE IS AFRAID OF THE JEEP! LOOK AT HER GO! COME ON LE'S FIND ME POPPA
I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS THE SEA HAG WICH WAS AFTER ME POPPA—HE KEPT CALLIN' HER "ROSE OF THE SEA"—I DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS A REAL WITCH
I'M DOWN IN THE DARK PITS OF THE CASTLE—WELL, ANYWAY, I'M SAFE HERE
SEGAR 3-3


TAKE HIM AWAY! HELP!!
JEEP! JEEP!
OH, POPPA !!!
SHE CERTAINLY IS AFRAID OF THE JEEP— I WONDER IF HE COULD HURT HER?
IT'S LONELY DOWN HERE IN THESE DARK PITS— BUT SHE'LL NEVER FIND ME— I'M SAFE!
OH, PARDON ME! I BEG YOUR PARDON!!!
HMM— JONES IS MY NAME
I'M THE MONSTER OF THE CASTLE!
MONSTER OF THE CASTLE?!!
YES, DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT EVERY OLD CASTLE HAD A MON- STER ?
I SUPPOSE THEY HAVE
BUT I DON'T THINK IT'S AT ALL NECESSARY!!
3-4
SEGAR


POPPA! AT LAST I FOUND YA!!
ARE YA OKAY?
FITTIN' AS A FIDDLE, SON
GORSH, I YAM GLAD I FOUND YA
DON'T GET SEMINENTAL, YA BIG SISSY
BOLO!! BOLO, COME HERE!
JEEP! JEEP!
BOLO
WITCH CALLING ME— I GOT TO GO
THAT'S PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT
TAKE THE DAY OFF
3-5
SEGAR

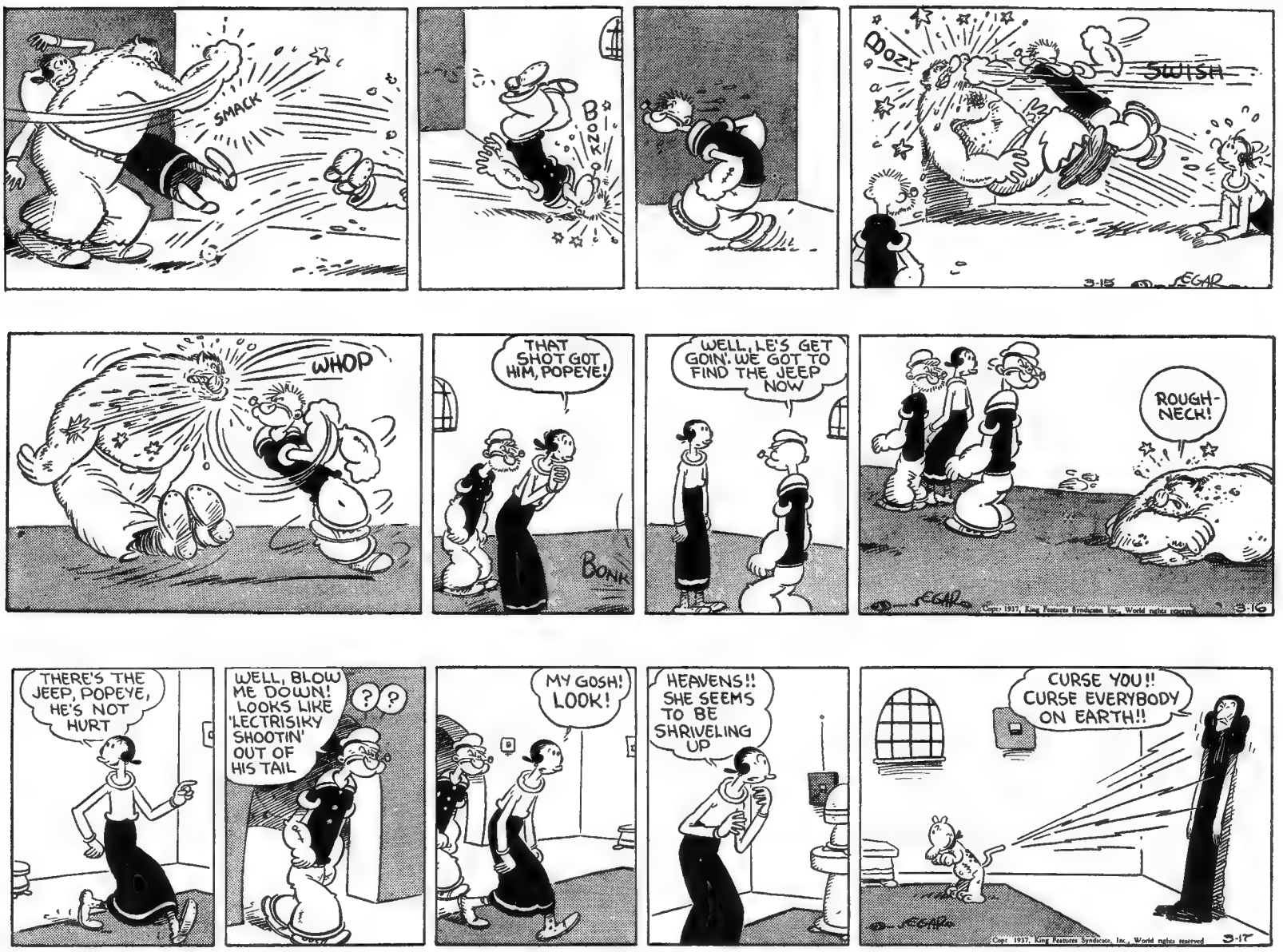

NO! NO! DON'T POINT YOUR TAIL AT ME!!
BOLO! HURRY!
OUW!! STOP IT!
BOLO, SOMETHING MAY HAPPEN TO ME AND I WANT TO MAKE SURE THAT POOPDECK PAPPY PASSES OUT— SO GO TEAR HIM UP!
OH, JUST A EASY JOB, HUH? I'LL PULL HIM APART!
3-6
SEGAR

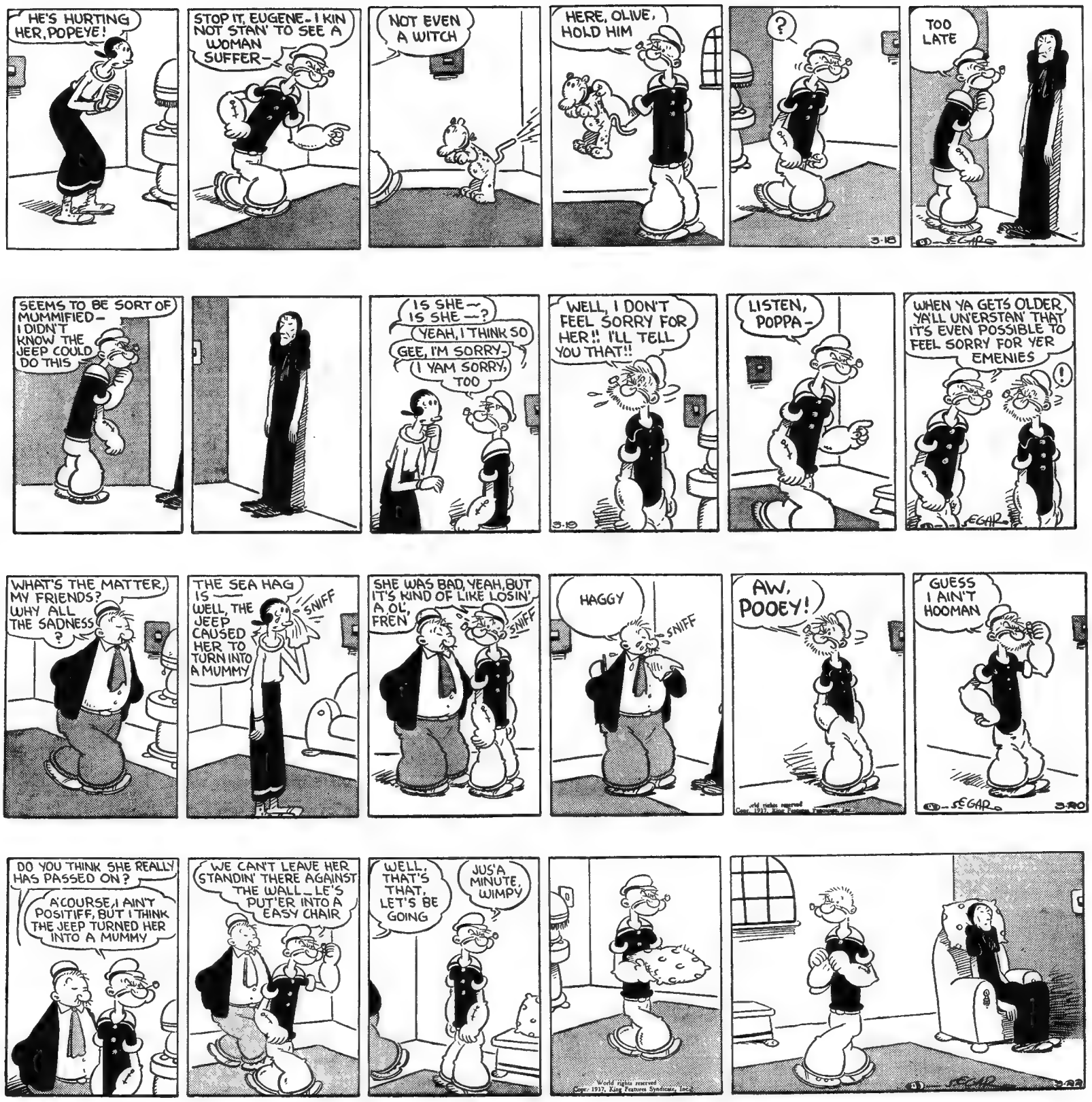

YOU CAN'T SAVE ME FROM THIS TERRIBLE JEEP/BUT YOU CAN GET REVENGE FOR ME— GO TEAR UP POOPDECK PAPPY!
EASY JOB, I'LL FIX HIM
OUW!!
STOP! STOP! I CAN'T STAND IT! TURN OFF THAT DEATH-RAY!
3-8
SEGAR

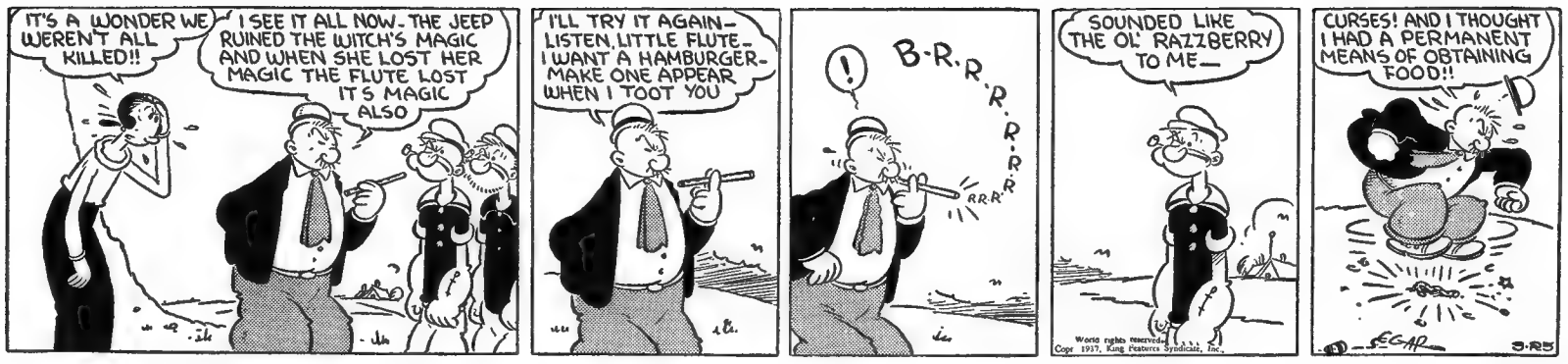

MAYBE I CAN GET AWAY FROM THAT JEEP !!
I DON'T THINK HE SAW ME COME INTO THIS ROOM
?
OUW!
G-R-R-
WHA'S THAT?
3-9
SEGAR


G-R-R
STAN' BACK! THIS IS MY FIGHT! I'LL TAKE HIM!
LISTEN, POPPA, LEMME HAVE HIM!
I'LL TAKE HIM
COME BACK, POPPA, LEMME HAVE HIM!
NO! I'LL TAKE HIM
WHOP
ALL RIGHT THEN, SON, YE KIN HAVE HIM !!!
3-10
SEGAR

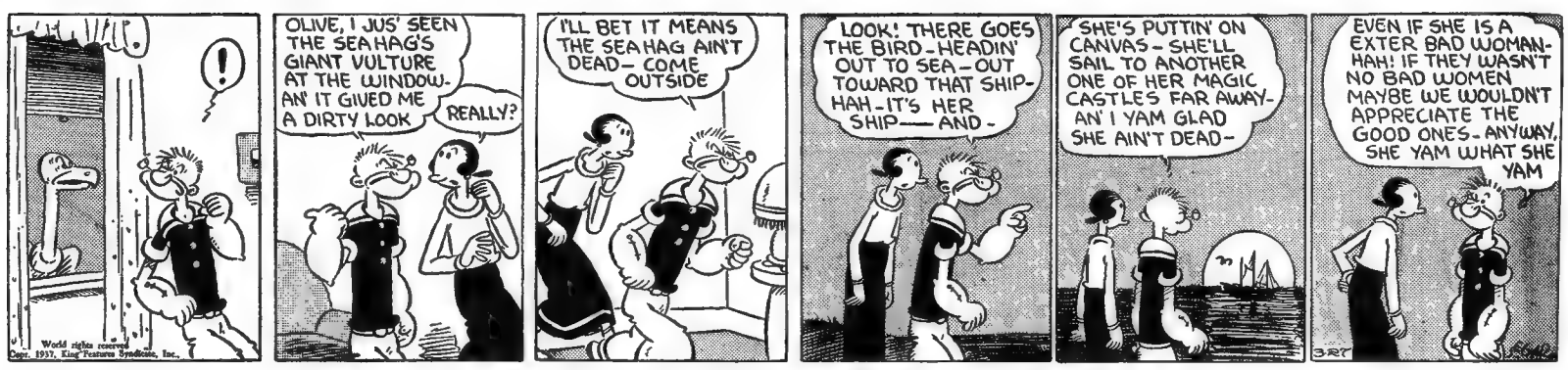

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FIGHT HIM, POPEYE— IF HE KILLS YOU I WON'T HAVE ANY SWEETY
SHOO G'WAN SHOO
G-R-R-R
NO! NO! POPEYE!
WHY DON'T YOU PROTECT ME?!!
WELL, IF NOBODY ELSE WILL, I'LL HANG ONE ON HIS CHIN, MYSELF
3-11
GET OUT OF THE WAY, OLIVE, AN' LEMME GET AT THAT MONSKER!
MY GORSH! SHE HIT HIM A GOOD ONE!
SOCK
I'LL TEACH YOU TO HIT ME IN THE FACE!
YOU BRUTE !!
HIT'ER, MONSKER! HITER, MONSKER!
SOCK
HIT'ER, MONSKER !!
SAY-
HIT 'ER!
SAY, WHATDA YA MEAN, "HIT'ER, MONSKER"?
WELL, HE LICK'D ME—
AN' I DON'T WANT NO WOMAN TO LICK A SWAB WICH I CAN'T LICK!
HIT'ER, MONSKER !!
3-12
SOCK
I SEZ, TURN LOOSE OF HER
WHILE POPEYE AND THE MONSTER MIX IT UP, LET'S SEE WHAT EUGENE IS DOING— HE SEEMS TO BE RELAXING— HE'S PROBABLY RECHARGING HIMSELF WITH STATIC ELECTRIC-ITY
AND THE SEA HAG IS ABOUT TO SMASH HIM WITH A HEAVY STOOL
JEEP! JEEP!
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3-13

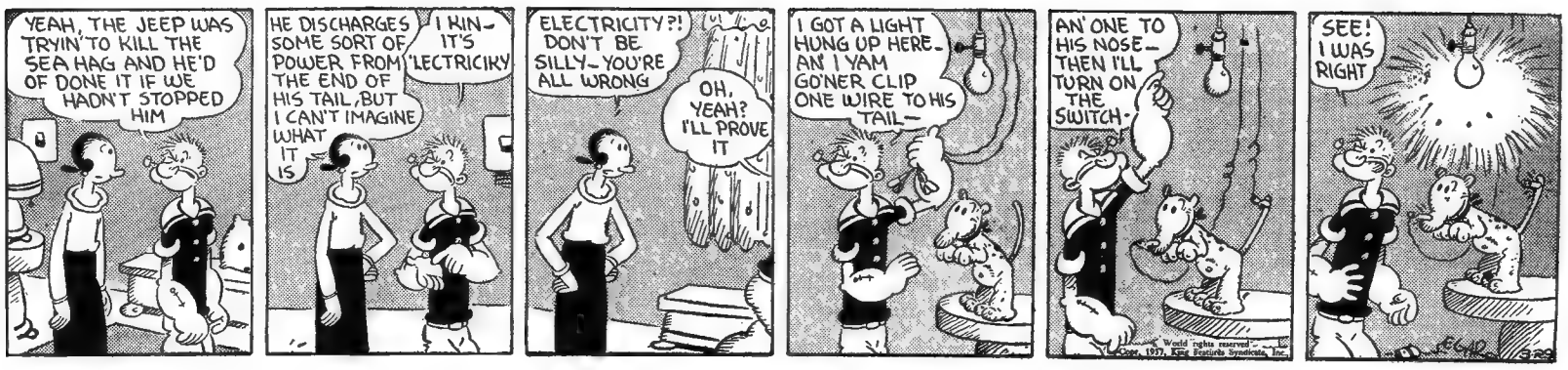

SMACK
BI KZOW
BOZX
SWISH
3-15
WHOP
THAT SHOT GOT HIM, POPEYE!
BONK
WELL, LE'S GET GOIN'. WE GOT TO FIND THE JEEP NOW
ROUGH-NECK!
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3-16
THERE'S THE JEEP, POPEYE, HE'S NOT HURT
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! LOOKS LIKE 'LECTRISIKY SHOOTIN' OUT OF HIS TAIL
? ?
MY GOSH! LOOK!
HEAVENS!! SHE SEEMS TO BE SHRIVELING UP
CURSE YOU!! CURSE EVERYBODY ON EARTH!!
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3-17

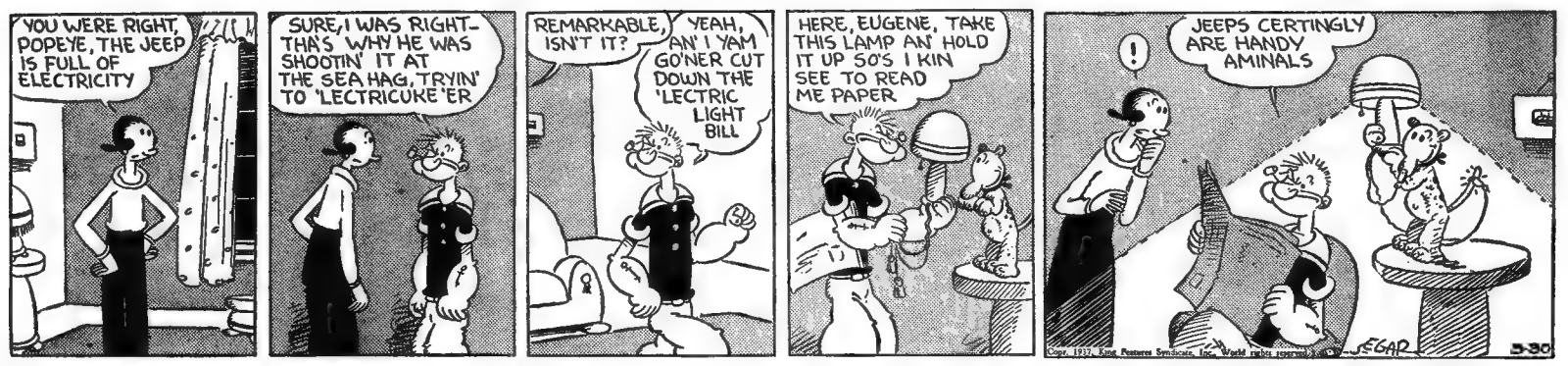

HE'S HURTING HER, POPEYE!
STOP IT, EUGENE - I KIN NOT STAN' TO SEE A WOMAN SUFFER -
NOT EVEN A WITCH
HERE, OLIVE, HOLD HIM
?
3-18
TOO LATE
EGAR
SEEMS TO BE SORT OF MUMMIFIED - I DIDN'T KNOW THE JEEP COULD DO THIS
IS SHE — IS SHE —?
YEAH, I THINK SO
GEE, I'M SORRY -
I YAM SORRY, TOO
WELL, I DON'T FEEL SORRY FOR HER!! I'LL TELL YOU THAT!!
3-19
LISTEN, POPPA -
WHEN YA GETS OLDER, YA'LL UN'ERSTAN' THAT IT'S EVEN POSSIBLE TO FEEL SORRY FOR YER EMENIES
!
EGAR
WHAT'S THE MATTER, MY FRIENDS? WHY ALL THE SADNESS ?
THE SEA HAG IS — WELL, THE JEEP CAUSED HER TO TURN INTO A MUMMY
SNIFF
SHE WAS BAD, YEAH, BUT IT'S KIND OF LIKE LOSIN' A OL' FREN'
SNIFF
HAGGY
SNIFF
AW, POOEY!
GUESS I AIN'T HOOMAN
EGAR
3-20
DO YOU THINK SHE REALLY HAS PASSED ON?
A'COURSE, I AIN'T POSITIFF, BUT I THINK THE JEEP TURNED HER INTO A MUMMY
WE CAN'T LEAVE HER STANDIN' THERE AGAINST THE WALL — LE'S PUT'ER INTO A EASY CHAIR
WELL, THAT'S THAT, LET'S BE GOING
JUS'A MINUTE, WIMPY
3-22
IT'LL BE DANGEROUS CLIMBIN' DOWN
IT WAS BAD ENOUGH COMING UP, BUT GOING DOWN WILL BE MUCH WORSE
STOP WORRYING, MY FRIENDS -
FOR, SEE? — I HAVE THE MAGIC FLUTE - I SHALL TOOT YOU ACROSS THIS CHASM
? ? ?
EGAR
3-23
IS THIS THE WAY YOU CAME HERE, WIMPY?
YA CAME OVER ON THE WITCH'S BACK, EH? SHE FLUTED YOU OVER?
YES, AND I SHALL TOOT YOU BACK WITH THE MAGIC FLUTE - HOLD TIGHT FOR I'M GOING TO CAST MYSELF INTO SPACE
ALL SET - HERE WE GO
TOOT TOOT TOOT TOOT
I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BLAME ME FOR THIS
EGAR
3-24

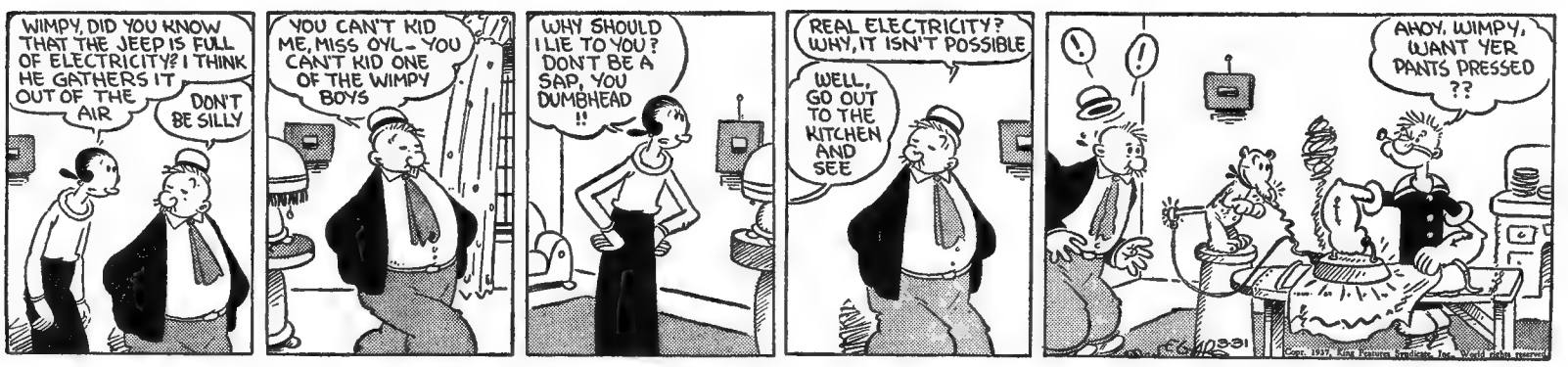

IT'S A WONDER WE WEREN'T ALL KILLED!!
I SEE IT ALL NOW- THE JEEP RUINED THE WITCH'S MAGIC AND WHEN SHE LOST HER MAGIC THE FLUTE LOST IT'S MAGIC ALSO
I'LL TRY IT AGAIN- LISTEN, LITTLE FLUTE- I WANT A HAMBURGER- MAKE ONE APPEAR WHEN I TOOT YOU
B-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R
SOUNDED LIKE THE OL' RAZZBERRY TO ME—
CURSES! AND I THOUGHT I HAD A PERMANENT MEANS OF OBTAINING FOOD!!
EGAR
3-25
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COME ON, LET'S GO HOME, IT'S GETTING DARK
I WISH I KNOW'D FOR SURE IF THE SEA HAG IS REALLY DEAD OR NOT
HER HEART DIDN'T SEEM TO BE BEATING
I GUESS SHE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT
OF COURSE, SHE'S DEAD, POPEYE, FORGET ABOUT HER!
WHAT WAS THAT?! DID YA HEAR IT? HEAR IT NOW?
SOUNDS LIKE THE CACKLIN' OF A OL' WITCH
IS IT MY IMAGINATION OR DO I SEE A SLENDER BLACK FORM STANDING ON THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF?
POOEY
EGAR
3-26
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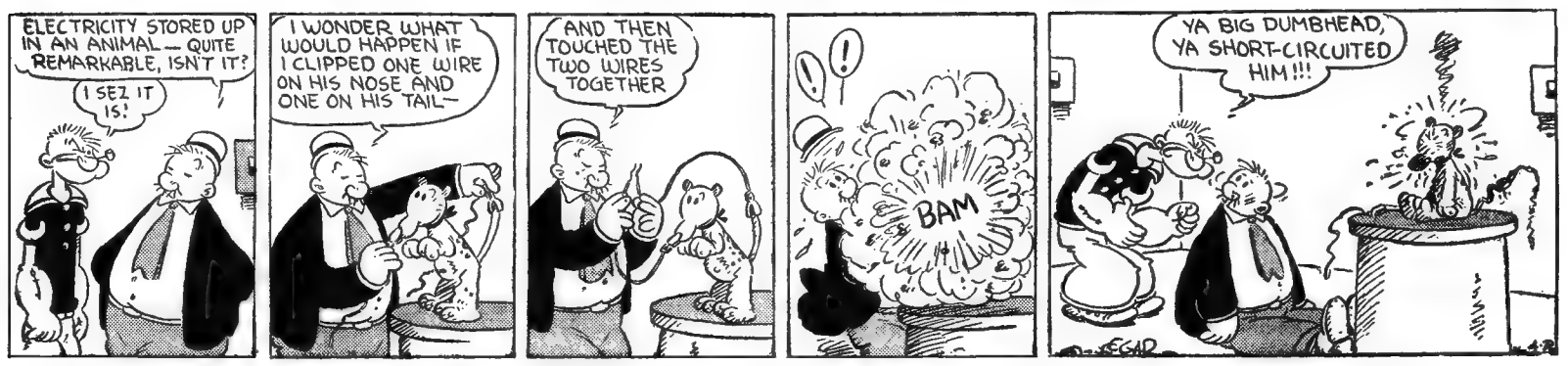

OLIVE, I JUS' SEEN THE SEA HAG'S GIANT VULTURE AT THE WINDOW- AN' IT GIVED ME A DIRTY LOOK
REALLY?
I'LL BET IT MEANS THE SEA HAG AIN'T DEAD— COME OUTSIDE
LOOK! THERE GOES THE BIRD-HEADIN' OUT TO SEA-OUT TOWARD THAT SHIP- HAH-IT'S HER SHIP— AND-
SHE'S PUTTIN' ON CANVAS- SHE'LL SAIL TO ANOTHER ONE OF HER MAGIC CASTLES FAR AWAY- AN' I YAM GLAD SHE AIN'T DEAD-
EVEN IF SHE IS A EXTER BAD WOMAN- HAH! IF THEY WASN'T NO BAD WOMEN MAYBE WE WOULDN'T APPRECIATE THE GOOD ONES- ANYWAY, SHE YAM WHAT SHE YAM
3-27
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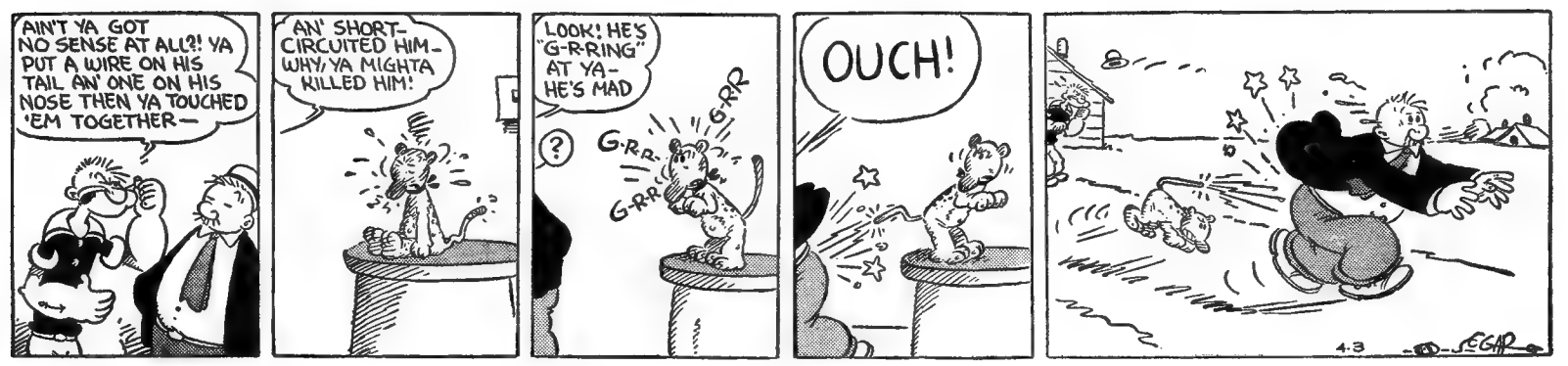

YEAH, THE JEEP WAS TRYIN' TO KILL THE SEA HAG AND HE'D OF DONE IT IF WE HADN'T STOPPED HIM
HE DISCHARGES SOME SORT OF POWER FROM THE END OF HIS TAIL, BUT I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT IT IS
I KIN- IT'S 'LECTRICIKY
ELECTRICITY?! DON'T BE SILLY- YOU'RE ALL WRONG
OH, YEAH? I'LL PROVE IT
I GOT A LIGHT HUNG UP HERE- AN' I YAM GO'NER CLIP ONE WIRE TO HIS TAIL—
AN' ONE TO HIS NOSE— THEN I'LL TURN ON THE SWITCH-
SEE! I WAS RIGHT
EGAR
3-29
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YOU WERE RIGHT, POPEYE, THE JEEP IS FULL OF ELECTRICITY
SURE, I WAS RIGHT- THA'S WHY HE WAS SHOOTIN' IT AT THE SEA HAG, TRYIN' TO 'LECTRICUKE 'ER
REMARKABLE, ISN'T IT?
YEAH, AN' I YAM GO'NER CUT DOWN THE 'LECTRIC LIGHT BILL
HERE, EUGENE, TAKE THIS LAMP AN' HOLD IT UP SO'S I KIN SEE TO READ ME PAPER
JEEPS CERTINGLY ARE HANDY AMINALS
EGAR
3-30
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WIMPY, DID YOU KNOW THAT THE JEEP IS FULL OF ELECTRICITY? I THINK HE GATHERS IT OUT OF THE AIR
DON'T BE SILLY
YOU CAN'T KID ME, MISS OYL- YOU CAN'T KID ONE OF THE WIMPY BOYS
WHY SHOULD I LIE TO YOU? DON'T BE A SAP, YOU DUMBHEAD !!
REAL ELECTRICITY? WHY, IT ISN'T POSSIBLE
WELL, GO OUT TO THE KITCHEN AND SEE
AHOY, WIMPY, WANT YER PANTS PRESSED ??
EGAR
3-31
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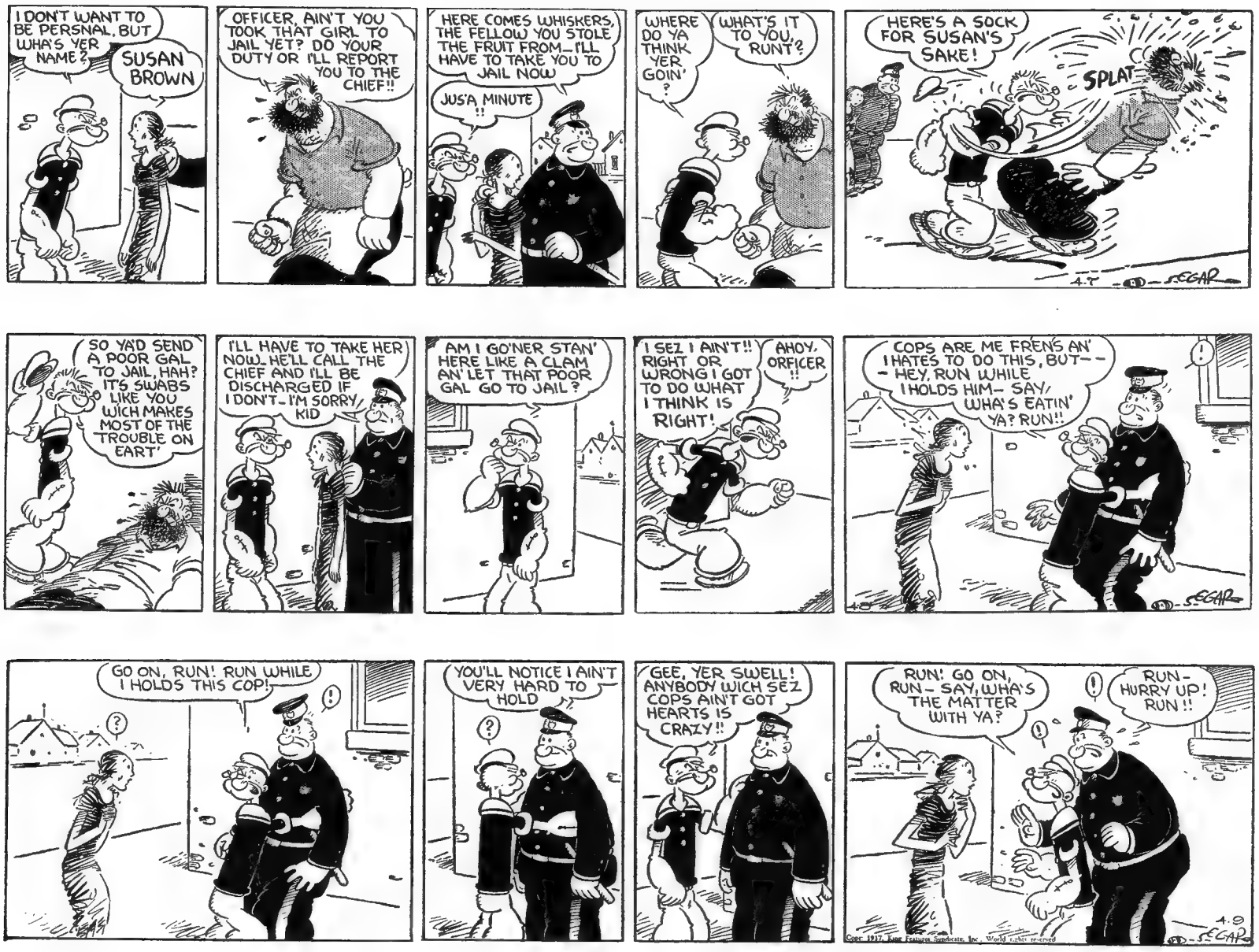




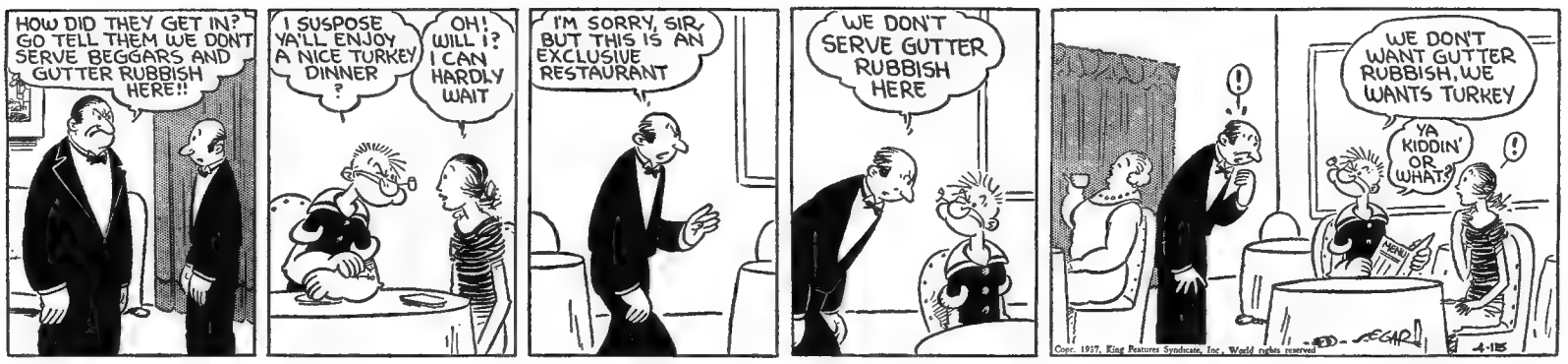
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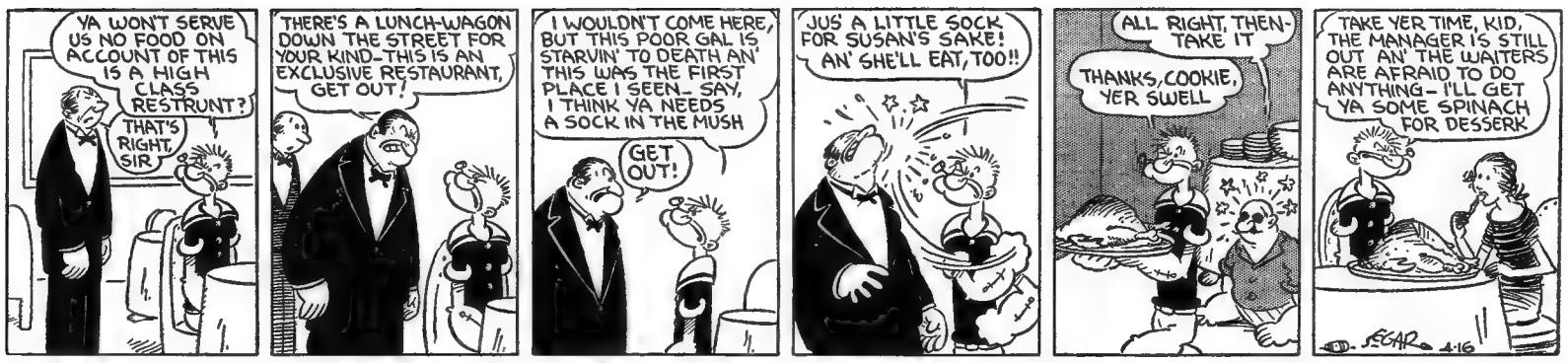
A SOCK FOR SUSAN'S SAKE



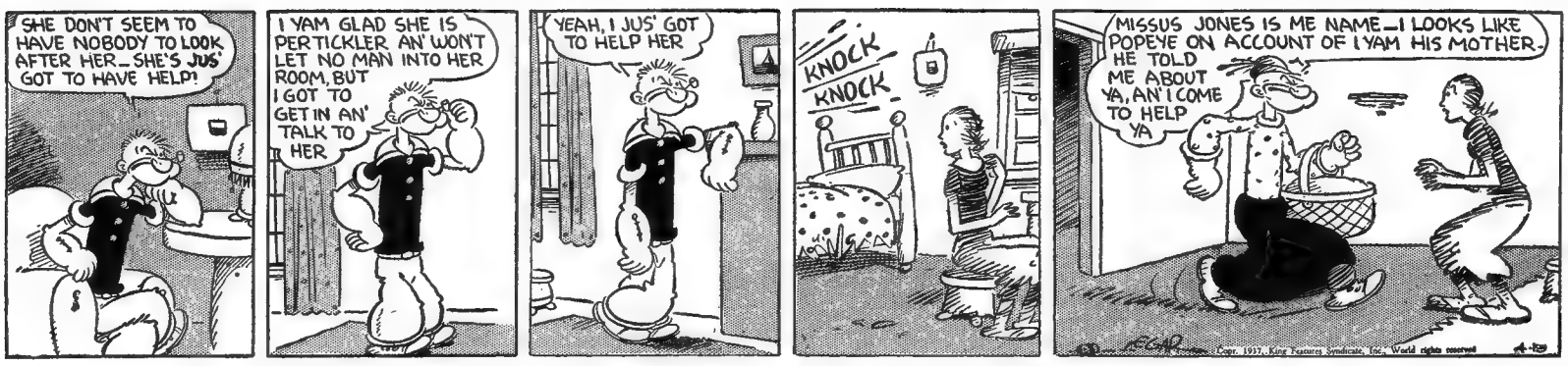

I DON'T WANT TO BE PERSNAL, BUT WHA'S YER NAME?
SUSAN BROWN
OFFICER, AIN'T YOU TOOK THAT GIRL TO JAIL YET? DO YOUR DUTY OR I'LL REPORT YOU TO THE CHIEF!!
HERE COMES WHISKERS, THE FELLOW YOU STOLE THE FRUIT FROM—I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOU TO JAIL NOW
JUS'A MINUTE !!
WHERE DO YA THINK YER GOIN'?
WHAT'S IT TO YOU, RUNT?
HERE'S A SOCK FOR SUSAN'S SAKE!
SPLAT
SEGAR
SO YA'D SEND A POOR GAL TO JAIL, HAH? IT'S SWABS LIKE YOU WICH MAKES MOST OF THE TROUBLE ON EART'
I'LL HAVE TO TAKE HER NOW. HE'LL CALL THE CHIEF AND I'LL BE DISCHARGED IF I DON'T—I'M SORRY, KID
AM I GO'NER STAN' HERE LIKE A CLAM AN' LET THAT POOR GAL GO TO JAIL?
I SEZ I AIN'T!! RIGHT OR WRONG I GOT TO DO WHAT I THINK IS RIGHT!
AHOY, ORFICER !!
COPS ARE ME FRENS AN' I HATES TO DO THIS, BUT— — HEY, RUN WHILE I HOLDS HIM— SAY, WHA'S EATIN' YA? RUN!!
SEGAR
GO ON, RUN! RUN WHILE I HOLDS THIS COP!
YOU'LL NOTICE I AIN'T VERY HARD TO HOLD
GEE, YER SWELL! ANYBODY WICH SEZ COPS AIN'T GOT HEARTS IS CRAZY!!
RUN! GO ON, RUN— SAY, WHA'S THE MATTER WITH YA?
RUN— HURRY UP! RUN!!
SEGAR
SHE WON'T RUN— I KIN NOT FIGGER IT OUT
FUNNY, AIN'T IT?
I'LL LEAVE HER TO YOU— I'VE GOT TO GO
AND SAY— TRY TO HELP HER — YOU LOOK LIKE A GOOD GUY
ME AN' THAT COP TRIED TO HELP YA— WHY DIDN'T YA RUN?
I'M TOO WEAK TO RUN
TOO WEAK ?!!
MY GORSH! YA MEAN ON ACCOUNT OF YA AIN'T HAD ENOUGH FOOD?!
YES
SEGAR
ONE COP LET YA GO, BUT THE NEXT ONE WILL PICK YA UP— WHAT'RE YA GO'NER DO?
I'LL GO TO MY ROOM
SAY, I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU— WHISKERS, THE FRUIT STORE MAN, WANTS ME TO TAKE YOU BOTH
STOP HIM! STOP THAT MAN!
STOP HIM!
THE COP SAYS TO STOP YOU, SO I'LL STOP YOU
IS'A'SO?
SOUK
I SEZ YA AIN'T GOIN' TO JAIL AN' YA AIN'T
WHERE YA LIVE?
SEGAR
I SEZ, WHERE DO YA LIVE? WE MAY BE GOIN' IN THE WRONG DIRECTION
WE ARE GOING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION
OH, MY GORSH !!
WHY DIDN'T YA SAY SO? YA THINK I YAMA HORSH?
WHAT'S A HORSH?
THA'S YER ROOM THERE, EH? KIN I COME IN? I WANTS TO TALK TO YA
I DON'T ALLOW MEN TO ENTER MY ROOM WHEN I HAVE NO CHAPERON
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!


I DON'T ALLOW MEN TO ENTER MY ROOM WHEN I HAVE NO CHAPERON
WHO'S THERE?
KNOCK KNOCK
ONE OF THE JONES GIRLS
IF THERE'S ANYTHING I HATE IT'S A LIAR!
OKAY, THIEF!
I'M THROUGH FOOLIN' WITH YA.- YER EITHER CRAZY OR ELSE YA AIN'T GOT A BIT OF SENSE
YA LIKE TURKEY?
TURKEY!! OH, YES- YES, I LIKE TURKEY!
MENU
-E.SEGAR.
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4-14

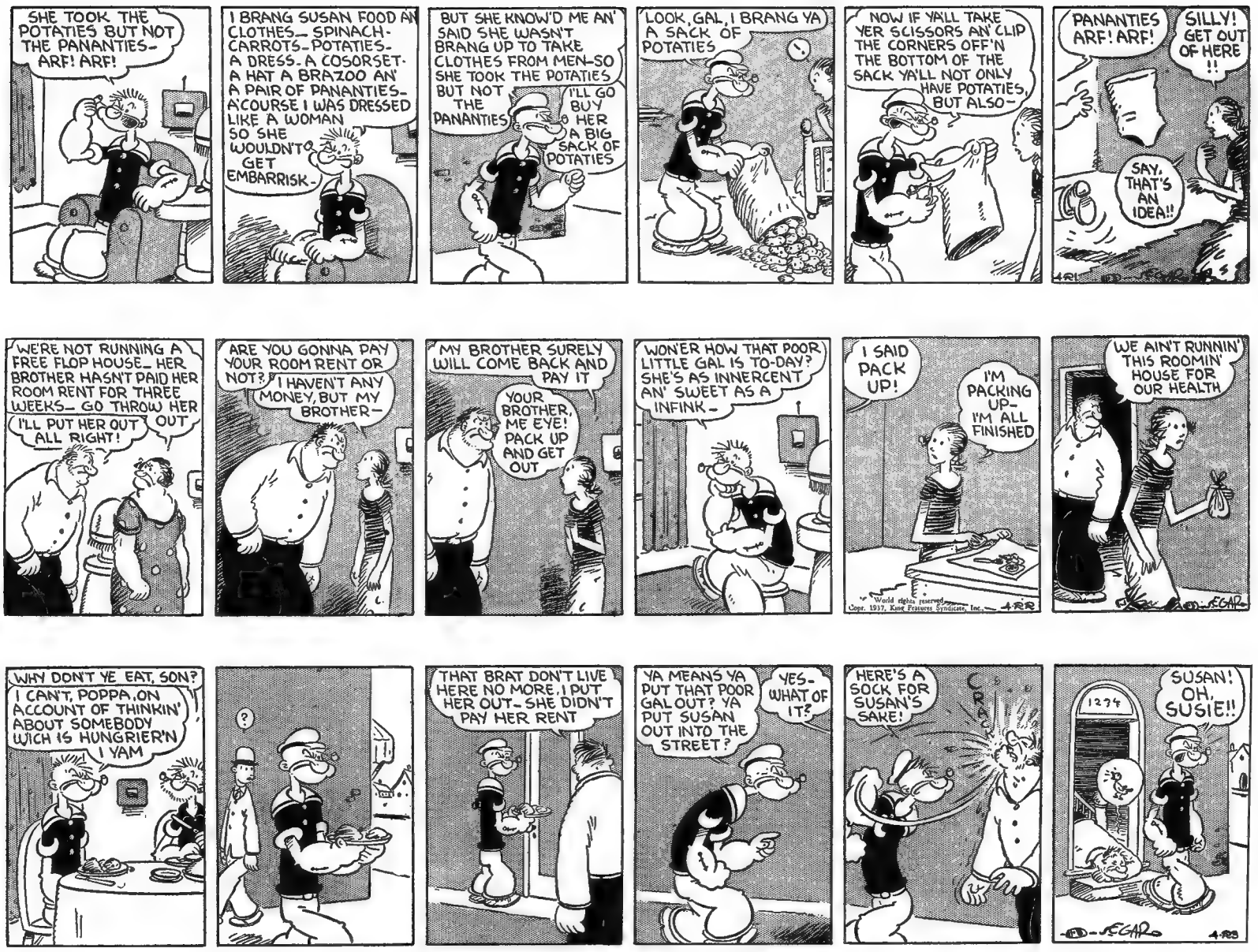

HOW DID THEY GET IN? GO TELL THEM WE DON'T SERVE BEGGARS AND GUTTER RUBBISH HERE!!
I SUSPOSE YA'LL ENJOY A NICE TURKEY DINNER?
OH! WILL I? I CAN HARDLY WAIT
I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT THIS IS AN EXCLUSIVE RESTAURANT
WE DON'T SERVE GUTTER RUBBISH HERE
WE DON'T WANT GUTTER RUBBISH, WE WANTS TURKEY
YA KIDDIN' OR WHAT?
MENU
Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved
-E.SEGAR
4-15

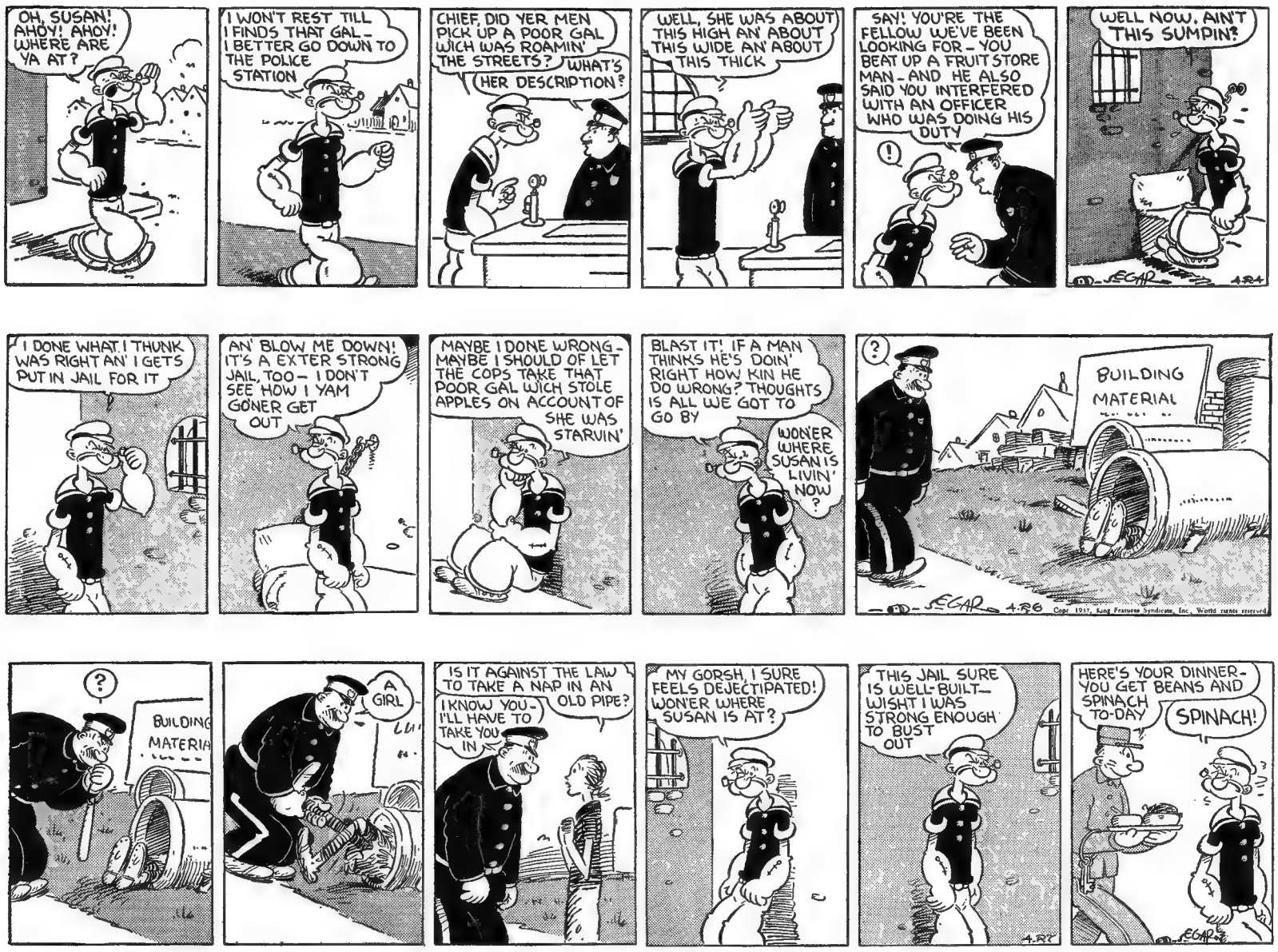

YA WON'T SERVE US NO FOOD ON ACCOUNT OF THIS IS A HIGH CLASS RESTRUNT?
THAT'S RIGHT, SIR
THERE'S A LUNCH-WAGON DOWN THE STREET FOR YOUR KIND- THIS IS AN EXCLUSIVE RESTAURANT, GET OUT!
I WOULDN'T COME HERE, BUT THIS POOR GAL IS STARVIN' TO DEATH AN' THIS WAS THE FIRST PLACE I SEEN- SAY, I THINK YA NEEDS A SOCK IN THE MUSH
GET OUT!
JUS' A LITTLE SOCK FOR SUSAN'S SAKE! AN' SHE'LL EAT, TOO!!
ALL RIGHT, THEN- TAKE IT
THANKS, COOKIE, YER SWELL
TAKE YER TIME, KID, THE MANAGER IS STILL OUT AN' THE WAITERS ARE AFRAID TO DO ANYTHING- I'LL GET YA SOME SPINACH FOR DESSERK
-E.SEGAR
4-16

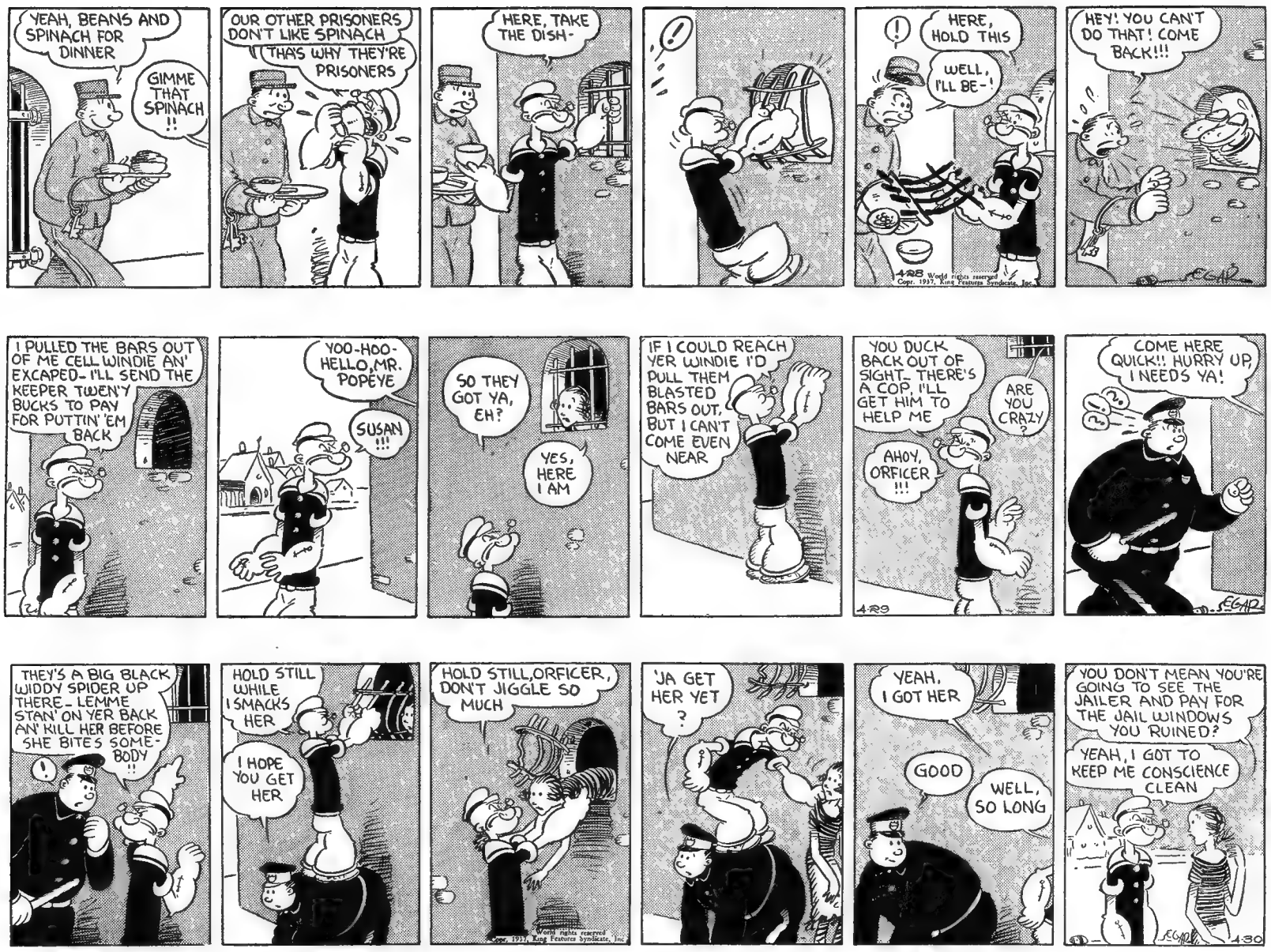

FEEL BETTER AFTER THAT MEAL, DONTCHA?
YOU BET I DO! I'M NOT A BIT HUNGRY NOW
THANKS EVER SO MUCH FOR THE FOOD, MR.-
POPEYE'S ME NAME
MR---
HEY- JUS'A MINUTE, MISS BROWN!
KIN I COME IN? I WANTS TO TALK TO YA ABOUT DOIN' SUMPIN' TO HELP--
I DON'T ALLOW MEN TO ENTER MY ROOM WHEN I HAVE NO CHAPERON
World rights reserved Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
ARF! ARF!
POOR KID
WELL, ANYWAY, SHE AIN'T HUNGRY
3-17

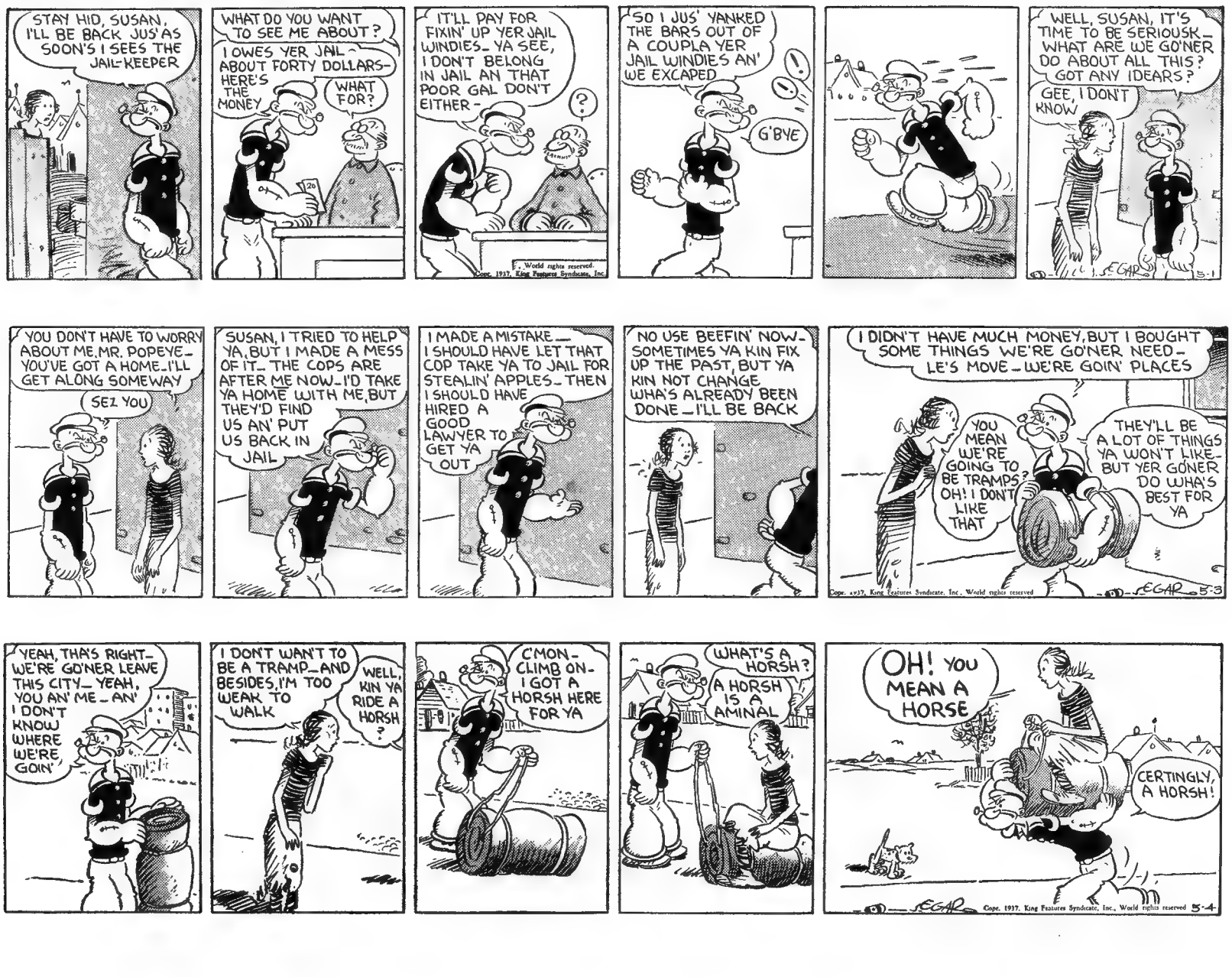

SHE DON'T SEEM TO HAVE NOBODY TO LOOK AFTER HER- SHE'S JUS' GOT TO HAVE HELP!
I YAM GLAD SHE IS PERTICKLER AN' WON'T LET NO MAN INTO HER ROOM, BUT I GOT TO GET IN AN' TALK TO HER
YEAH, I JUS' GOT TO HELP HER
KNOCK KNOCK
MISSUS JONES IS ME NAME- I LOOKS LIKE POPEYE ON ACCOUNT OF I YAM HIS MOTHER. HE TOLD ME ABOUT YA, AN' I COME TO HELP YA
4-18

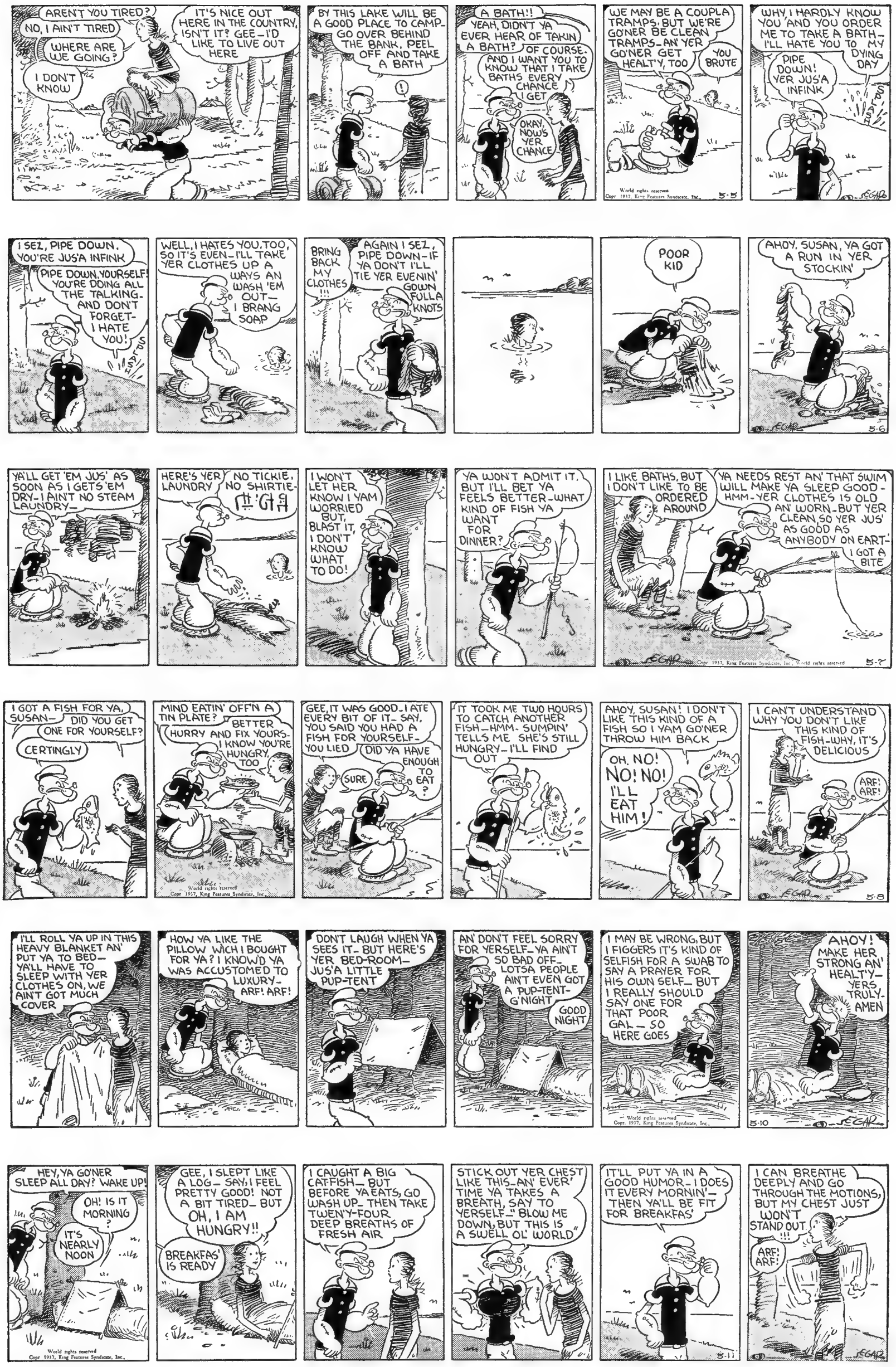

ME SON, POPEYE, TOLD ME ABOUT YA. I YAM HIS MOTHER THA'S WHY I LOOKS SO MUCH LIKE HIM- I BRANG YA SPINACH
AN' I BRANG YA SHOES, STOCKIN'S SOME ORANGES A HAT, SOME APPLES AN' A DRESS
I BRANG YA HANKIES, CARROTS- A COSORSET- POTATIES, A PAIR OF PANANTIES AN' A BRAZOO
YA SEE, I WANTS YA TO BE CONTENTIPATED. I FIGGERS THAT US WOMEN HAVE GOT TO STICK TOGETHER
YES, I SEE- AND I SEE YOU PUT YOUR HAND UP TO WHERE YOUR PIPE SHOULD BE- I KNOW YOU, MR. POPEYE
I CAN'T ALLOW A MAN TO BUY ME CLOTHES- I WAS TAUGHT DIFFERENTLY- I'LL TAKE THE FOOD- YES, I'LL TAKE THE POTATIES- BUT NOT THE CLOTHES
4-20


SHE TOOK THE POTATIES BUT NOT THE PANANTIES- ARF! ARF!
I BRANG SUSAN FOOD AN CLOTHES- SPINACH- CARROTS- POTATIES- A DRESS- A COSORSET- A HAT A BRAZOO AN' A PAIR OF PANANTIES- A'COURSE I WAS DRESSED LIKE A WOMAN SO SHE WOULDN'T GET EMBARRISK-
BUT SHE KNOW'D ME AN' SAID SHE WASN'T BRANG UP TO TAKE CLOTHES FROM MEN-SO SHE TOOK THE POTATIES BUT NOT THE PANANTIES
I'LL GO BUY HER A BIG SACK OF POTATIES
LOOK, GAL, I BRANG YA A SACK OF POTATIES
NOW IF YA'LL TAKE YER SCISSORS AN' CLIP THE CORNERS OFF'N THE BOTTOM OF THE SACK YA'LL NOT ONLY HAVE POTATIES, BUT ALSO-
PANANTIES ARF! ARF!
SILLY! GET OUT OF HERE !!
SAY, THAT'S AN IDEA!!
WE'RE NOT RUNNING A FREE FLOP HOUSE- HER BROTHER HASN'T PAID HER ROOM RENT FOR THREE WEEKS- GO THROW HER OUT
I'LL PUT HER OUT ALL RIGHT!
ARE YOU GONNA PAY YOUR ROOM RENT OR NOT?
I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY, BUT MY BROTHER-
MY BROTHER SURELY WILL COME BACK AND PAY IT
YOUR BROTHER, ME EYE! PACK UP AND GET OUT
WON'ER HOW THAT POOR LITTLE GAL IS TO-DAY? SHE'S AS INNERCENT AN' SWEET AS A INFINK-
I SAID PACK UP!
I'M PACKING UP- I'M ALL FINISHED
World rights reserved Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
WE AIN'T RUNNIN' THIS ROOMIN' HOUSE FOR OUR HEALTH
WHY DON'T YE EAT, SON?
I CAN'T, POPPA, ON ACCOUNT OF THINKIN' ABOUT SOMEBODY WICH IS HUNGRIER'N I YAM
?
THAT BRAT DON'T LIVE HERE NO MORE, I PUT HER OUT- SHE DIDN'T PAY HER RENT
YA MEANS YA PUT THAT POOR GAL OUT? YA PUT SUSAN OUT INTO THE STREET?
YES- WHAT OF IT?
HERE'S A SOCK FOR SUSAN'S SAKE!
CRACK
1274
SUSAN! OH, SUSIE!!


OH, SUSAN! AHOY! AHOY! WHERE ARE YA AT?
I WON'T REST TILL I FINDS THAT GAL- I BETTER GO DOWN TO THE POLICE STATION
CHIEF, DID YER MEN PICK UP A POOR GAL WICH WAS ROAMIN' THE STREETS?
WHAT'S HER DESCRIPTION?
WELL, SHE WAS ABOUT THIS HIGH AN' ABOUT THIS WIDE AN' ABOUT THIS THICK
SAY! YOU'RE THE FELLOW WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR- YOU BEAT UP A FRUIT STORE MAN- AND HE ALSO SAID YOU INTERFERED WITH AN OFFICER WHO WAS DOING HIS DUTY
!
WELL NOW, AIN'T THIS SUMPIN?
I DONE WHAT I THUNK WAS RIGHT AN' I GETS PUT IN JAIL FOR IT
AN' BLOW ME DOWN! IT'S A EXTER STRONG JAIL, TOO- I DON'T SEE HOW I YAM GONER GET OUT
MAYBE I DONE WRONG- MAYBE I SHOULD OF LET THE COPS TAKE THAT POOR GAL WICH STOLE APPLES ON ACCOUNT OF SHE WAS STARVIN'
BLAST IT! IF A MAN THINKS HE'S DOIN' RIGHT HOW KIN HE DO WRONG? THOUGHTS IS ALL WE GOT TO GO BY
WON'ER WHERE SUSAN IS LIVIN' NOW?
?
BUILDING MATERIAL
Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.
?
BUILDING MATERIA
A GIRL
IS IT AGAINST THE LAW TO TAKE A NAP IN AN OLD PIPE?
I KNOW YOU- I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOU IN
MY GORSH, I SURE FEELS DEJECTIPATED! WON'ER WHERE SUSAN IS AT?
THIS JAIL SURE IS WELL-BUILT- WISHT I WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO BUST OUT
HERE'S YOUR DINNER- YOU GET BEANS AND SPINACH TO-DAY
SPINACH!


YEAH, BEANS AND SPINACH FOR DINNER
GIMME THAT SPINACH !!
OUR OTHER PRISONERS DON'T LIKE SPINACH
THAT'S WHY THEY'RE PRISONERS
HERE, TAKE THE DISH-
!
HERE, HOLD THIS
WELL, I'LL BE-!
HEY! YOU CAN'T DO THAT! COME BACK!!!
I PULLED THE BARS OUT OF ME CELL WINDIE AN' EXCAPED- I'LL SEND THE KEEPER TWEN'Y BUCKS TO PAY FOR PUTTIN' 'EM BACK
YOO-HOO- HELLO, MR. POPEYE
SUSAN !!!
SO THEY GOT YA, EH?
YES, HERE I AM
IF I COULD REACH YER WINDIE I'D PULL THEM BLASTED BARS OUT. BUT I CAN'T COME EVEN NEAR
YOU DUCK BACK OUT OF SIGHT- THERE'S A COP, I'LL GET HIM TO HELP ME
ARE YOU CRAZY?
AHOY, ORFICER !!!
COME HERE QUICK!! HURRY UP, I NEEDS YA!
THEY'S A BIG BLACK WIDDY SPIDER UP THERE- LEMME STAN' ON YER BACK AN' KILL HER BEFORE SHE BITES SOME-BODY !!
HOLD STILL WHILE I SMACKS HER
I HOPE YOU GET HER
HOLD STILL, ORFICER, DON'T JIGGLE SO MUCH
'JA GET HER YET ?
YEAH, I GOT HER
GOOD
WELL, SO LONG
YOU DON'T MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO SEE THE JAILER AND PAY FOR THE JAIL WINDOWS YOU RUINED?
YEAH, I GOT TO KEEP ME CONSCIENCE CLEAN


STAY HID, SUSAN, I'LL BE BACK JUS' AS SOON'S I SEES THE JAIL-KEEPER
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SEE ME ABOUT?
I OWES YER JAIL - ABOUT FORTY DOLLARS- HERE'S THE MONEY
WHAT FOR?
IT'LL PAY FOR FIXIN' UP YER JAIL WINDIES- YA SEE, I DON'T BELONG IN JAIL AN THAT POOR GAL DON'T EITHER-
?
SO I JUS' YANKED THE BARS OUT OF A COUPLA YER JAIL WINDIES AN' WE EXCAPED
G'BYE
WELL, SUSAN, IT'S TIME TO BE SERIOUSK- WHAT ARE WE GO'NER DO ABOUT ALL THIS? GOT ANY IDEARS?
GEE, I DON'T KNOW
YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ME, MR. POPEYE- YOU'VE GOT A HOME- I'LL GET ALONG SOMEWAY
SEE YOU
SUSAN, I TRIED TO HELP YA, BUT I MADE A MESS OF IT- THE COPS ARE AFTER ME NOW- I'D TAKE YA HOME WITH ME, BUT THEY'D FIND US AN' PUT US BACK IN JAIL
I MADE A MISTAKE- I SHOULD HAVE LET THAT COP TAKE YA TO JAIL FOR STEALIN' APPLES- THEN I SHOULD HAVE HIRED A GOOD LAWYER TO GET YA OUT
NO USE BEEFIN' NOW- SOMETIMES YA KIN FIX UP THE PAST, BUT YA KIN NOT CHANGE WHA'S ALREADY BEEN DONE- I'LL BE BACK
I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH MONEY, BUT I BOUGHT SOME THINGS WE'RE GO'NER NEED- LE'S MOVE- WE'RE GOIN' PLACES
YOU MEAN WE'RE GOING TO BE TRAMPS? OH! I DON'T LIKE THAT
THEY'LL BE A LOT OF THINGS YA WON'T LIKE- BUT YER GONER DO WHA'S BEST FOR YA
YEAH, THA'S RIGHT- WE'RE GO'NER LEAVE THIS CITY- YEAH, YOU AN' ME- AN' I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOIN'
I DON'T WAN'T TO BE A TRAMP- AND BESIDES, I'M TOO WEAK TO WALK
WELL, KIN YA RIDE A HORSH ?
C'MON- CLIMB ON- I GOT A HORSH HERE FOR YA
WHAT'S A HORSH?
A HORSH IS A AMINAL
OH! YOU MEAN A HORSE
CERTINGLY, A HORSH!

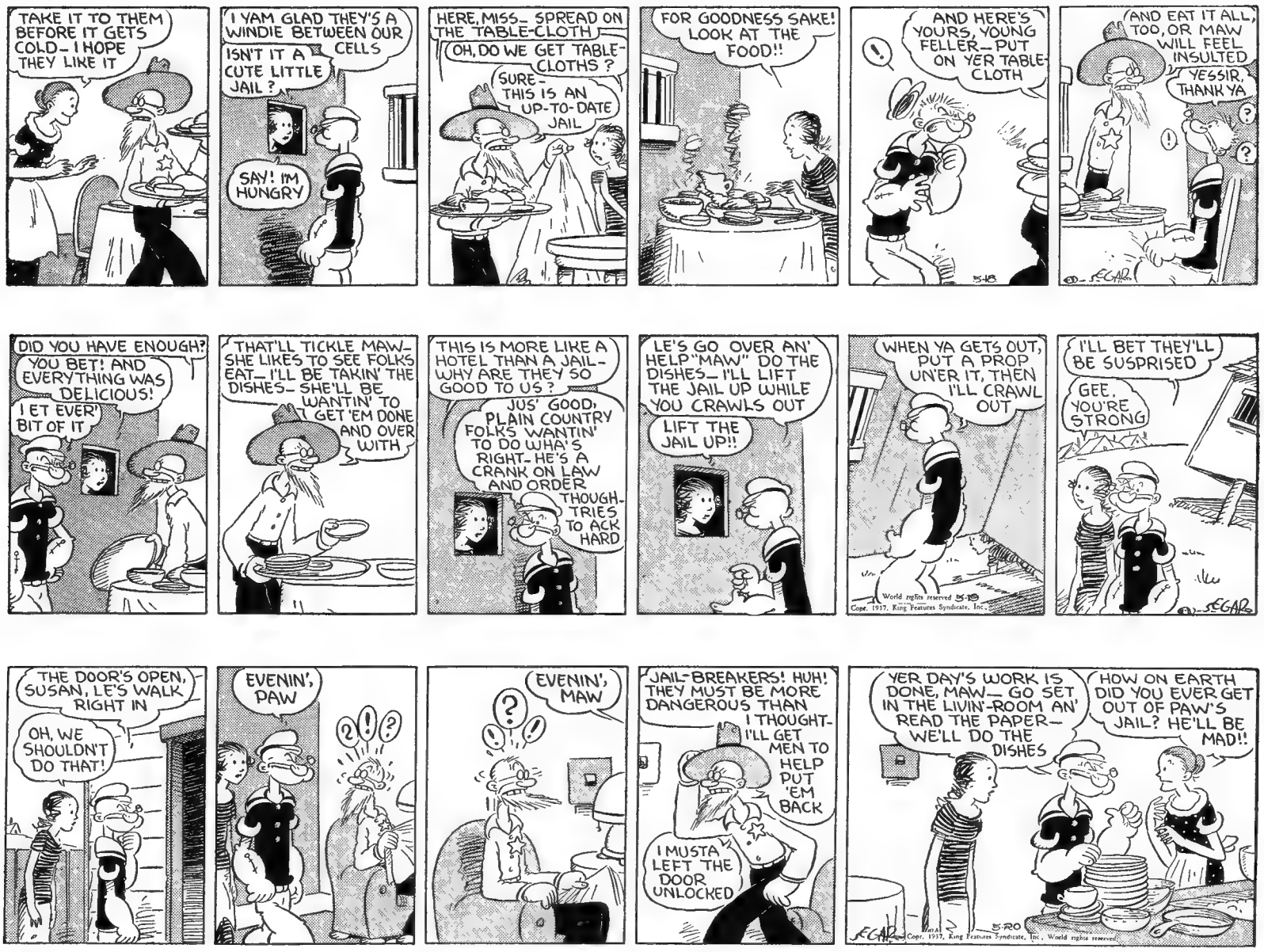

AREN'T YOU TIRED?
NO, I AIN'T TIRED
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
I DON'T KNOW
IT'S NICE OUT HERE IN THE COUNTRY, ISN'T IT? GEE—I'D LIKE TO LIVE OUT HERE
BY THIS LAKE WILL BE A GOOD PLACE TO CAMP—GO OVER BEHIND THE BANK, PEEL OFF AND TAKE A BATH
!
A BATH!!
YEAH, DIDN'T YA EVER HEAR OF TAKIN A BATH?
OF COURSE. AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I TAKE BATHS EVERY CHANCE I GET
OKAY, NOW'S YER CHANCE
WE MAY BE A COUPLA TRAMPS, BUT WE'RE GO'NER BE CLEAN TRAMPS—AN' YER GO'NER GET HEALT'Y, TOO
YOU BRUTE
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5-5
WHY, I HARDLY KNOW YOU AND YOU ORDER ME TO TAKE A BATH—I'LL HATE YOU TO MY DYING DAY
PIPE DOWN! YER JUS'A INFINK
SPLUTT
EGAR
I SEZ, PIPE DOWN, YOU'RE JUS'A INFINK
PIPE DOWN, YOURSELF! YOU'RE DOING ALL THE TALKING. AND DON'T FORGET—I HATE YOU!
SPLUTT
WELL, I HATES YOU, TOO, SO IT'S EVEN—I'LL TAKE YER CLOTHES UP A WAYS AN WASH 'EM OUT—I BRANG SOAP
BRING BACK MY CLOTHES!!!
AGAIN I SEZ, PIPE DOWN—IF YA DON'T I'LL TIE YER EVENIN' GOWN FULL A KNOTS
POOR KID
AHOY, SUSAN, YA GOT A RUN IN YER STOCKIN'
EGAR
5-6
YA'LL GET 'EM JUS' AS SOON AS I GETS 'EM DRY—I AIN'T NO STEAM LAUNDRY—
HERE'S YER LAUNDRY
NO TICKIE, NO SHIRTIE—
I WON'T LET HER KNOW I YAM WORRIED BUT, BLAST IT, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!
YA WON'T ADMIT IT, BUT I'LL BET YA FEELS BETTER—WHAT KIND OF FISH YA WANT FOR DINNER?
I LIKE BATHS, BUT I DON'T LIKE TO BE ORDERED AROUND
YA NEEDS REST AN' THAT SWIM WILL MAKE YA SLEEP GOOD—HMM—YER CLOTHES IS OLD AN' WORN—BUT YER CLEAN SO YER JUS' AS GOOD AS ANYBODY ON EART'—I GOT A BITE
EGAR
Copr 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved
5-7
I GOT A FISH FOR YA, SUSAN—
DID YOU GET ONE FOR YOURSELF?
CERTINGLY
MIND EATIN' OFF'N A TIN PLATE?
BETTER HURRY AND FIX YOURS—I KNOW YOU'RE HUNGRY, TOO
World rights reserved Copr 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
GEE, IT WAS GOOD—I ATE EVERY BIT OF IT—SAY, YOU SAID YOU HAD A FISH FOR YOURSELF—YOU LIED
SURE
DID YA HAVE ENOUGH TO EAT?
IT TOOK ME TWO HOURS TO CATCH ANOTHER FISH—HMM—SUMPIN' TELLS ME SHE'S STILL HUNGRY—I'LL FIND OUT
AHOY, SUSAN! I DON'T LIKE THIS KIND OF A FISH SO I YAM GO'NER THROW HIM BACK
OH, NO! NO! NO! I'LL EAT HIM!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU DON'T LIKE THIS KIND OF FISH—WHY, IT'S DELICIOUS
ARF! ARF!
EGAR
5-8
I'LL ROLL YA UP IN THIS HEAVY BLANKET AN' PUT YA TO BED—YA'LL HAVE TO SLEEP WITH YER CLOTHES ON, WE AIN'T GOT MUCH COVER
HOW YA LIKE THE PILLOW WICH I BOUGHT FOR YA? I KNOW'D YA WAS ACCUSTOMED TO LUXURY—ARF! ARF!
DON'T LAUGH WHEN YA SEES IT—BUT HERE'S YER BED-ROOM—JUS'A LITTLE PUP-TENT
AN' DON'T FEEL SORRY FOR YERSELF—YA AIN'T SO BAD OFF—LOTSA PEOPLE AIN'T EVEN GOT A PUP-TENT—G'NIGHT
GOOD NIGHT
I MAY BE WRONG, BUT I FIGGERS IT'S KIND OF SELFISH FOR A SWAB TO SAY A PRAYER FOR HIS OWN SELF—BUT I REALLY SHOULD SAY ONE FOR THAT POOR GAL—SO HERE GOES
World rights reserved Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
AHOY! MAKE HER STRONG AN' HEALT'Y—YERS TRULY—AMEN
EGAR
5-10
HEY, YA GO'NER SLEEP ALL DAY? WAKE UP!
OH! IS IT MORNING?
IT'S NEARLY NOON
World rights reserved Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
GEE, I SLEPT LIKE A LOG—SAY, I FEEL PRETTY GOOD! NOT A BIT TIRED—BUT OH, I AM HUNGRY!!
BREAKFAS' IS READY
I CAUGHT A BIG CAT-FISH—BUT BEFORE YA EATS, GO WASH UP—THEN TAKE TWEN'Y-FOUR DEEP BREATHS OF FRESH AIR
STICK OUT YER CHEST LIKE THIS—AN' EVER' TIME YA TAKES A BREATH, SAY TO YERSELF—"BLOW ME DOWN, BUT THIS IS A SWELL OL' WORLD"
IT'LL PUT YA IN A GOOD HUMOR—I DOES IT EVERY MORNIN'—THEN YA'LL BE FIT FOR BREAKFAS'
5-11
I CAN BREATHE DEEPLY AND GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS, BUT MY CHEST JUST WON'T STAND OUT!!!
ARF! ARF!
EGAR





CHAPTER V:

ORDER IN THE COURT!


TAKE IT TO THEM BEFORE IT GETS COLD- I HOPE THEY LIKE IT
I YAM GLAD THEY'S A WINDIE BETWEEN OUR CELLS
ISN'T IT A CUTE LITTLE JAIL ?
SAY! I'M HUNGRY
HERE, MISS- SPREAD ON THE TABLE-CLOTH
OH, DO WE GET TABLE-CLOTHS ?
SURE- THIS IS AN UP-TO-DATE JAIL
FOR GOODNESS SAKE! LOOK AT THE FOOD!!
AND HERE'S YOURS, YOUNG FELLER- PUT ON YER TABLE-CLOTH
AND EAT IT ALL, TOO, OR MAW WILL FEEL INSULTED
YESSIR, THANK YA
5-18
DID YOU HAVE ENOUGH?
YOU BET! AND EVERYTHING WAS DELICIOUS!
I ET EVER' BIT OF IT
THAT'LL TICKLE MAW- SHE LIKES TO SEE FOLKS EAT- I'LL BE TAKIN' THE DISHES- SHE'LL BE WANTIN' TO GET 'EM DONE AND OVER WITH
THIS IS MORE LIKE A HOTEL THAN A JAIL- WHY ARE THEY SO GOOD TO US ?
JUS' GOOD, PLAIN COUNTRY FOLKS WANTIN' TO DO WHA'S RIGHT- HE'S A CRANK ON LAW AND ORDER THOUGH- TRIES TO ACK HARD
LE'S GO OVER AN' HELP "MAW" DO THE DISHES- I'LL LIFT THE JAIL UP WHILE YOU CRAWLS OUT
LIFT THE JAIL UP!!
WHEN YA GETS OUT, PUT A PROP UN'ER IT, THEN I'LL CRAWL OUT
World rights reserved 5-19
Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc.,
I'LL BET THEY'LL BE SUSPRISED
GEE, YOU'RE STRONG
SEGAR
THE DOOR'S OPEN, SUSAN, LE'S WALK RIGHT IN
OH, WE SHOULDN'T DO THAT!
EVENIN', PAW
EVENIN', MAW
JAIL-BREAKERS! HUH! THEY MUST BE MORE DANGEROUS THAN I THOUGHT- I'LL GET MEN TO HELP PUT 'EM BACK
I MUSTA LEFT THE DOOR UNLOCKED
YER DAY'S WORK IS DONE, MAW— GO SET IN THE LIVIN'-ROOM AN' READ THE PAPER— WE'LL DO THE DISHES
HOW ON EARTH DID YOU EVER GET OUT OF PAW'S JAIL? HE'LL BE MAD!!
5-20
Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc. World rights reserved.
PAW WENT TO TOWN TO GET MEN TO HELP PUT YOU BACK IN JAIL- HE THINKS YOU'RE A DANGEROUS MAN
I YAM WHAT I YAM
YA COOKED A SWELL MEAL FOR US AND NOW YOU'RE GOIN' INTO THE LIVIN'-ROOM AN' REST
HERE'S THE PAPER, YOU JUS' SET THERE AN' TAKE IT EASY- SUSAN AN' ME'LL DO THE DISHES
ARRESTIN' HIM FOR FISHIN' IN THE RESERVOIR WAS JUST AN EXCUSE- I HAD A FEELIN' HE WAS A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL AND NOW I KNOW HE IS
BROKE JAIL AND THEN WALKED RIGHT INTO MY HOUSE- MAYBE HE HURT MY WIFE LET'S LOOK IN THE WINDOW FIRST
DO 'EM GOOD ON ACCOUNT OF I'LL BET THAT LITTLE LADY IS KIND OF PERTICKLER
5-21
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Copr 1937, King Features Syndicate Inc.
SEGAR
MAW,- YOU A-SETTIN' THERE READIN' AN' THEM JAIL-BIRDS DOIN' THE DISHES!
MAW, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THIS MONKEY BUSINESS!
I CAN'T, EITHER, BUT I'M IN FAVOR OF IT
WELL, WE GOT ALL VER DISHES DONE, EXCEPIN' FOR STOWIN' 'EM AWAY- WE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE THEY SHOULD BE PUTTIN' AT
THANK YOU SO MUCH
COME ON, SUSAN- WE GOT TO GET BACK TO JAIL- YA MUST HIT THE HAY EARLY ON ACCOUNT OF YER HEALT'
I GUESS YOU WON'T NEED OUR HELP TO GET HIM BACK IN JAIL THEN- EH, CONSTABLE?
GOOD NIGHT
GREAT TARNATION! DO THEY GO IN AND OUT MY JAIL AS THEY PLEASE?
5-22
SEGAR
Copr 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved
I'M GOING TO SEE HOW THEY GOT OUT OF THAT JAIL— I'M CERTAIN I LOCKED THE DOOR
WHERE YA GOIN', CHIEF, IN SUCH A HURRY?
WELL, THUNDERATION!! HE LIFTED THE JAIL UP, PUT A PROP UNDER IT AND CRAWLED OUT
HE'S STRONG AS A BULL!! YEAH, LIFTED UP THE JAIL AND CRAWLED OUT— MAW, I WANT TO TELL YOU—
REGARDLESS OF HIS KINDNESS TO YOU, I'M SURE HE'S A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL! I HAD THE HUNCH WHEN I ARRESTED THEM- I SAY HE'S TRICKIN' US
JUDGE PENNY, CAN WE HAVE A TRIAL TO-MORROW OR ARE YOU GOING SQUIRREL-HUNTIN'?
WHY, MY DEAR CONSTABLE- DUTY BEFORE PLEASURE, ALWAYS!!
5-24
SEGAR
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THIS COURT WILL NOW COME TO ORDER- AHEM- CHEWING TOBACCO OR SMOKING WILL NOT BE TOLERATED- BOY, BRING ME A CUSPIDOR
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I WANT IT UNDERSTOOD THAT THIS IS A COURT OF JUSTICE- ALL ANGLES OF THIS CASE WILL BE DISCUSSED OPENLY AND FREELY, AND IF YOU WOMEN CAN'T TAKE IT YOU'D BETTER GO- AND NO SMIRKING!
WE CAN TAKE IT, JUDGE- DISH IT UP!!
WELL, SISTER PEEBODY- IT AIN'T THAT KIND OF A TRIAL AND IF IT WAS YOU WOULDN'T UNDER- STAND- SO- HAH! HAH!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK
CONSTABLE, DID YOU SEE THIS GIRL FISHING IN THE CITY RESERVOIR?
NO, COME TO THINK OF IT I GUESS SHE WASN'T FISHIN', BUT HE WAS
HUMPH
THEN WHY DID YOU ARREST HER?!! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT THE SINS OF THE MALE CANNOT BE RESTED UPON THE SHOULDERS OF THE FEMALE?
WELL, SHE ET SOME OF THE FISH
COURT'S ADJOURNED UNTIL TO-MORROW— I'M GOING SQUIRREL- HUNTING, AND I KNOW MOST OF YOU MEN SHOULD BE OUT PLOWING YOUR CORN
AW, GNATS!
POOEY!
ARF! ARF!
THE JUDGE WILL GIVE YOU PLENTY- IT'S A SERIOUS THING, FISHIN' IN OUR RESERVOIR- FISHIN' IN OUR DRINKIN' WATER
YOUNG MAN, HAVE YOU AN ATTORNEY TO DEFEND YOU?
NO, YER HONOR, I AIN'T
IN THAT CASE THE COURT WILL PROVIDE YOU WITH AN ATTORNEY
OKAY
I OBJECT! I OBJECT!
WHOOPEE!!
SURE- WE ALL OBJECT! HAR! HAR!
DON'T LET HIM HAVE NO LAWYER, YOU DUMMY! WHAT WE'RE TRYIN' TO DO IS CONVICT HIM, NOT GET HIM OUT OF IT!!
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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, OUR CONSTABLE MEANS WELL- BUT— WELL, IT'S BEEN WHISPERED THAT IF IT WASN'T FOR HIS WIFE'S EXCELLENT COOKING NOBODY'D LET HIM TAKE 'EM TO JAIL-
BEN BASCUM, STEP FORWARD- THE COURT HAS APPOINTED YOU TO ACT AS THIS MAN'S ATTORNEY
YOUR HONOR, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN- I HAVE BEEN AN ATTORNEY AMONG YOU FOR SIXTY YEARS- BUT
BUT IN ALL MY LIFE I HAVE NEVER SEEN A FACE SO COMPLETELY STAMPED WITH CRIMINALITY!! STUDY IT— CROOKEDNESS WRITTEN IN EVERY LINE— NOTE THE CRUEL, SCHEMING FEATURES
LISTEN, BEN, YOU'VE TAKEN THE WRONG SIDE- YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO DEFEND HIM, NOT PROSECUTE HIM
MY GOSH! I FORGOT!!
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YOUR HONOR, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AGAIN, I ASK YOU TO LOOK AT THAT FACE- STUDY IT— LOOK AT IT!
REMINDS ME OF LINCOLN
AND NOW WE'LL GIVE THE PERSECUTING ATTORNEY A CHANCE TO UNLOAD— ER-
OH, PARDON ME, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I MEAN, PROSECUTING ATTORNEY AND YOU'LL PARDON ME, MR. STINCK- I HOPE
-A MAN WHO FISHES IN OUR DRINKING WATER— TAKE A LOOK AT THE SKUNK
2-2 2-2
YER HONOR, HE CALLED ME A SKUNK- KIN I SOCK HIM?
WAIT TILL YOU GET HIM OUT- SIDE— THE DIGNITY OF THIS COURT MUST NOT BE DISTURBED
HE'S SURE GIVING YOU FITS!
I SEZ HE IS
BUT DON'T WORRY. THIS IS A JUST COURT- A FAIR COURT
PST— YOU HAVEN'T A THING TO WORRY ABOUT— I'M ON YOUR SIDE
I REPEAT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN- THIS MAN IS A SKUNK!
PLEASE ADDRESS YOUR REMARKS TO ME, MR. STINCK- THE AUDIENCE HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THE CASE- THEY'RE JUST HERE FOR INTERTAIN- MENT
World rights reserved Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
AND QUIT CALLING THAT MAN A SKUNK!
VERY WELL, I'LL ADDRESS MY REMARKS TO YOU-
QUIT INSULKIN' THE JUDGE, YA SWAB
BOP
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST
HE'S DOWN!
PLOP
ORDER IN THE COURT!! HEE! HEE! ORDER IN THE COURT! HAW! HAW!
YER HONOR, I YAM SORRY I LOST ME TEMPER AN' SOCKED THE PERSECUTIN' ATTORNEY
DON'T EVER LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN, YOU BRUTE
HA: HA:
YOUR HONOR, YOU SAW THE SCOUNDREL STRIKE ME- FINE HIM!
I DEMAND THAT YOU FINE HIM FOR CONTEMPT OF COURT!!
YOUNG MAN, YOU HAVE STRAINED THE DIGNITY OF THIS COURT ONCE TOO OFTEN- I FINE YOU ONE MILLION DOLLARS FOR CONTEMPT OF COURT
MY GORSH, JUDGE, I AIN'T GOT NO MILLION DOLLARS
WHAT!! YOU HAVEN'T A MILLION DOLLARS!!
A COURSE NOT
POOR FELLOW, HOW MUCH HAVE YOU?
I ONLY GOT A DOLLAR AN' TEN CENTS
OKAY- GIMME THE DIME

HE'S SURE GIVIN' ME HECK, JUDGE
YES-IT LOOKS BAD— HE'S TURNING THE CROWD AGAINST YOU
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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN- I ASK YOU-WHAT KIND OF A COURT IS THIS? THE JUDGE SEEMS TO BE ON THE DEFENDANT'S SIDE

HE MUST BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE-NOT ONLY FOR BREAKING ONE OF OUR LAWS, BUT ALSO FOR SOCKING ME ON THE JAW

IF OUR JUDGE WON'T GIVE US JUSTICE, THEN HE SHOULD BE TRIED BY A JURY

I THINK YOU'D BETTER AGREE TO A JURY TRIAL— IF I LET YOU OFF IT WILL LOOK BAD
A JURY WILL PROBALY GIVE ME PLEN'Y

PST- ALMOST EVERY MAN IN TOWN OWES ME MONEY— I'LL SEE THAT THE JURY GIVES YOU A SQUARE DEAL

WHY'RE YA TAKIN' A INTREST IN ME, JUDGE?
WELL, I LIKE YOUR FACE- IT'S UGLY, BUT IT LOOKS HONEST

I YAM HONEST AN' I YAM MIGHTY PROUD OF IT
I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOU BACK TO JAIL NOW
NEXT WEEK YOU'RE TO HAVE A JURY TRIAL

I YAM NOT GOIN' TO JAIL YET, CONSTABLE- I YAM GOIN' OVER AN' HAVE A TALK WITH YER WIFE
!!

JUDGE, AIN'T HE THE MOST ONERY CUSS YOU EVER SEEN? HE'S MY PRISONER, BUT HE DOES JUST AS HE PLEASES- AND YOU GRIN LIKE A NINNY!

MRS. SODWELL, THE JUDGE FREED SUSAN AND NOW SHE CAN'T STAY IN YER SWELL LITTLE JAIL- WILL YOU TAKE CARE OF HER FOR A WHILE?
YES, I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOUR SISTER
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SHE AIN'T ME SISTER
OH, THEN SHE'S YOUR WIFE
NO, SHE AIN'T ME WIFE
BUT- BUT
I DON'T HARDLY KNOW WHO SHE IS
WHY, I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
EGAR

NO, MRS. SODWELL, SUSAN AIN'T ME SISTER OR ME WIFE- NO RELATION AT ALL- IN FACK, I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT HER

IN THAT CASE I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH EITHER ONE OF YOU- WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO GO TRAMPING THROUGH THE COUNTRY WITH A GIRL I SUPPOSE YOU HARDLY KNOW-
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MRS. SODWELL, I YAM G'NER SAY JUS' THREE WORDS AN' AFTER I SEZ 'EM YA'LL KNOW THINGS ARE ALL RIGHT—
"I YAMA GEN'LEMAN"

OH, I SEE - YOU'RE A GENTLEMAN- THAT FIXES EVERYTHING, DOESN'T IT?
SURE- THA'S IT

I'LL GO CARRY IN SOME WOOD FOR YER KITCHEN STOVE- I YAM SURE GLAD YA UN'ERSTAN'S ME
!

THERE ISN'T ROOM IN THE KITCHEN FOR ALL THAT
EGAR

SUSAN, THERE ARE SOME THINGS I CAN'T UNDERSTAND MR. POPEYE SAYS HE'S A GENTLEMAN AND HE SEEMS TO THINK THAT THAT MAKES EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT

OH, HE CERTAINLY IS A GENTLEMAN- AND HE'S KIND-HEARTED, TOO— LOOK WHAT HE DID FOR ME—
WHAT DID HE DO FOR YOU, SUSAN?

ETC-ETC— WHISKERS, THE FRUIT STORE MAN, HAD ME ARRESTED BECAUSE WELL,- I'D BEEN LIVING OFF THE FRUIT I'D STOLEN— YOU SEE, I DIDN'T WANT TO STARVE TO DEATH- I WAS ON MY WAY TO JAIL WHEN MR. POPEYE CAME ALONG
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HE GOT ME AWAY FROM THE OFFICER AND CARRIED ME TO MY ROOM- I WAS PUT OUT OF MY ROOM BECAUSE MY BROTHER, WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO TAKE CARE OF ME, DISAPPEARED AND I HAD NO MONEY

I WAS TAKEN TO JAIL- THEN POPEYE TORE THE BARS FROM MY CELL WINDOW AND GOT ME OUT- YOU SEE, HE GOT HIMSELF IN TROUBLE JUST TO HELP ME— SO WE TURNED TRAMPS- HE THOUGHT I'D GET MY HEALTH BACK OUT IN THE SUN-SHINE

AND LISTEN, I USED TO THINK HE WAS THE UGLIEST MAN ON EARTH- BUT NOW I THINK HE'S HANDSOME— YOU'LL THINK SO, TOO, WHEN YOU KNOW HIM BETTER
EGAR 6-4

YOUR HUSBAND'S CHASIN' ME— WANTS TO PUT ME BACK IN JAIL AN' I WON'T LET HIM

CALM YOURSELF, PAW- I'VE INVITED MR. POPEYE TO HAVE DINNER WITH US
YOU'VE WHAT?!

I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I WON'T SET AT THE TABLE WITH A JAIL-BIRD
YES, YOU WILL

WHO'S BOSS HERE, YOU OR ME?!
DON'T FRIGHTEN ME SO— YOU'RE BOSS, OF COURSE.
YOU BET I AM!!

I PUT HIS PLACE NEXT TO YOURS, PAW— HE SAID HE DIDN'T MIND
ARF! ARF!
EGAR 6 5
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ORDER IN COURT— THE PICKING OF JURORS WILL NOW GET UNDERWAY

OH, JUDGE!
CAN I BE ON THE JURY? I CAN'T SEE 'WAY BACK HERE

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY. WHEN I LOOK UPON YOUR INTELLIGENT FACES, ETC- ETC-
TEE HEE

MR. STENCH, YOU JUST MUST COME TO MY BRIDGE PARTY NEXT THURSDAY— MY NIECE WILL BE THERE- YOU'LL COME, WON'T YOU, STENCH?

MY NIECE SHOULD MEET HIM-
UM—- A ONE-EYED STRANGER HAS BROKEN ONE OF OUR LAWS
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WHAT DO YOU CARE? WE GOT PLENTY MORE!


ORDER!! NO MORE "WISE-CRACKS" WILL BE TOLERATED! ORDER!!
HAW HAW HAW
TAKE THE STAND— AND QUIT GIVING ME MEAN LOOKS!
YA GOT MEAN LOOKS, BUT I DIDN'T GIVE 'EM TO YA
YOU ADMIT THAT YOU FISHED IN OUR RESERVOIR, IN OUR DRINKING WATER?
I DOES
DID YOU SEE THE "NO FISHING" SIGN?
I REFUSES TO ANSWER ON THE GROUNDS THAT IT MIGHT INCRINIMATE ME
WHERE DID YOU FISH?
BY THE BIG OAK TREE
©World rights reserved Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
YOU SCAMP! THAT'S MY FISHING-SPOT!!
HAW! HAW! HAW! HAW! HAW!
6-8


LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY— THIS MAN IS ACCUSED OF FISHING IN OUR RESERVOIR
PUTTING WORMS IN OUR DRINKING WATER! WHY, THAT'S AWFUL!
TELL US YOUR STORY
WELL, I TOOK SUSAN OUT OF THE SLUMS AN' BRANG HER OUT HERE FOR HER HEALT'
WE WAS ROUGHIN' IT— —CAMPIN' OUT— WELL, WE COME TO YER LAKE OR RESERVOIR AN' I SEZ TO SUSAN-
"GO OVER BEHIND THAT BANK AN' TAKE A BATH IN THIS NICE LAKE"
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6-9
WHAT!! A BATH IN OUR DRINKING WATER! !!!!


YOU JUST SAID THAT YOU TOLD SUSAN TO TAKE A BATH IN OUR RESERVOIR- DID SHE DO IT?
SURE, SHE DONE IT
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY— THIS YOUNG LADY TOOK A BATH IN OUR DRINKING WATER
GOOD HEAVENS! AND I'VE BEEN USING IT FOR CHASERS!!
COME UP HERE, LITTLE GIRL
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6-10
WHY IT'S RIDICULOUS, FOLKS— SUCH A NICE LITTLE GIRL WOULDN'T HURT OUR DRINKING WATER
I OBJECT!
OH, YOU OBJECT, DO YOU? SAY- DO YOU REMEMBER THE TIME WE WERE OUT QUAIL-HUNTING, AND YOUR FEET HURT AND YOU BATHED THEM IN OUR RESERVOIR?


LOOKS BAD FOR YOU AND SUSAN— THE JURY'S GIVING YOU MEAN LOOKS
LEMME MAKE A SPEECH
I ASTS YA TO PLEASE BRING IN A VERDICK OF GUILTY SO'S WE'LL GET SIX MUNTS IN JAIL— WE NEEDS A PLACE TO SLEEP
AN' WE LIKES MRS. SODWELL'S COOKIN'
YOUR HONOR, IT WON'T BE NECESSARY TO GO TO THE JURY-ROOM, WE'VE ALREADY DECIDED
THOSE SCALLYWAGS ARE TRYING TO GET FREE ROOM AND BOARD IN OUR JAIL— AND US TAX-PAYERS WON'T STAND FOR IT!
WHAT IS YOUR VERDICT?
NOT GUILTY !!!
AND LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU!
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6-11


MAW, WE'LL SOON BE LEAVIN' YA— BUT FIRST I WANTS TO DO SOME WORK TO PAY FOR ALL THE SWELL FOOD YA GIVED US
WORK, EH? WELL, TAKE THE AX AN' CUT DOWN THEM TWO BIG DEAD TREES IN OUR BACK YARD, THEN CHOP 'EM UP INTO STOVE WOOD
OKAY
HAW! HAW! IT WOULD TAKE A GOOD MAN A MONTH TO DO THAT CHOPPING JOB
CHOP CHOP
TWO HOURS LATER
AHOY, PAW! COME OUT
WELL, PAW— THERE'S YER OL' TREES
6-12


HUNGRY AGAIN, I SUSPOSE
I'M FAMISHED!
TOO BAD THEY LEFT— SHE LIKED CHICKEN SO MUCH-
THEY'RE PROBABLY MILES AWAY BY NOW
MAYBE YOU COULD FIND THEM
MAYBE SO, I'M A PERTY GOOD BLOOD-HOUND
WOULDN'T THIS BE A FINE PLACE TO EAT OUR DINNER? THIS BIG ROCK WOULD MAKE A FINE TABLE
WHAT DINNER?
YA KNOWS DANG WELL WE AIN'T GOT NO FOOD!
I KNOW, BUT JUST IMAGINE THAT WE HAVE— PLEASE PASS THE CHICKEN
YES, MA'M— CHICKEN- COMIN' RIGHT UP!
6-14
MAW THOUGHT YOU KIDS WOULD BE HUNGRY SO SHE PUT ME ON YOUR TRAIL

I DON'T RECKON I'LL EVER SEE YOU KIDS AGAIN— GOOD-BYE
SO LONG, CONSTABLE, THANKS FOR BRINGIN' US FOOD
SO FAR YA BEEN GETTIN' PLENTY TO EAT— LOTSA SUNSHINE-FRESH AIR AN' SLEEP— AN' YER LOOKIN' BETTER— PERTY SOON YA'LL BE HEALT'Y
I HOPE SO
WON'ER HOW EVER'THING IS BACK HOME— I WROTE ME POPPA A LETTER EXPLAININ' THINGS- I HOPES HE UN'ERSTANS
BACK HOME
GLAD YE COME OVER— I CAN'T READ MUCH AN' I GOT A LETTER FROM ME SON, POPEYE
A'COURSE I KIN READ PITCHERS, BUT THA'S ABOUT ALL
OH, A LETTER FROM MY DARLING SWEETY
© World rights reserved Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
I WONDER WHAT MADE HIM LEAVE SO SUDDENLY?
WELL— WHY DON'T YE READ IT AN' SEE?
6-15
SEGAR

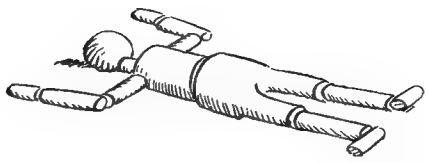
STOP TALKIN' ABOUT HOW MUCH YE LOVES HIM AN' READ ME LETTER FROM POPEYE
IT SAYS—"DEAR POPPA: I SUSPOSE YA WON'ERS WHY I LEFT SO RAPITLY WITHOUT SAYIN' G'BYE— I YAM VERY BUSY DOIN' A GOOD DEED
WHA'S THAT MEAN? WHA'SA GOOD DEED ?
JUST LIKE MY DARLING POPEYE, ALWAYS DOING GOOD DEEDS- GEE, I LOVE HIM!!
"YA SEE, IT WAS LIKE THIS— I WAS WALKIN' DOWN THE STREET AN' ALL OF A SUDDING I MET A LITTLE GIRL"
HMM-MET A LITTLE GIRL
LITTLE GIRL? I GUESS HE MEANS A CHILD- A LITTLE GIRL FOUR OR FIVE YEARS OLD.
READ ON
"THIS LITTLE GIRL IS ABOUT TWENTY-ONE YEARS OLD"
THIS LITTLE GIRL IS ABOUT TWENTY-ONE YEARS OLD
THIS LITTLE GIRL IS ABOUT TWENTY-ONE YEARS OLD
THIS LITTLE GIRL IS ABOUT TWENTY-ONE YEARS OLD
6-16
SEGAR

DON'T KEEP REPEATIN'- I HEARD YA- GO ON, READ ME LETTER TO ME
" THIS LITTLE GIRL IS ABOUT TWENTY-ONE YEARS OLD"
"THIS LITTLE GAL WAS GETTIN' ARRESTIPATED BY A COP, BUT I DIDN'T LET HIM DO IT— I GOT PUT IN JAIL ON ACCOUNT OF IT"
"LATER SHE GOT PUT IN JAIL— I BROKE OUT AN' I BROKE HER OUT, TOO- AN' A'COURSE, I COULDN'T LET HER GO AWAY, BY HERSELF"
"SO I WENT AWAY WITH HER— I HAD TO PROTECK HER"
STOP REPEATIN'- READ ON!
SO I WENT AWAY WITH HER-
" DON'T TELL OLIVE OYL ON ACCOUNT OF SHE WOULDN'T UN'ERSTAND"
ERF! ERF!
ERF! ERF! ERF!
I'LL TELL THE GOGGLE-EYED WORLD I DON'T UNDERSTAND!!!
SEGAR
6-17

AND WHEN YOU SEE YOUR SON— TELL HIM I HATE HIM!
POPEYE WENT TO A NEAR-BY VILLAGE TO GET ME SOMETHING TO EAT
6-18
AHOY, SUSAN, I ONLY HAD A DOLLAR, BUT I BOUGHT A HAIR BRUSH, A COMB AN' HAIR PINS AN' SANRICHES
WHILE YA EATS I'LL SEE IF I KIN RIG UP YER HAIR A BIT— IT'S ARFUL WILD
I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD BE POSSIBLE FOR A SAILOR TO DRESS HAIR
DIDN'T. HUH?
HMM-WELL, ANYHOW, I'LL BET A HAIR- DRESSER COULDN'T SAIL A SHIP

IT AIN'T SUCH A BAD JOB FOR A SAILOR
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD DRESS HAIR
A FELLOW KIN DO MOST ANYTHING IF HE MAKES UP HIS MIND AN' DON'T GIVE UP
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IT'S A PERTY GOOD JOB EXCEP' IN ONE PLACE WICH IS ON TOP
BUT I KIN FIX IT EASY
6-19
ARE YOU LAUGHING AT ME ?
A'COURSE NOT! WHAT MADE YA THINK THAT? ARF! ARF!

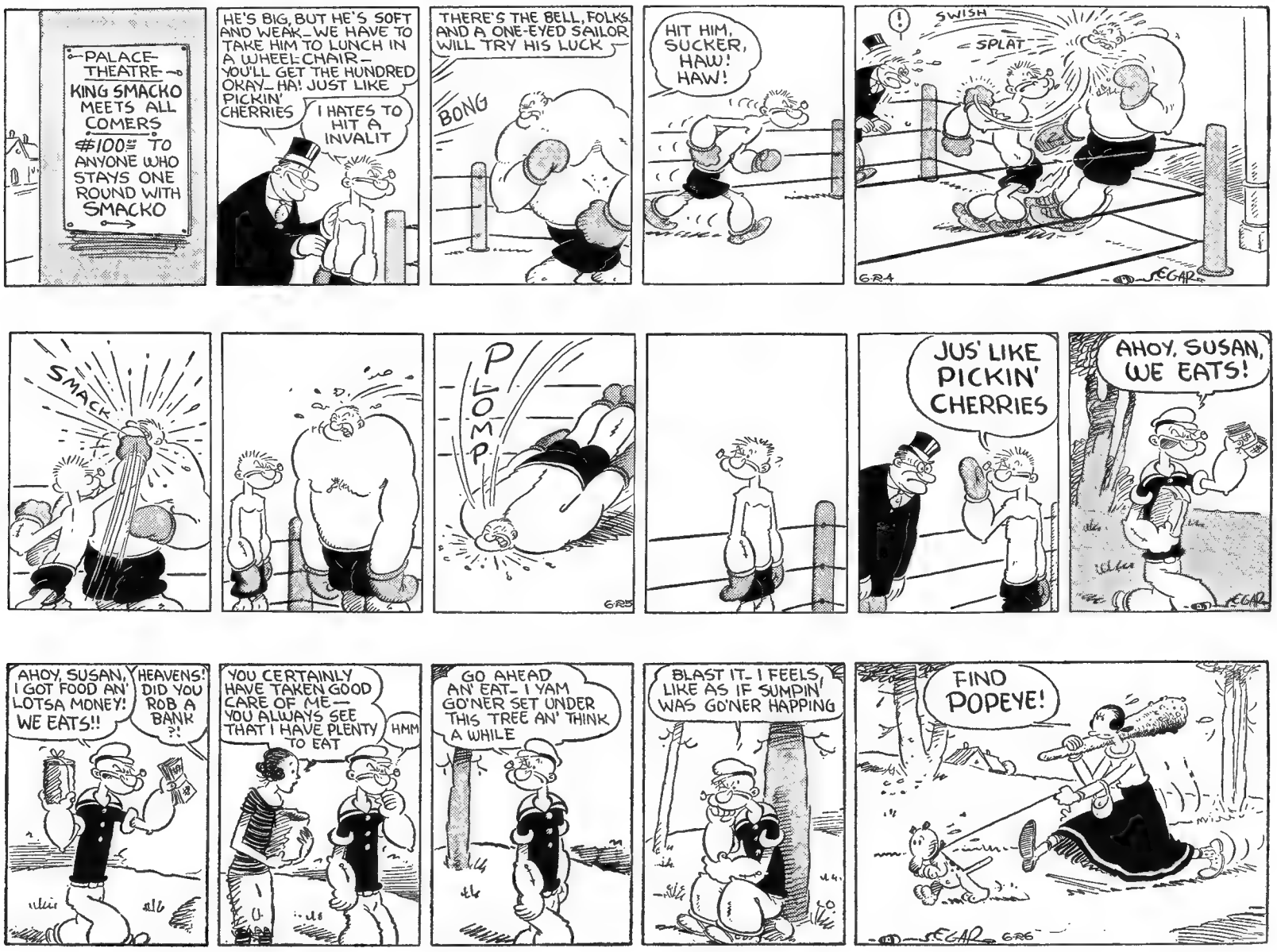
I YAM FLAT-BROKE, BUT IT'S TIME TO EAT AGAIN, SO I YAM GOIN' TO THE VILLAGE AN' TRY TO GET SOME FOOD
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! THEY'S A ROAD SHOW IN TOWN— HMM— WHA'S THIS?
PALACE -THEATRE- BIG SHOW! SEE "KING SMACKO" -$100.00 WILL BE PAID TO ANYONE WHO STAYS ONE ROUND WITH "SMACKO"
YES, MOTHER, IF I HAD MY FINGERS AROUND HIS SCRAWNY NECK, I'D— I'D SQUEEZE— AND I'D SQUEEZE AND I'D SQUEEZEEEEE...
LISTEN. JEEP— I WANT YOU TO HELP ME FIND POPEYE, YOUR MASTER
JEEP
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YOU'RE A WOOD-WORKER AREN'T YOU?— WELL, I WANT YOU TO MAKE ME THE BIGGEST CLUB POSSIBLE!!

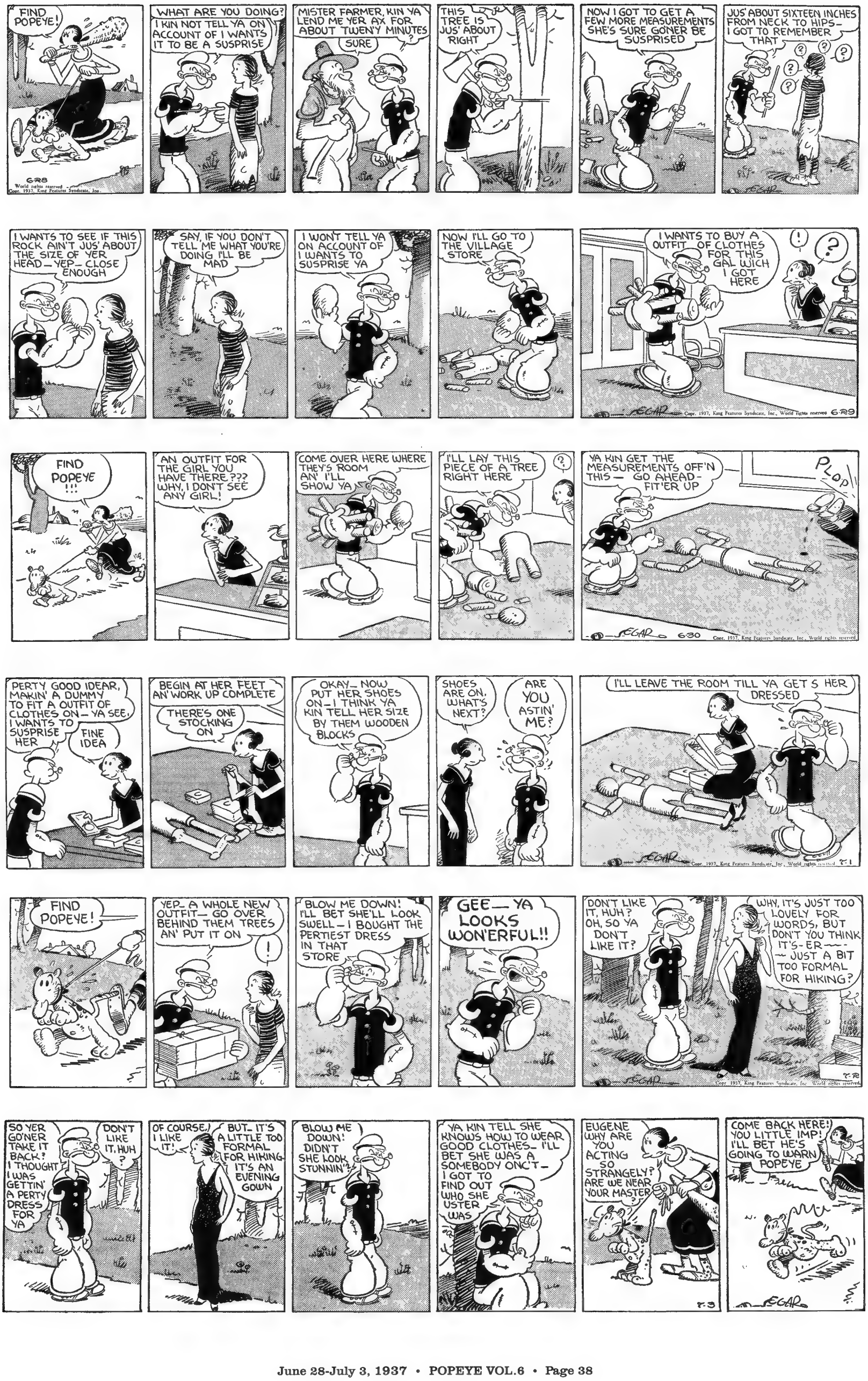


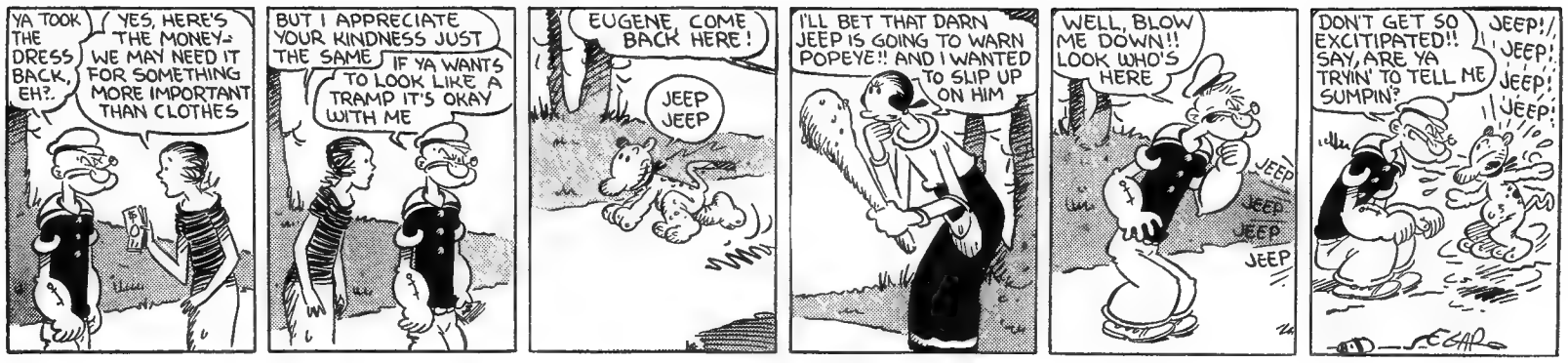
CHAPTER VI:

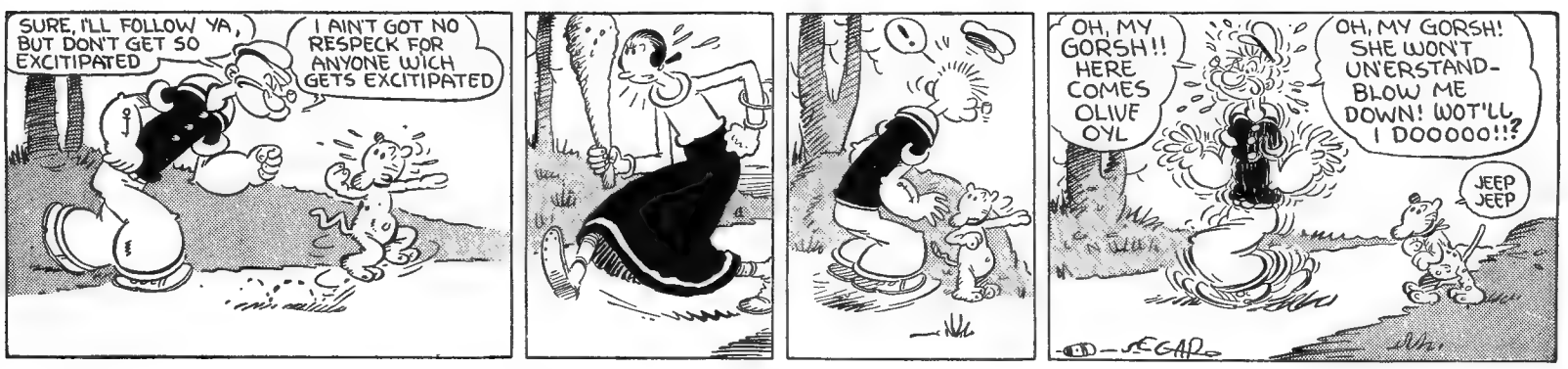
WHO IS THAT GIRL?



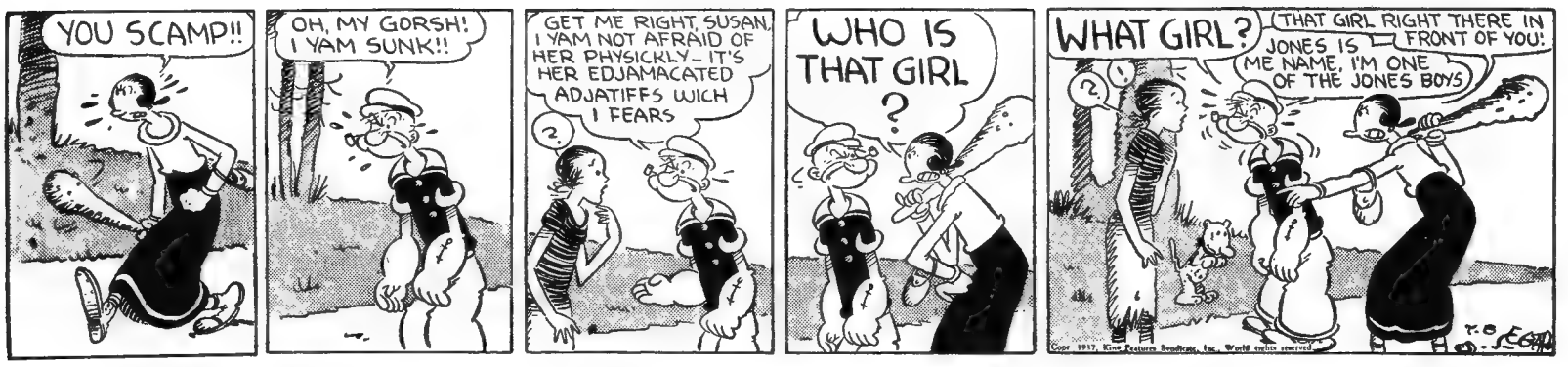


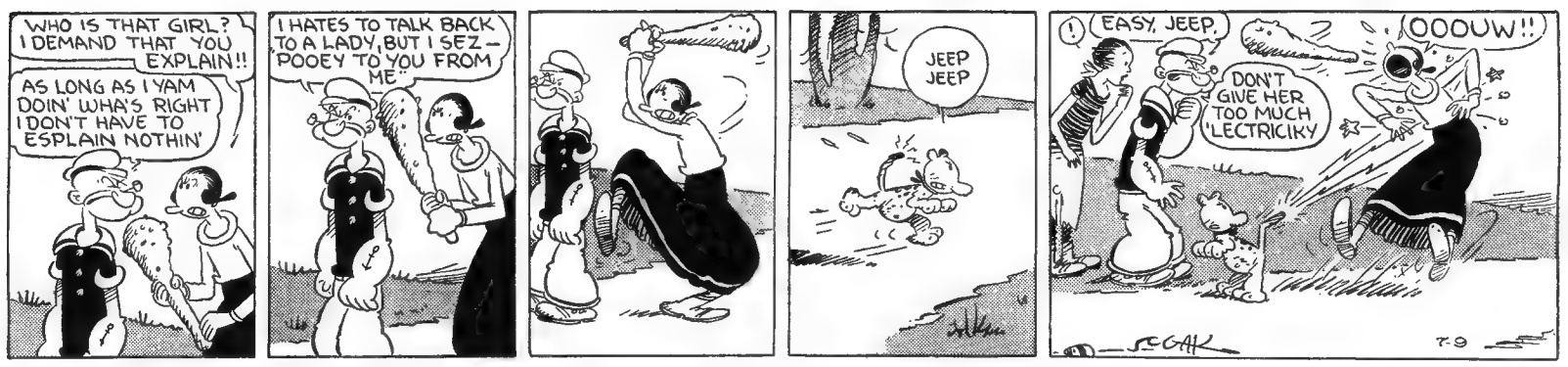

FIND POPEYE!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? I KIN NOT TELL YA ON ACCOUNT OF I WANTS IT TO BE A SUSPRISE
MISTER FARMER, KIN YA LEND ME YER AX FOR ABOUT TWEN'Y MINUTES
SURE
THIS TREE IS JUS' ABOUT RIGHT
NOW I GOT TO GET A FEW MORE MEASUREMENTS SHE'S SURE GONER BE SUSPRISED
JUS' ABOUT SIXTEEN INCHES FROM NECK TO HIPS— I GOT TO REMEMBER THAT
I WANTS TO SEE IF THIS ROCK AIN'T JUS' ABOUT THE SIZE OF YER HEAD— YEP— CLOSE ENOUGH
SAY, IF YOU DON'T TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE DOING I'LL BE MAD
I WON'T TELL YA ON ACCOUNT OF I WANTS TO SUSPRISE YA
NOW I'LL GO TO THE VILLAGE STORE
I WANTS TO BUY A OUTFIT OF CLOTHES FOR THIS GAL WICH I GOT HERE
6-29
FIND POPEYE !!!
AN OUTFIT FOR THE GIRL YOU HAVE THERE??? WHY, I DON'T SEE ANY GIRL!
COME OVER HERE WHERE THEY'S ROOM AN' I'LL SHOW YA
I'LL LAY THIS PIECE OF A TREE RIGHT HERE
YA KIN GET THE MEASUREMENTS OFF'N THIS— GO AHEAD— FIT'ER UP
PLOP
6-30
PERTY GOOD IDEAR, MAKIN' A DUMMY TO FIT A OUTFIT OF CLOTHES ON— YA SEE. I WANTS TO SUSPRISE HER
FINE IDEA
BEGIN AT HER FEET AN' WORK UP COMPLETE
THERE'S ONE STOCKING ON
OKAY— NOW PUT HER SHOES ON— I THINK YA KIN TELL HER SIZE BY THEM WOODEN BLOCKS
SHOES ARE ON, WHAT'S NEXT?
ARE YOU ASTIN' ME?
I'LL LEAVE THE ROOM TILL YA GET S HER DRESSED
7-1
FIND POPEYE!
YEP— A WHOLE NEW OUTFIT— GO OVER BEHIND THEM TREES AN' PUT IT ON
BLOW ME DOWN! I'LL BET SHE'LL LOOK SWELL— I BOUGHT THE PERTIEST DRESS IN THAT STORE
GEE— YA LOOKS WON'ERFUL!!
DON'T LIKE IT, HUH? OH, SO YA DON'T LIKE IT?
WHY, IT'S JUST TOO LOVELY FOR WORDS, BUT DON'T YOU THINK IT'S-ER— — JUST A BIT TOO FORMAL FOR HIKING?
7-2
SO YER GO'NER TAKE IT BACK? I THOUGHT I WAS GETTIN' A PERTY DRESS FOR YA
DON'T LIKE IT, HUH?
OF COURSE, I LIKE IT!
BUT— IT'S A LITTLE TOO FORMAL FOR HIKING IT'S AN EVENING GOWN
BLOW ME DOWN! DIDN'T SHE LOOK STUNNIN'?
YA KIN TELL SHE KNOWS HOW TO WEAR GOOD CLOTHES— I'LL BET SHE WAS A SOMEBODY ONC'T— I GOT TO FIND OUT WHO SHE USTER WAS
EUGENE WHY ARE YOU ACTING SO STRANGELY? ARE WE NEAR YOUR MASTER?
7-3
COME BACK HERE! YOU LITTLE IMP! I'LL BET HE'S GOING TO WARN POPEYE

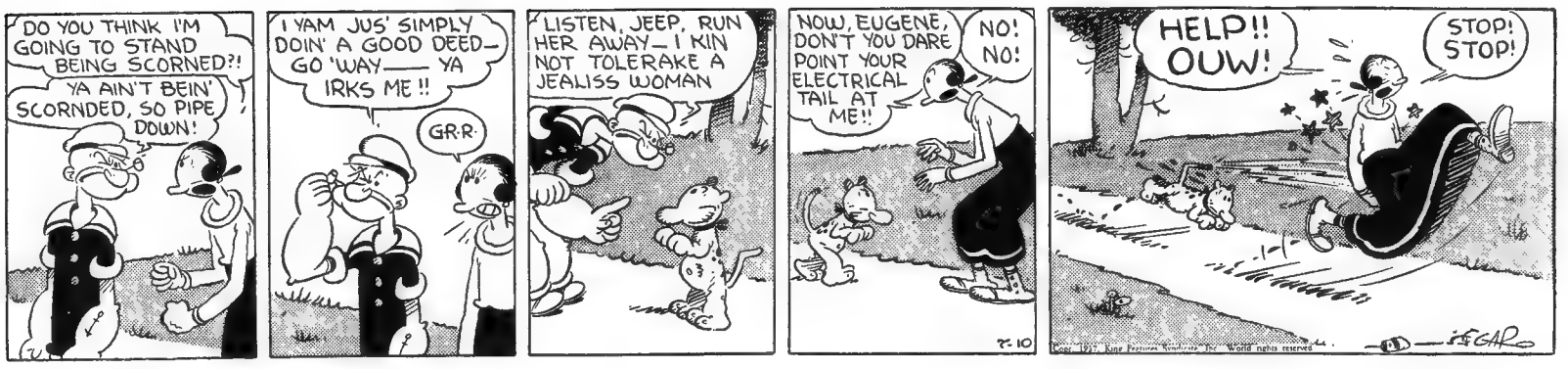

YA TOOK THE DRESS BACK, EH?.
YES, HERE'S THE MONEY- WE MAY NEED IT FOR SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT THAN CLOTHES
BUT I APPRECIATE YOUR KINDNESS JUST THE SAME
IF YA WANTS TO LOOK LIKE A TRAMP IT'S OKAY WITH ME
EUGENE, COME BACK HERE!
JEEP JEEP
I'LL BET THAT DARN JEEP IS GOING TO WARN POPEYE!! AND I WANTED TO SLIP UP ON HIM
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!! LOOK WHO'S HERE
JEEP
JEEP
JEEP
JEEP
DON'T GET SO EXCITIPATED!! SAY, ARE YA TRYIN' TO TELL ME SUMPIN?
JEEP!
JEEP!
JEEP!
JEEP!
SEGAR


SURE, I'LL FOLLOW YA, BUT DON'T GET SO EXCITIPATED
I AIN'T GOT NO RESPECK FOR ANYONE WICH GETS EXCITIPATED
OH, MY GORSH!! HERE COMES OLIVE OYL
OH, MY GORSH! SHE WON'T UN'ERSTAND- BLOW ME DOWN! WOT'LL I DOOOOO!!?
JEEP JEEP
SEGAR

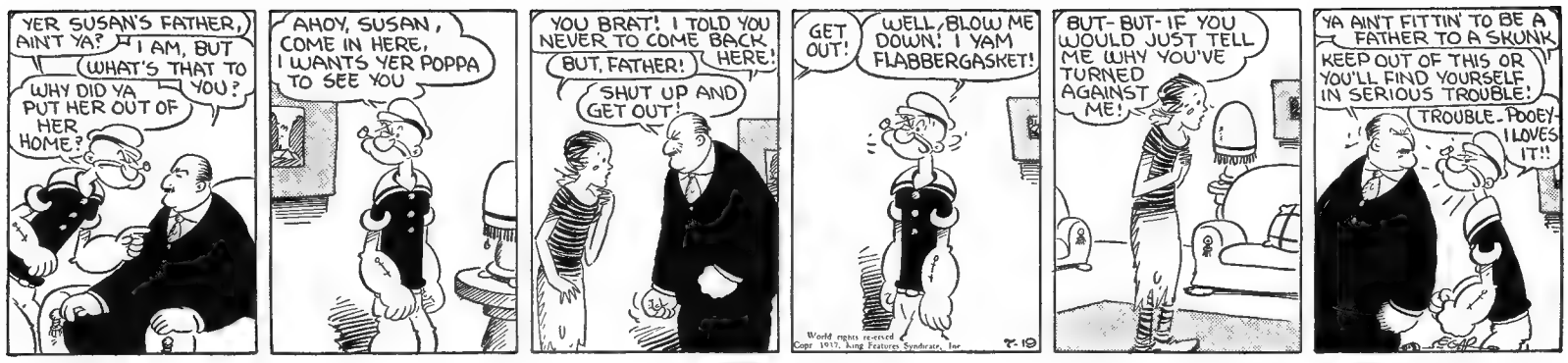

?
BREAK CAMP QUICK!! HERE COMES OLIVE OYL! LE'S GET GOIN'
!
DON'T AST NO QUESTIONS- GET YER THINGS TOGETHER!!
I FEARS NO MAN, BEASK OR AMINAL, BUT OLIVE OYL- OH, MY GORSH!
?
!
STOP!!
I'LL HAVE A WORD WITH YOU, YOU BRUTE!
SEGAR
7-7


YOU SCAMP!!
OH, MY GORSH! I YAM SUNK!!
GET ME RIGHT, SUSAN, I YAM NOT AFRAID OF HER PHYSICKLY- IT'S HER EDJAMACATED ADJATIFFS WICH I FEARS
?
WHO IS THAT GIRL ?
WHAT GIRL?
THAT GIRL RIGHT THERE IN FRONT OF YOU!
JONES IS ME NAME, I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS
?
!
SEGAR

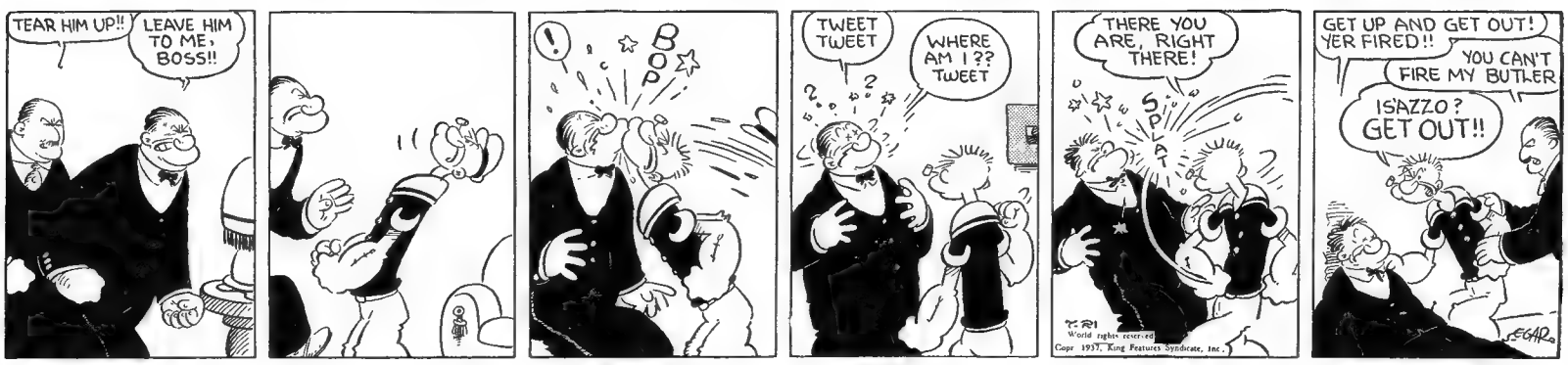

WHO IS THAT GIRL? I DEMAND THAT YOU EXPLAIN!!
AS LONG AS I YAM DOIN' WHA'S RIGHT I DON'T HAVE TO ESPLAIN NOTHIN'
I HATES TO TALK BACK TO A LADY, BUT I SEZ- POOEY TO YOU FROM ME
JEEP JEEP
!
EASY, JEEP.
OOOUW!!
DON'T GIVE HER TOO MUCH 'LECTRICIKY
SEGAR
7-9


DO YOU THINK I'M GOING TO STAND BEING SCORNED?!
YA AIN'T BEIN' SCORNDED, SO PIPE DOWN!
I YAM JUS' SIMPLY DOIN' A GOOD DEED- GO 'WAY—— YA IRKS ME!!
GR·R·
LISTEN, JEEP, RUN HER AWAY- I KIN NOT TOLERAKE A JEALISS WOMAN
NOW, EUGENE, DON'T YOU DARE POINT YOUR ELECTRICAL TAIL AT ME!!
NO! NO!
7-10
HELP!! OUW!
STOP! STOP!

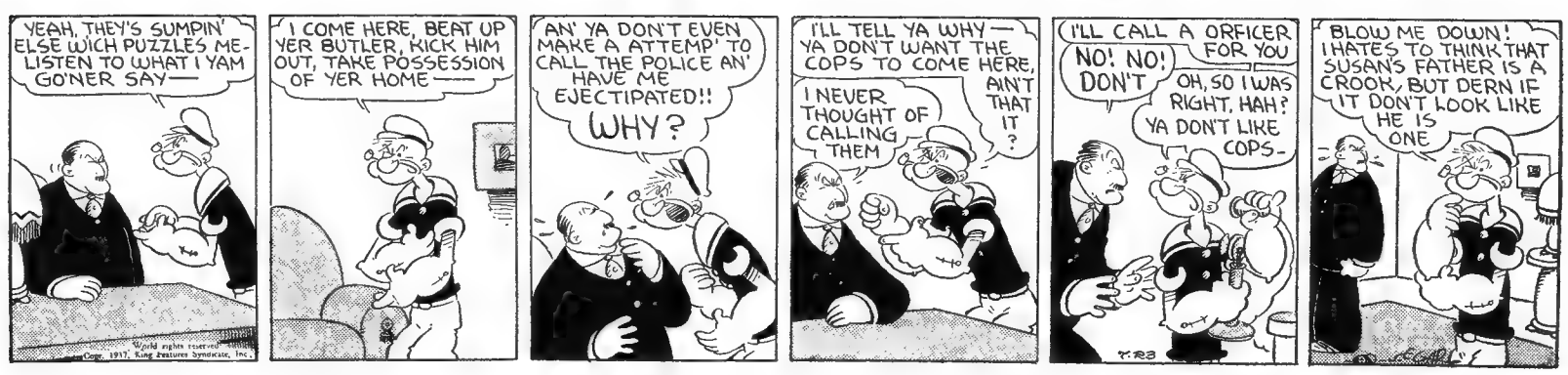

HEY!- YA BEEN CRYIN', AIN'TCHA? WHA'SA MATTER WITCHA?
NOTHING- JUST HOME- SICK
HOMESICK?
YES- YOU SEE MY HOME IS ABOUT A MILE FROM HERE
HOME!! I DIDN'T KNOW YA HAD A HOME
MY FATHER HAS A BIG ESTATE- THE LAND WE'RE STANDING ON NOW BELONGS TO MY FATHER
YER DAD OWNS HUN'ERDS OF ACRES OF LAND AN' HAS A SWELL ESTATE? IS HE RICH?
IS HE RICH?!! WHY, MY FATHER IS WORTH MILLIONS AND MILLIONS AND MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!
SEGAR
OH, SURE, MY FATHER IS WORTH MILLIONS AND MILLIONS OF DOLLARS
OH, HE IS, HUH?
LISTEN, IF YER FATHER IS RICH WHY WAS YA JUS' ABOUT STARVED TO DEATH A FEW WEEKS AGO?
AN' WHY SHOULD I WASTE ME TIME, PROTECTIN' YA AN' FEEDIN' YA AN' KEEPIN' YA OUT IN THE FRESH AIR SO'S YA'D GET YER HEALT BACK?
WHY SHOULD I BE DOIN' THIS WHEN YER DAD COULD GIVE YA EVER'THING MONEY KIN BUY? I KIN NOT UN'ERSTAND IT
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, EITHER
SEZ WICH?
I MEAN I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY MY FATHER MADE MY BROTHER AND ME LEAVE HOME
MY GORSH! KICKED YA OUT, EH?
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7-13
YA'LL HAVE TO TELL ME ALL ABOUT EVER'THING- FIRST, WHY DID YOUR DAD MAKE YA LEAVE HOME?
I DON'T KNOW
AFTER MOTHER DIED FIVE YEARS AGO, FATHER WAS UNUSUALLY KIND TO BROTHER AND ME- THEN ONE DAY HE TURNED AGAINST US AND TOLD US TO GO
IT DON'T MAKE SENSE- SOUNDS LIKE A LOT OF HOOEY TO ME
I'LL SOON FIND OUT WHETHER YER LYIN' OR NOT- AHOY, JEEP- COME HERE
EUGENE, IS SUSAN TELLIN' THE TRUTH ABOUT HER DAD BEIN' RICH?
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7-14
THE ANSWER IS YES- SHE WAS TELLIN' THE TRUTH!
SEGAR
YER DAD IS RICH AN' OWNS A BIG ESTATE NEAR HERE AN' HE PUT YOU AN' YER BROTHER OUT FOR NO REASING AT ALL?
THAT'S RIGHT
COME ON- WE'RE GO'NER HAVE A TALK WITH YER NICE POPPA
NO! NO! I WON'T GO! I JUST WON'T !!!
OH, I SEE- YA WON'T GO, HUH?- YA WON'T GO!!
IF THEY'S ANYTHING I HATES IT'S FOR SOMEONE TO ARGIE WITH ME WHEN I KNOWS I YAM RIGHT
SO THIS IS YER FATHER'S ESTATE- AN' YA WAS STARVIN' TO DEATH IN THE SLUMS- I KIN NOT SAVVY!!
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7-15
CERTINGLY I YAM GOIN' IN AN' TALK TO YER FATHER- THA'S WHAT I COME HERE FOR
OH, YOU WANT TO SEE MR. BROWN? WELL, YOU CAN'T SEE HIM
SLAM
CRASH
LISTEN, ME FREN- DON'T NEVER SLAM A DOOR IN MY FACE ON ACCOUNT OF IT IRKS ME SUMPIN' ARFUL
World rights reserved. Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
7-16
I SAID YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SEE MR. BROWN
WHO'S GO'NER STOP ME?
I AM!
OH, YOU, EH?
LET HIM COME IN, HOBBS- I'M A BIT CURIOUS
YES, SIR
-SO POOEY, YOU BIG PUNK!
I'LL HANG ONE ON YOUR CHIN BEFORE YOU GET OUT OF HERE
I SUSPOSE YER MR. BROWN- AN' I SUSPOSE YER SUSAN'S FATHER-
WHO ARE YOU?
I YAM THE SWAB WICH IS GO'NER AST YOU A LOT OF PERSNAL QUESTIONS AN' YER GO'NER ANSWER 'EM- SAVVY?
SHALL I THROW HIM OUT ON HIS EAR, BOSS?
NOT JUST YET, HOBBS
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7-17

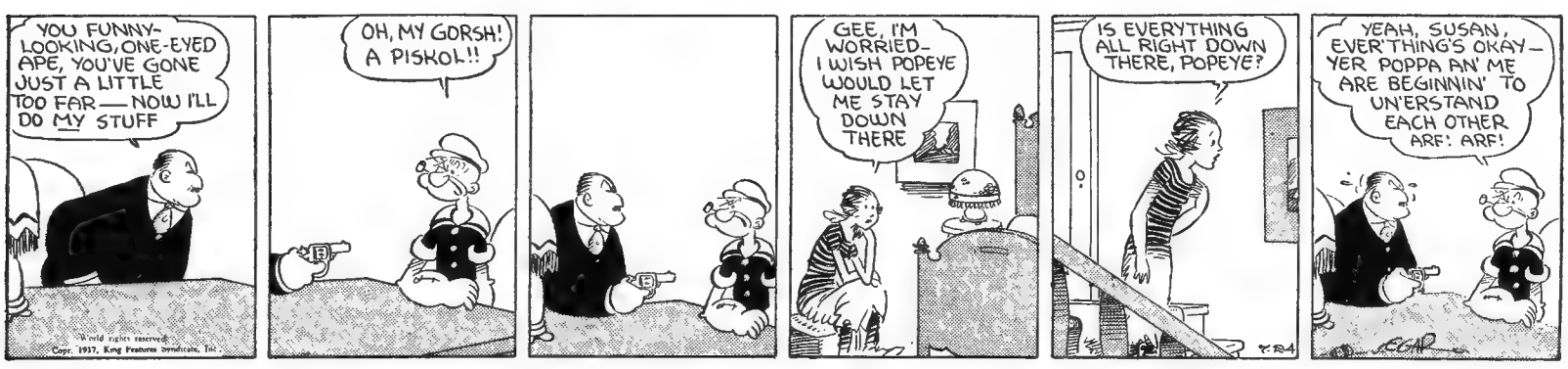

YER SUSAN'S FATHER, AIN'T YA?
I AM, BUT WHAT'S THAT TO YOU?
WHY DID YA PUT HER OUT OF HER HOME?
AHOY, SUSAN, COME IN HERE, I WANTS YER POPPA TO SEE YOU
YOU BRAT! I TOLD YOU NEVER TO COME BACK HERE!
BUT, FATHER!
SHUT UP AND GET OUT!
GET OUT!
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! I YAM FLABBERGASKET!
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BUT- BUT- IF YOU WOULD JUST TELL ME WHY YOU'VE TURNED AGAINST ME!
YA AIN'T FITTIN' TO BE A FATHER TO A SKUNK
KEEP OUT OF THIS OR YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF IN SERIOUS TROUBLE!
TROUBLE- POOEY- I LOVES IT!!

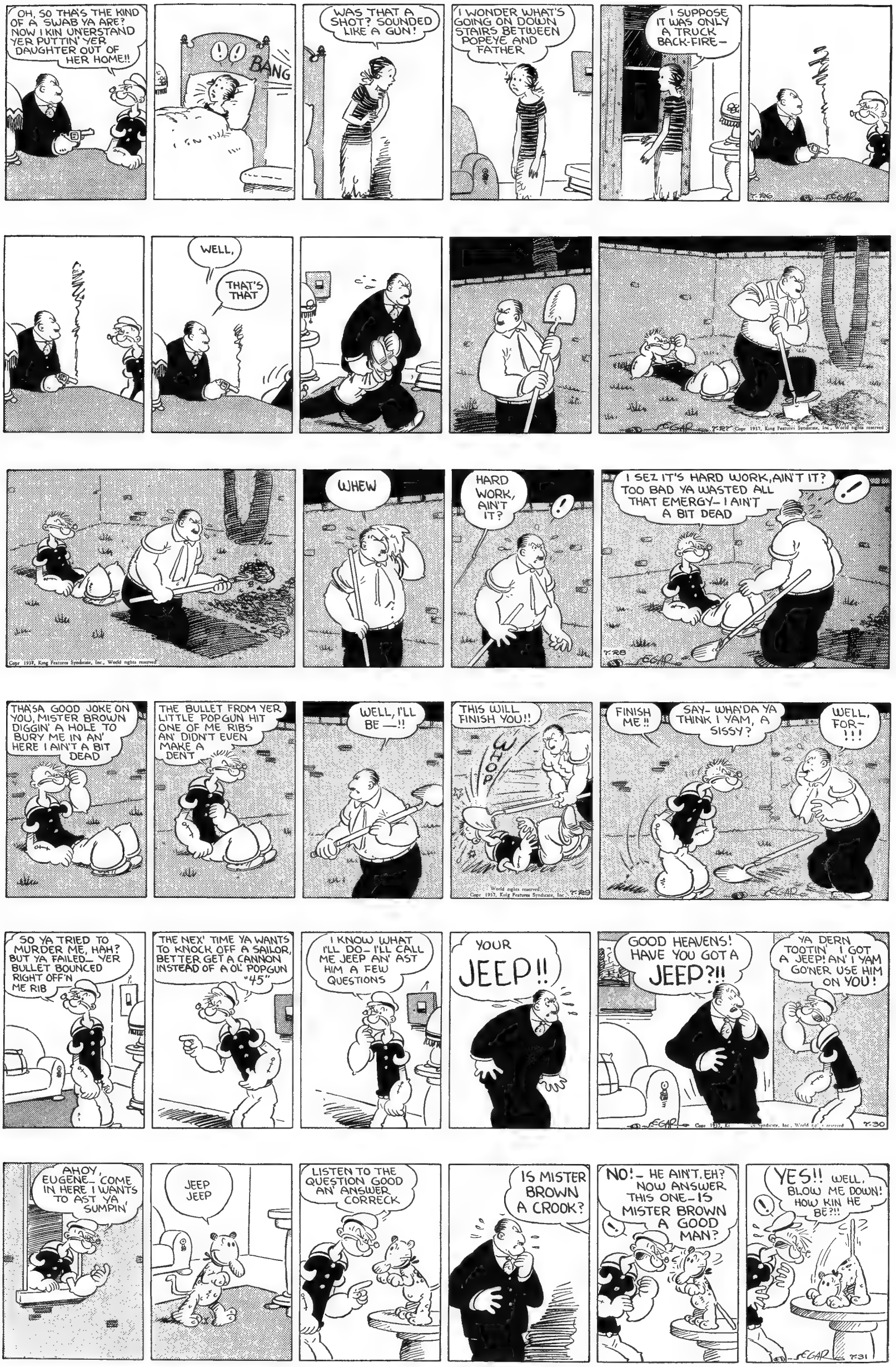

GET OUT OF HERE, BOTH OF YOU!!
THIS IS YER HOME, SUSAN, AN' YER GO'NER STAY HERE- GO TO YER ROOM!
BUT I CAN'T DO THAT!
SUSAN, I TOLD YA TO GO TO YER ROOM!! DO AS I SEZ- DON'T MAKE NO MORE TROUBLE THAN WHAT I GOT
YEAH, JUS' MAKE YERSELF AT HOME LIKE AS IF NOTHIN' EVER HAPPENED
AN' WHAT ARE YA GO'NER DO ABOUT IT?!
NOTHING MUCH- JUST HAVE MY BUTLER TEAR YOU UP AND SCATTER YOU AMONG THE ROSES FOR FERTILIZER
SO YER GO'NER USE ME FOR FERTNILIZER EH?- HAH! ISAZZO?
Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved
EGAR
R-20

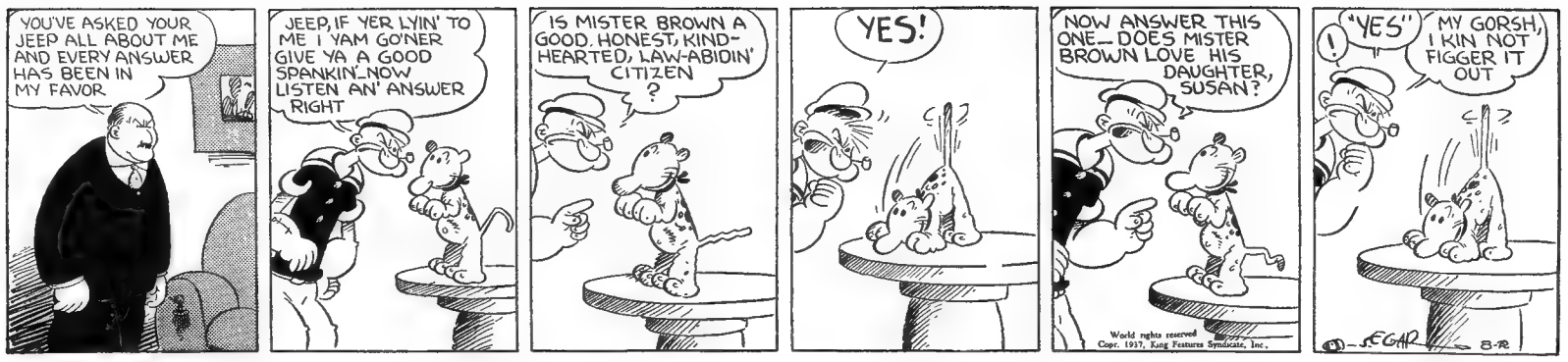

TEAR HIM UP!!
LEAVE HIM TO ME, BOSS!!
B O P
TWEET TWEET
WHERE AM I?? TWEET
THERE YOU ARE, RIGHT THERE!
S P A T
R-21
World rights reserved
Copr 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
GET UP AND GET OUT! YER FIRED!!
YOU CAN'T FIRE MY BUTLER
ISAZZO? GET OUT!!
EGAR


WELL, I GOT RID OF THAT BLASTED BUTLER—
AHOY, SUSAN
GO TO BED JUS' LIKE EVER'THING WAS OKAY— I'LL PROBABLY BE TALKIN' TO YER POPPA ALL NIGHT
THIS IS YER HOME, SUSAN, AN' YER GO'NER STAY HERE
YES, MISTER BROWN, PULL UP A CHAIR- LE'S HAVE A LITTLE TALK ABOUT THINGS— AND THINGS- --- HMM—
THA'S THE THIRD TIME I THOUGHT I HEARD A GROAN
PROBABLY THE BUTLER YOU THREW OUT OF THE WINDOW, OR A FROG, OR IT COULD HAVE BEEN A FOGHORN OUT IN THE BAY
World rights reserved
Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
R-22
SAY- YA SEEMS TO BE MIGHTY ANXIOUS TO ESPLAIN THAT GROANIN' SOUND- AN' THEY'S SUMPIN' ELSE WICH PUZZLES ME—---
!

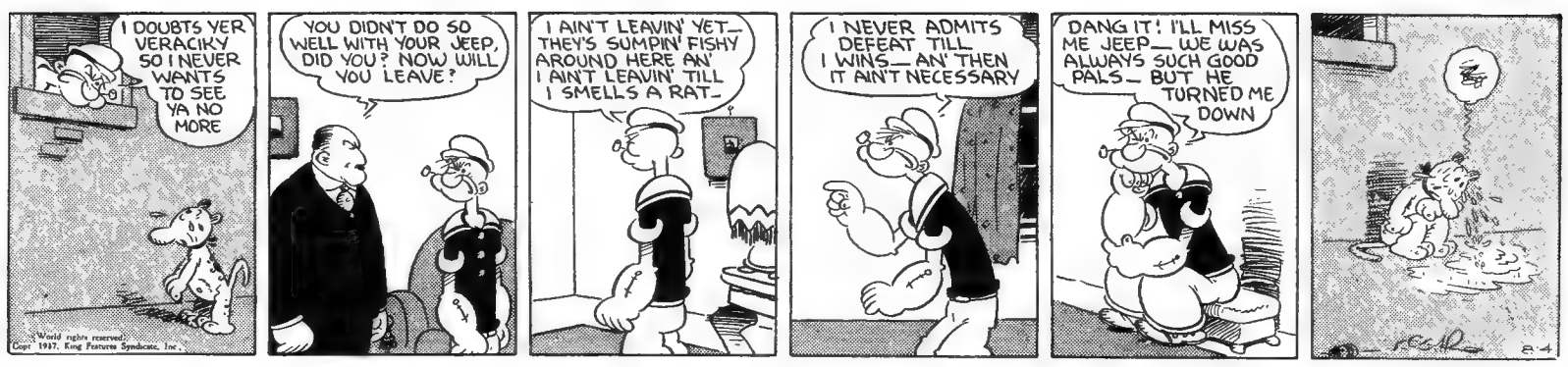

YEAH, THEY'S SUMPIN' ELSE WICH PUZZLES ME- LISTEN TO WHAT I YAM GO'NER SAY—
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I COME HERE, BEAT UP YER BUTLER, KICK HIM OUT, TAKE POSSESSION OF YER HOME——
AN' YA DON'T EVEN MAKE A ATTEMP' TO CALL THE POLICE AN' HAVE ME EJECTIPATED!!
WHY?
I'LL TELL YA WHY— YA DON'T WANT THE COPS TO COME HERE, AIN'T THAT IT?
I NEVER THOUGHT OF CALLING THEM
I'LL CALL A ORFICER FOR YOU
NO! NO! DON'T
OH, SO I WAS RIGHT, HAH? YA DON'T LIKE COPS-
R-23
BLOW ME DOWN! I HATES TO THINK THAT SUSAN'S FATHER IS A CROOK, BUT DERN IF IT DON'T LOOK LIKE HE IS ONE


YOU FUNNY- LOOKING, ONE-EYED APE, YOU'VE GONE JUST A LITTLE TOO FAR— NOW I'LL DO MY STUFF
World rights reserved
Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
OH, MY GORSH! A PISKOL!!
GEE, I'M WORRIED- I WISH POPEYE WOULD LET ME STAY DOWN THERE
IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT DOWN THERE, POPEYE?
R-24
YEAH, SUSAN, EVER'THING'S OKAY— YER POPPA AN' ME ARE BEGINNIN' TO UN'ERSTAND EACH OTHER ARF: ARF!


OH, SO THA'S THE KIND OF A SWAB YA ARE? NOW I KIN UNERSTAND YER PUTTIN' YER DAUGHTER OUT OF HER HOME!!
!!
BANG
WAS THAT A SHOT? SOUNDED LIKE A GUN!
I WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN STAIRS BETWEEN POPEYE AND FATHER
I SUPPOSE IT WAS ONLY A TRUCK BACK-FIRE—
WELL,
THAT'S THAT
T-28 Copr 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved
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WHEW
HARD WORK, AIN'T IT?
!
I SEZ IT'S HARD WORK, AIN'T IT? TOO BAD YA WASTED ALL THAT EMERGY— I AIN'T A BIT DEAD
!
T-28
THA'SA GOOD JOKE ON YOU, MISTER BROWN DIGGIN' A HOLE TO BURY ME IN AN' HERE I AIN'T A BIT DEAD
THE BULLET FROM YER LITTLE POPGUN HIT ONE OF ME RIBS AN' DIDN'T EVEN MAKE A DENT
WELL, I'LL BE —!!
THIS WILL FINISH YOU!!
WHOP
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T-29
FINISH ME!!
SAY— WHA'DA YA THINK I YAM, A SISSY?
WELL, FOR— !!!
SO YA TRIED TO MURDER ME, HAH? BUT YA FAILED— YER BULLET BOUNCED RIGHT OFF'N ME RIB
THE NEX' TIME YA WANTS TO KNOCK OFF A SAILOR, BETTER GET A CANNON INSTEAD OF A OL' POPGUN "45"
I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO— I'LL CALL ME JEEP AN' AST HIM A FEW QUESTIONS
YOUR JEEP!!
GOOD HEAVENS! HAVE YOU GOT A JEEP?!!
YA DERN TOOTIN' I GOT A JEEP! AN' I YAM GO'NER USE HIM ON YOU!
EGAR
T-30
AHOY, EUGENE— COME IN HERE I WANTS TO AST YA SUMPIN'
JEEP JEEP
LISTEN TO THE QUESTION GOOD AN' ANSWER CORRECK
IS MISTER BROWN A CROOK?
NO!— HE AIN'T, EH? NOW ANSWER THIS ONE— IS MISTER BROWN A GOOD MAN?
YES!! WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! HOW KIN HE BE?!!
!
EGAR
T-31

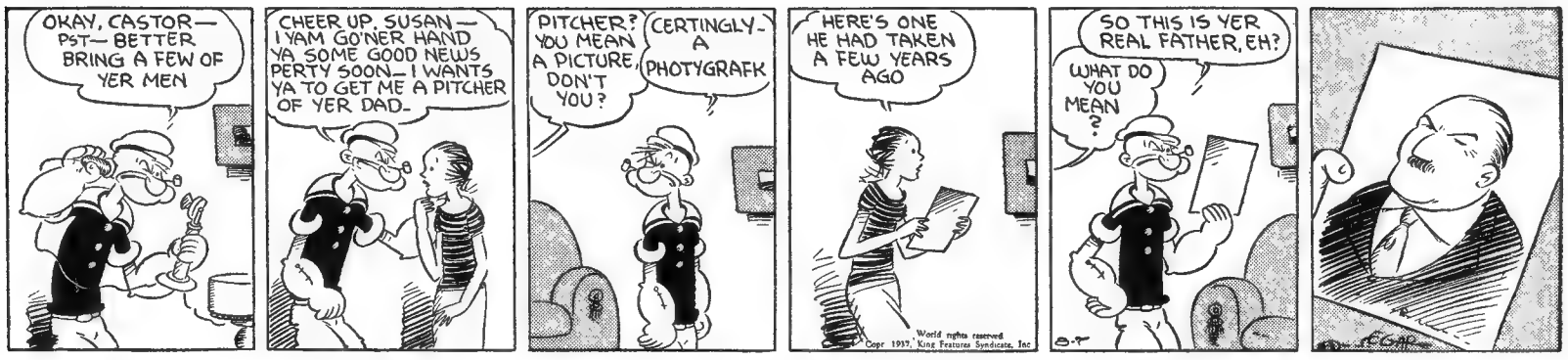

YOU'VE ASKED YOUR JEEP ALL ABOUT ME AND EVERY ANSWER HAS BEEN IN MY FAVOR
JEEP, IF YER LYIN' TO ME I YAM GO'NER GIVE YA A GOOD SPANKIN'_NOW LISTEN AN' ANSWER RIGHT
IS MISTER BROWN A GOOD, HONEST, KIND-HEARTED, LAW-ABIDIN' CITIZEN ?
YES!
NOW ANSWER THIS ONE— DOES MISTER BROWN LOVE HIS DAUGHTER, SUSAN?
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"YES"
MY GORSH, I KIN NOT FIGGER IT OUT
EGAR
8-2

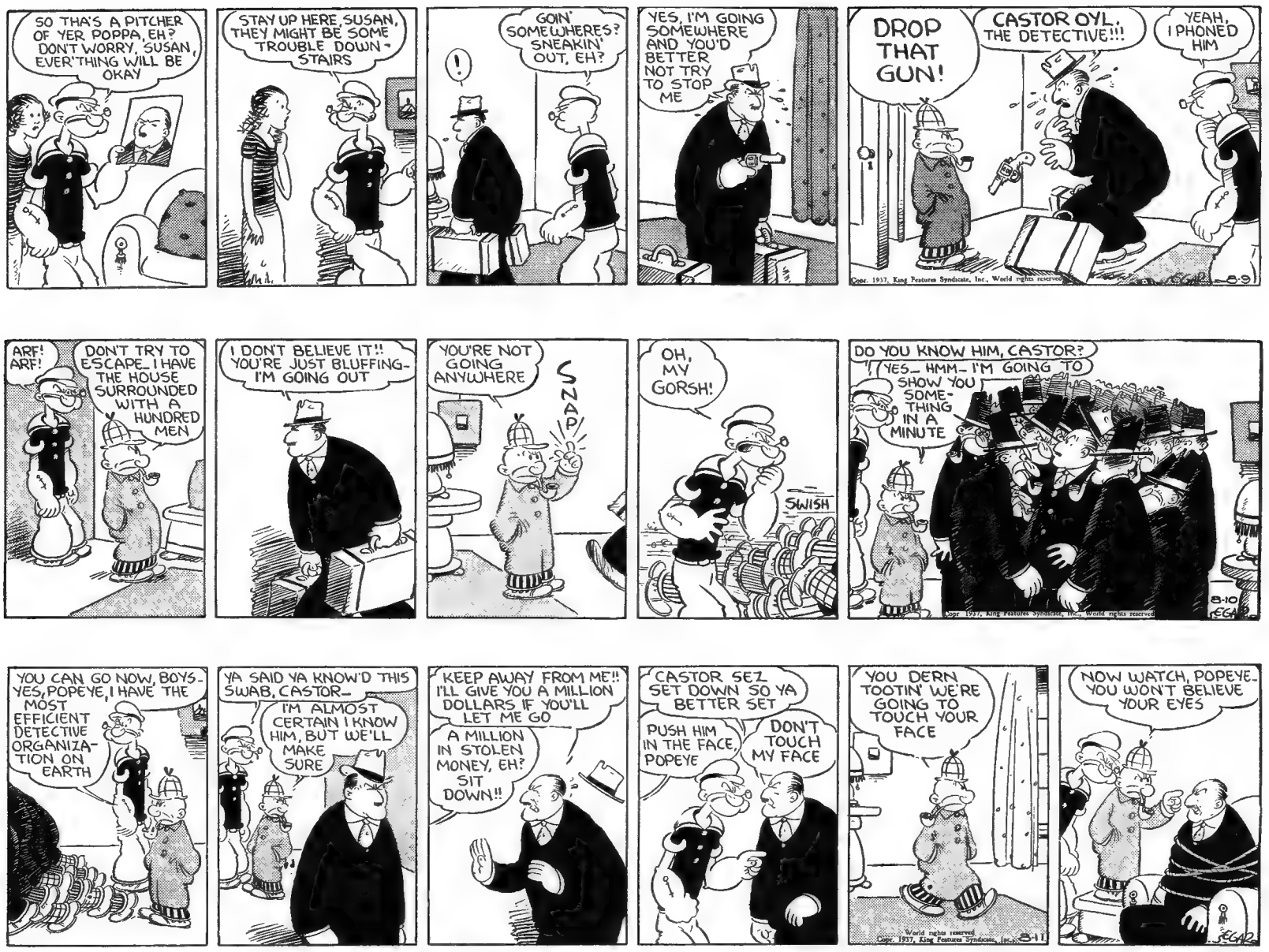

NOW ANSWER THIS ONE
DID MISTER BROWN PUT HIS DAUGHTER OUT OF HER HOME?
NO!
YER CRAZY, HE DID PUT HER OUT!
DOES MISTER BROWN WANT HIS DAUGHTER, SUSAN, TO STAY HERE?
YES!
YER GOOFY!! I JUS' HEARD HIM TELL HER TO GET OUT
THA'S TOO MUCH! IF THEY'S ANYTHING I HATES IT'S A LYIN' JEEP
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8-3
I NEVER WANTS TO SEE YA AGAIN—WE AIN'T PALS NO MORE


I DOUBTS YER VERACIKY SO I NEVER WANTS TO SEE YA NO MORE
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YOU DIDN'T DO SO WELL WITH YOUR JEEP, DID YOU? NOW WILL YOU LEAVE?
I AIN'T LEAVIN' YET— THEY'S SUMPIN' FISHY AROUND HERE AN' I AIN'T LEAVIN' TILL I SMELLS A RAT—
I NEVER ADMITS DEFEAT TILL I WINS— AN' THEN IT AIN'T NECESSARY
DANG IT! I'LL MISS ME JEEP— WE WAS ALWAYS SUCH GOOD PALS— BUT HE TURNED ME DOWN
8-4


YOU'VE KEPT ME UP ALL NIGHT WITH YER FOOLISHNESS— WILL YOU PLEASE GET OUT!?
DON'T IN'ERRUPT ME THINKIN'— ME BRAINS IS WORKIN' LIKE NOBODY'S BIZNESS
HAH! I GOT IT!!
AT LAST I SMELLS A RAT!!
DON'T BE MAD, OL' PAL— COME ON IN, I WANTS TO AST YA A IMPORTINK QUESTION
LISTEN, EUGENE, IF YA'LL COME IN AN' LEMME AST YA A QUESTION I'LL BUY YA A SWELL MEAL OF ORCHIDS WHEN WE GETS TO TOWN
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8-5
ATTA BOY!
NOW BY GOLLY!!
JEEP! JEEP!


YEAH, STICK AROUND AND LISTEN TO THE NEXT QUESTION I YAM GONER AST THE JEEP— YA MAY BE SUSPRISED
MAYBE YA DIDN'T LIE, AFTER ALL— SEE THIS MAN? IS HIS NAME "BROWN"?
THE ANSWER IS "NO"
HMM- SO I DID SMELL A RAT!
IS THIS MAN SUSAN'S FATHER?
NO!
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8-6
AN' NOW, MISTER WHOEVER YA ARE, WE'RE GETTIN' SOMEWHERES!
EGAR


OKAY, CASTOR— PST— BETTER BRING A FEW OF YER MEN
CHEER UP, SUSAN— I YAM GO'NER HAND YA SOME GOOD NEWS PERTY SOON— I WANTS YA TO GET ME A PITCHER OF YER DAD-
PITCHER? YOU MEAN A PICTURE, DON'T YOU?
CERTINGLY- A PHOTYGRAFK
HERE'S ONE HE HAD TAKEN A FEW YEARS AGO
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8-7
SO THIS IS YER REAL FATHER, EH?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?


SO THA'S A PITCHER OF YER POPPA, EH? DON'T WORRY, SUSAN, EVER'THING WILL BE OKAY
STAY UP HERE, SUSAN, THEY MIGHT BE SOME TROUBLE DOWN-STAIRS
GOIN' SOMEWHERES? SNEAKIN' OUT, EH?
!
YES, I'M GOING SOMEWHERE AND YOU'D BETTER NOT TRY TO STOP ME
DROP THAT GUN!
CASTOR OYL, THE DETECTIVE!!!
YEAH, I PHONED HIM
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8-9
ARF! ARF!
DON'T TRY TO ESCAPE. I HAVE THE HOUSE SURROUNDED WITH A HUNDRED MEN
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!! YOU'RE JUST BLUFFING- I'M GOING OUT
YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE
SNAP
OH, MY GORSH!
SWISH
DO YOU KNOW HIM, CASTOR?
YES- HMM- I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING IN A MINUTE
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8-10
YOU CAN GO NOW, BOYS- YES, POPEYE, I HAVE THE MOST EFFICIENT DETECTIVE ORGANIZATION ON EARTH
YA SAID YA KNOW'D THIS SWAB, CASTOR-
I'M ALMOST CERTAIN I KNOW HIM, BUT WE'LL MAKE SURE
KEEP AWAY FROM ME!! I'LL GIVE YOU A MILLION DOLLARS IF YOU'LL LET ME GO
A MILLION IN STOLEN MONEY, EH? SIT DOWN!!
CASTOR SEZ SET DOWN SO YA BETTER SET
PUSH HIM IN THE FACE, POPEYE
DON'T TOUCH MY FACE
YOU DERN TOOTIN' WE'RE GOING TO TOUCH YOUR FACE
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8-11
NOW WATCH, POPEYE- YOU WON'T BELIEVE YOUR EYES
SEGAR


NOW WATCH, POPEYE, YOU'RE GOING TO BE SURPRISED
?
!
YES, HE'S GOT A PLASTIC FACE- HE'S HAD HIS FACE OPERATED ON- THERE'S WAX UNDER THE SKIN
HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE IN PRISON RIGHT NOW- ESCAPED ABOUT A YEAR AGO
HE MOLDED HIS FACE TO LOOK LIKE THE WARDEN'S AND THEN WALKED OUT OF PRISON
Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
A PERFECK WAY OF DISGUISIN' HISSELF
ABSOLUTELY
SOME SURGEON PUT A LOT OF WAX UNDER HIS SKIN- IT'S TRULY A PLASTIC FACE
WATCH
HOLD STILL, YOU CROOK, OR I'LL MAKE IT HOT FOR YOU
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
GIMME YOUR CAP
ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF!
I'M POPEYE, THE SAILOR MAN
BEEP-BEEP-
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8-13
WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MY FATHER ???
?
DOES THIS LOOK LIKE YOUR FATHER ?
CASTOR OYL, I'LL GET YOU IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO ON EARTH!!
I DON'T UNDER-STAND
HE AIN'T YER FATHER HE'S A CROOK WITH A PLASTIC FACE- HE KIN MAKE HIMSELF LOOK LIKE ANYBODY
MEN, TAKE PANIFER TO HEAD-QUARTERS
SNAP
IS THAT HIS NAME?
YES- PANIFER IS HIS NAME - WE CALL HIM "PLASTIC PAN"- HE'S ONE OF THE WORST CRIMINALS IN THIS COUNTRY
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8-14
THEN WHERE IS MY FATHER ?
MY GORSH! THA'S RIGHT- WHERE IS YER FATHER?
SEGAR

MY MEN TOOK OLD "PLASTIC PAN" TO HEADQUARTERS. NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT'S IN HIS SUIT-CASES

JUST AS I THOUGHT, THEY'RE FULL OF CASH—ONE-THOUSAND-DOLLAR BILLS

BUT WHERE IS MY REAL FATHER?

THAT'S SO—WE MAY HAVE A HARD TIME FINDING HIM—HE'S PROBABLY DEAD

NOW YA GOT HER ALL UPSET—YA OUGHTN'T TO SAID HE WAS DEAD TILL YA WAS SURE

WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I DON'T NEED TO THINK I'LL AST ME JEEP

EUGENE, IS SUSAN'S POPPA ALIVE?

8-16

SEE—THE ANSWER IS "YES"—HER DAD IS ALIVE

EGAR

IS SUSAN'S FATHER IN THIS HOUSE?

HE'S HERE!! WE GOT TO FIND HIM QUICK!!

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HE'S PROBALLY LOCKED UP DOWN IN THE BASEMENT

8-17

SEE ANYTHING, POPEYE?

IT'S KIND OF DARK—YEAH, I SEE SUMPIN'

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!

WHAT IS IT?

IS MY FATHER DOWN THERE?

EGAR

BETTER NOT COME DOWN YET, SUSAN

YES, I'M COMING DOWN—IS MY FATHER THERE?

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, POPEYE?

DON'T KNOW YET

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I WON'T SIGN IT!!

!

?

WHO IS THIS RAGGED OLD MAN?

?

NO—I WON'T SIGN IT!! I WON'T !!!

EGAR 8-18

I WON'T SIGN ANY MORE CHECKS!

OH, I SEE—HE THINKS I'M THAT CROOK

I GET IT NOW—THAT IMPOSKER KEP' HIM LOCKED UP DOWN HERE AN' MADE HIM SIGN CHECKS—THIS OL' MAN IS SUSAN'S DAD!

BY GOLLY THAT'S IT!!

DAUGHTER!! IS IT REALLY YOU OR AM I OUT OF MY HEAD?!

FATHER!

WELL,—

THA'S THAT

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8-19

PUT HIM TO BED, DOCTOR, AN' TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM

EGAR

HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU FOR WHAT YOU DID FOR ME?

FORGET IT

FATHER AND I BOTH OWE YOU A LOT

FATHER WANTS TO TALK TO YOU—HE'S IN BED AND RESTING NICELY

---- I HAD NO IDEA THAT HE WAS A CROOK WHEN I HIRED HIM AS A BUTLER—LATER HE MADE HIMSELF UP TO LOOK LIKE ME

THEN HE LOCKED ME IN THAT BASEMENT ROOM AND FORCED ME TO SIGN LARGE CHECKS

I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO MY SON?

I'LL GET CASTOR OYL, THE DETECTIVE, TO FIND OUT ABOUT HIM

8-20

WAIT—DON'T GO YET I WANT TO REWARD YOU WITH A MILLION-DOLLAR CHECK

I DON'T TAKE MONEY FOR DOIN' GOOD DEEDS—G'BYE

EGAR

G'BYE, SUSAN—I GOT TO GO HOME NOW

WAIT A MINUTE—

I WANT TO KISS YOU !!

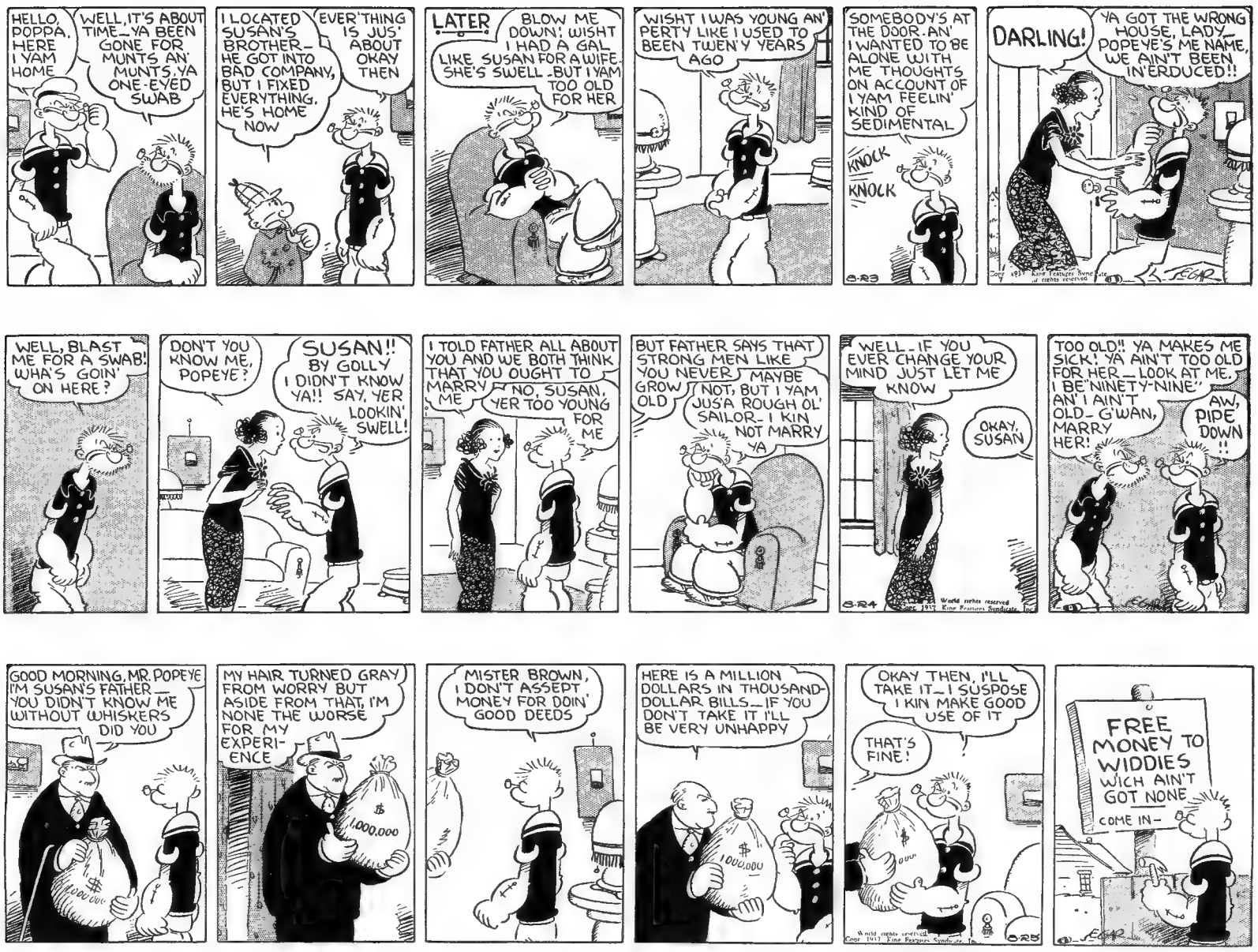
OKAY

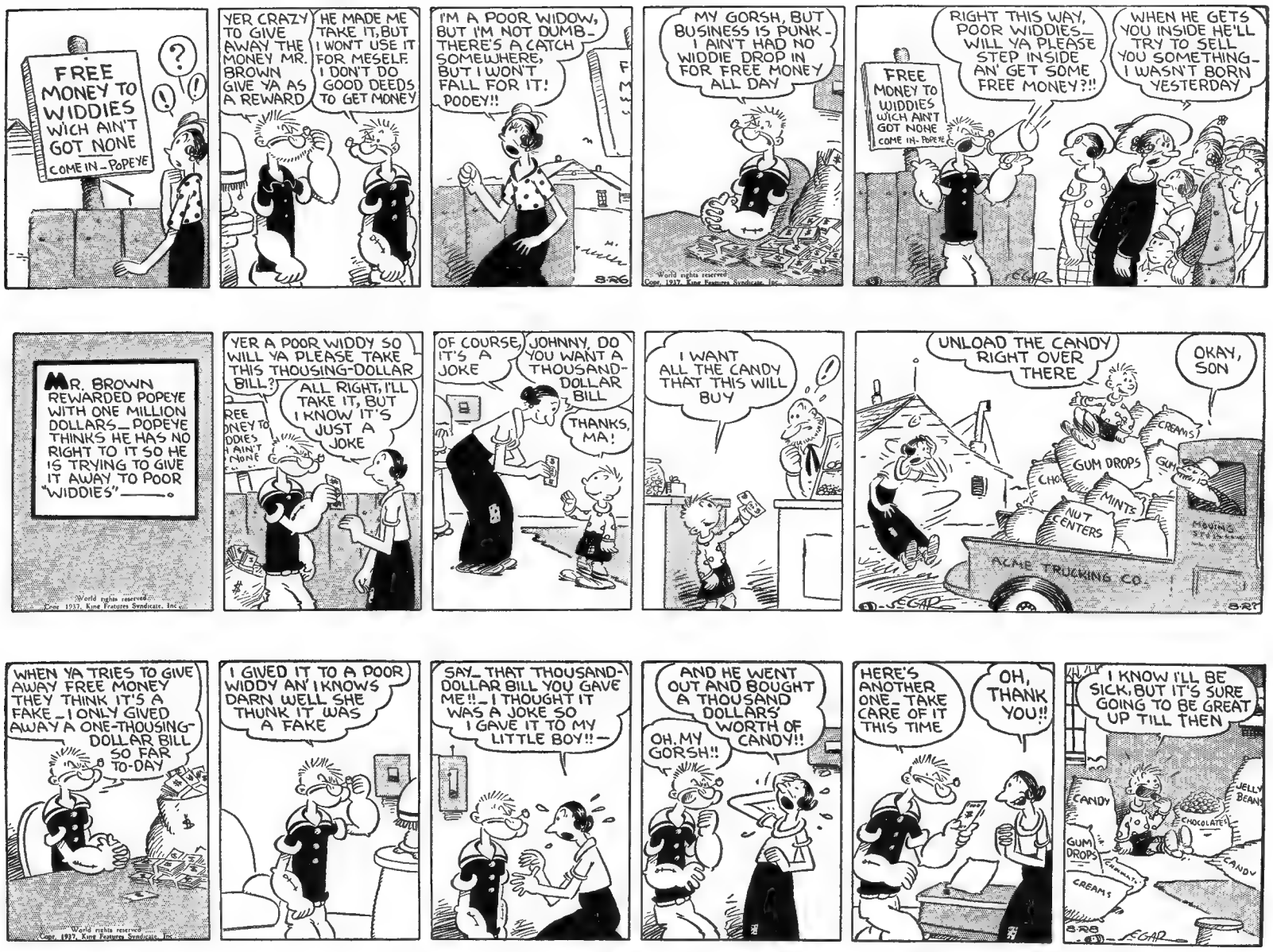
POPEYE!

I DON'T BELIEVE IN KISSIN' ON ACCOUNT OF IT AIN'T SANIKARY—

EGAR 8-21

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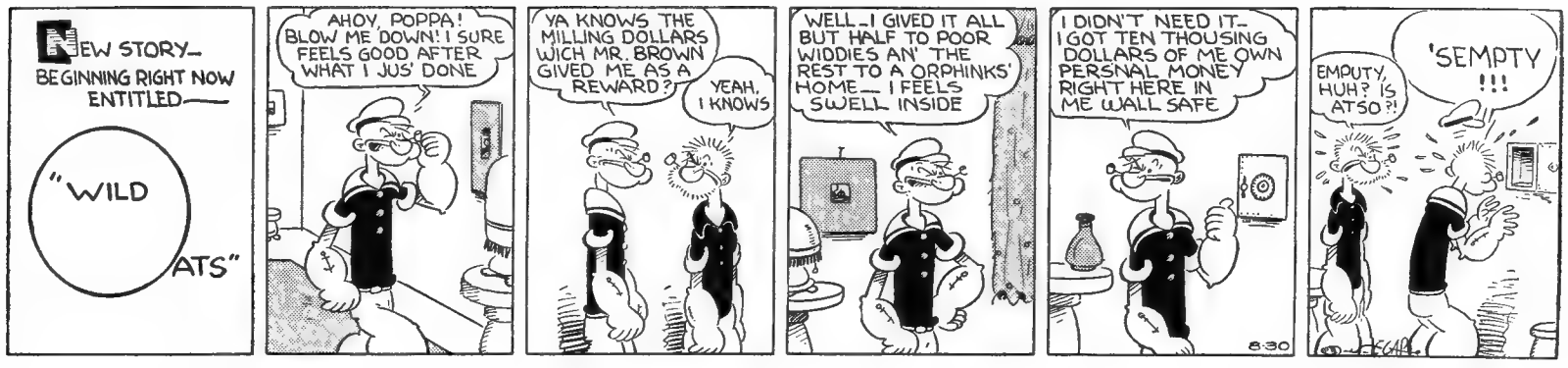

HELLO, POPPA. HERE I YAM HOME
WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME—YA BEEN GONE FOR MUNTS AN' MUNTS, YA ONE-EYED SWAB
I LOCATED SUSAN'S BROTHER—HE GOT INTO BAD COMPANY, BUT I FIXED EVERYTHING, HE'S HOME NOW
EVER'THING IS JUS' ABOUT OKAY THEN
LATER
BLOW ME DOWN! WISHT I HAD A GAL LIKE SUSAN FOR A WIFE. SHE'S SWELL—BUT I YAM TOO OLD FOR HER
WISHT I WAS YOUNG AN' PERTY LIKE I USED TO BEEN TWEN'Y YEARS AGO
SOMEBODY'S AT THE DOOR—AN' I WANTED TO BE ALONE WITH ME THOUGHTS ON ACCOUNT OF I YAM FEELIN' KIND OF SEDIMENTAL
KNOCK KNOCK
DARLING!
YA GOT THE WRONG HOUSE, LADY—POPEYE'S ME NAME, WE AIN'T BEEN IN'ERDUCED!!
WELL, BLAST ME FOR A SWAB! WHA'S GOIN' ON HERE?
DON'T YOU KNOW ME, POPEYE?
SUSAN!! BY GOLLY I DIDN'T KNOW YA!! SAY, YER LOOKIN' SWELL!
I TOLD FATHER ALL ABOUT YOU AND WE BOTH THINK THAT YOU OUGHT TO MARRY ME
NO, SUSAN, YER TOO YOUNG FOR ME
BUT FATHER SAYS THAT STRONG MEN LIKE YOU NEVER GROW OLD
MAYBE NOT, BUT I YAM JUS'A ROUGH OL' SAILOR—I KIN NOT MARRY YA
WELL—IF YOU EVER CHANGE YOUR MIND JUST LET ME KNOW
OKAY, SUSAN
TOO OLD!! YA MAKES ME SICK! YA AIN'T TOO OLD FOR HER—LOOK AT ME. I BE'NINETY-NINE'' AN' I AIN'T OLD—G'WAN, MARRY HER!
AW, PIPE DOWN!!
GOOD MORNING, MR. POPEYE I'M SUSAN'S FATHER—YOU DIDN'T KNOW ME WITHOUT WHISKERS DID YOU
MY HAIR TURNED GRAY FROM WORRY BUT ASIDE FROM THAT, I'M NONE THE WORSE FOR MY EXPERI-ENCE
1,000,000
MISTER BROWN, I DON'T ASSEPT MONEY FOR DOIN' GOOD DEEDS
HERE IS A MILLION DOLLARS IN THOUSAND-DOLLAR BILLS—IF YOU DON'T TAKE IT I'LL BE VERY UNHAPPY
OKAY THEN, I'LL TAKE IT—I SUSPOSE I KIN MAKE GOOD USE OF IT
THAT'S FINE!
FREE MONEY TO WIDDIES WICH AIN'T GOT NONE
COME IN—


FREE MONEY TO WIDDIES WICH AIN'T GOT NONE COME IN—POPEYE
YER CRAZY TO GIVE AWAY THE MONEY MR. BROWN GIVE YA AS A REWARD
HE MADE ME TAKE IT, BUT I WON'T USE IT FOR MESELF. I DON'T DO GOOD DEEDS TO GET MONEY
I'M A POOR WIDOW, BUT I'M NOT DUMB—THERE'S A CATCH SOMEWHERE, BUT I WON'T FALL FOR IT! PODEY!!
MY GORSH, BUT BUSINESS IS PUNK—I AIN'T HAD NO WIDDIE DROP IN FOR FREE MONEY ALL DAY
FREE MONEY TO WIDDIES WICH AIN'T GOT NONE COME IN—POPEYE
RIGHT THIS WAY, POOR WIDDIES—WILL YA PLEASE STEP INSIDE AN' GET SOME FREE MONEY?!!
WHEN HE GETS YOU INSIDE HE'LL TRY TO SELL YOU SOMETHING—I WASN'T BORN YESTERDAY
MR. BROWN REWARDED POPEYE WITH ONE MILLION DOLLARS—POPEYE THINKS HE HAS NO RIGHT TO IT SO HE IS TRYING TO GIVE IT AWAY TO POOR "WIDDIES"
YER A POOR WIDDY SO WILL YA PLEASE TAKE THIS THOUSING-DOLLAR BILL?
ALL RIGHT, I'LL TAKE IT, BUT I KNOW IT'S JUST A JOKE
OF COURSE, IT'S A JOKE
JOHNNY, DO YOU WANT A THOUSAND-DOLLAR BILL
THANKS, MA!
I WANT ALL THE CANDY THAT THIS WILL BUY
UNLOAD THE CANDY RIGHT OVER THERE
OKAY, SON
CREAMS
GUM DROPS
MINTS
NUT CENTERS
ACME TRUCKING CO.
WHEN YA TRIES TO GIVE AWAY FREE MONEY THEY THINK IT'S A FAKE—I ONLY GIVED AWAY A ONE-THOUSING-DOLLAR BILL SO FAR TO-DAY
I GIVED IT TO A POOR WIDDY AN' I KNOWS DARN WELL SHE THUNK IT WAS A FAKE
SAY—THAT THOUSAND-DOLLAR BILL YOU GAVE ME!!—I THOUGHT IT WAS A JOKE SO I GAVE IT TO MY LITTLE BOY!!—
AND HE WENT OUT AND BOUGHT A THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF CANDY!!
OH, MY GORSH!!
HERE'S ANOTHER ONE—TAKE CARE OF IT THIS TIME
OH, THANK YOU!!
I KNOW I'LL BE SICK, BUT IT'S SURE GOING TO BE GREAT UP TILL THEN
CANDY
JELLY BEANS
CHOCOLATES
GUM DROPS
CREAMS



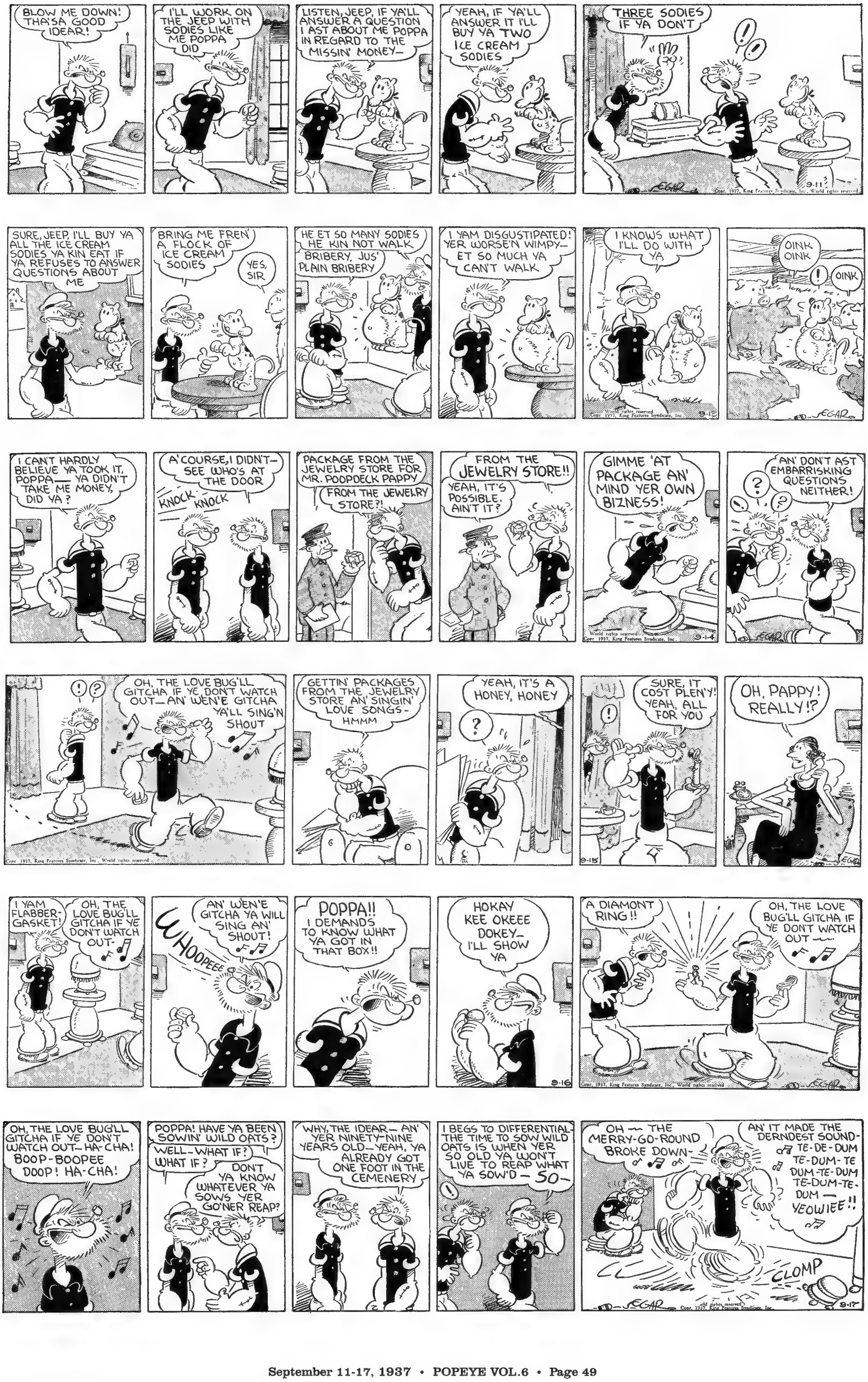
CHAPTER VII:

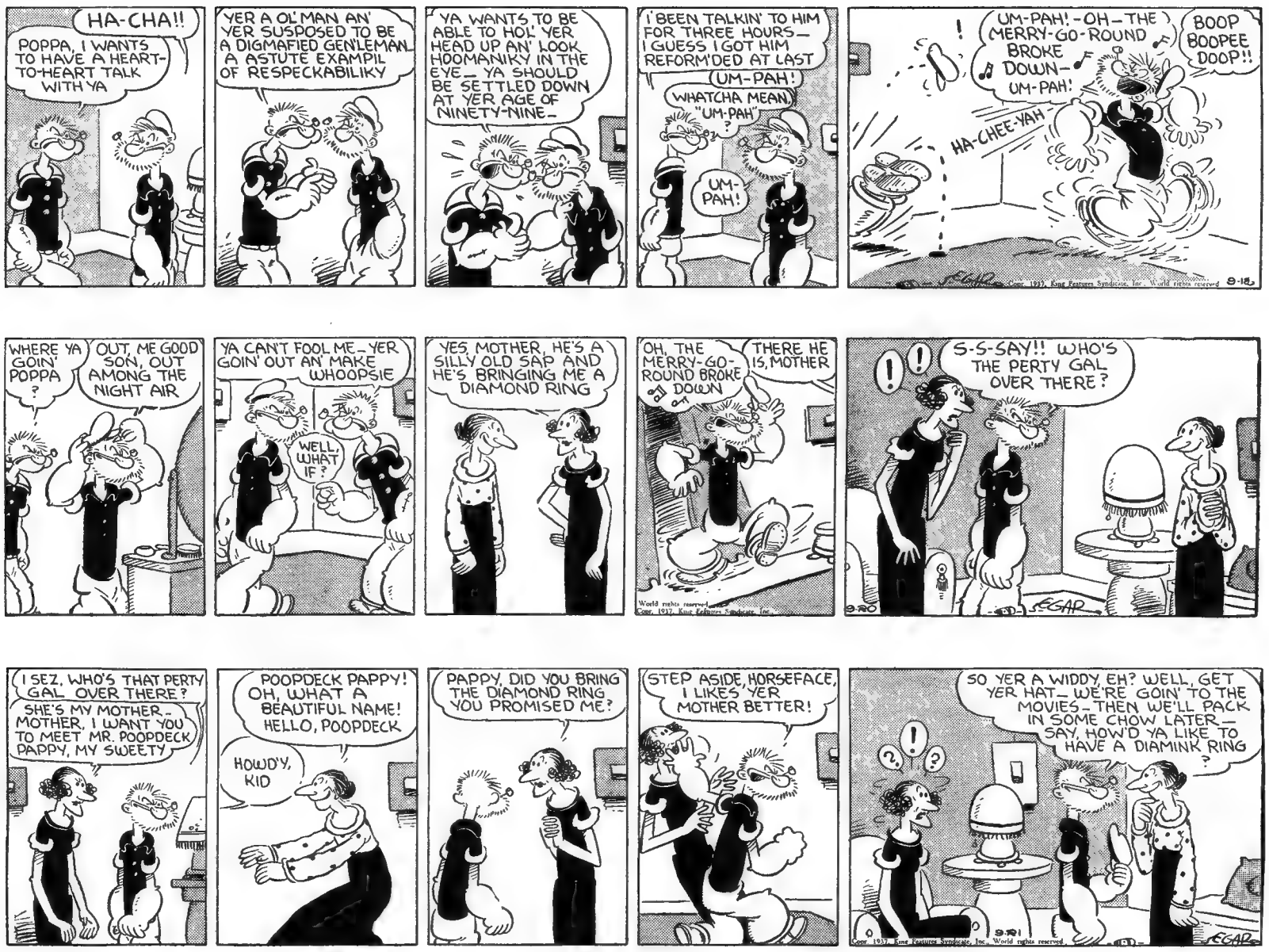
WILD OATS

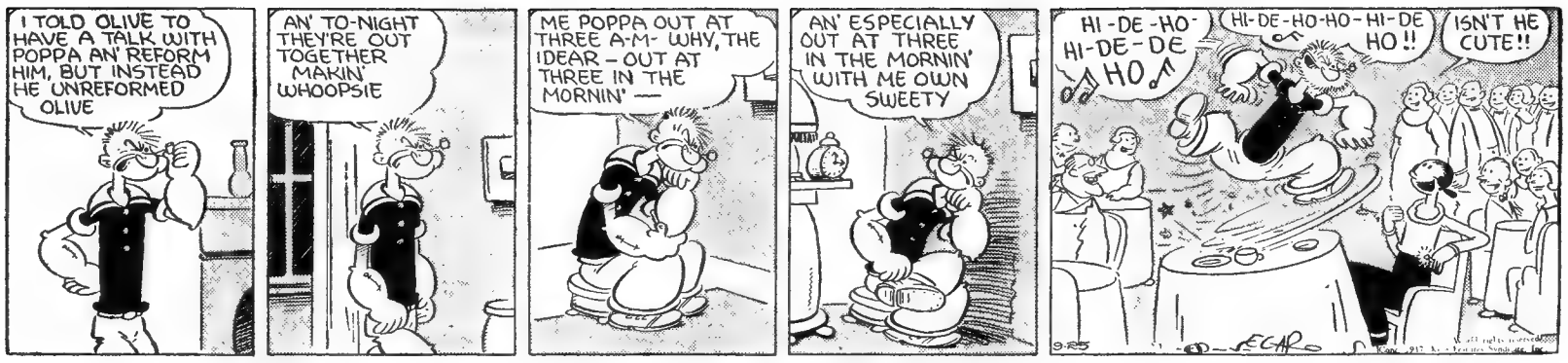


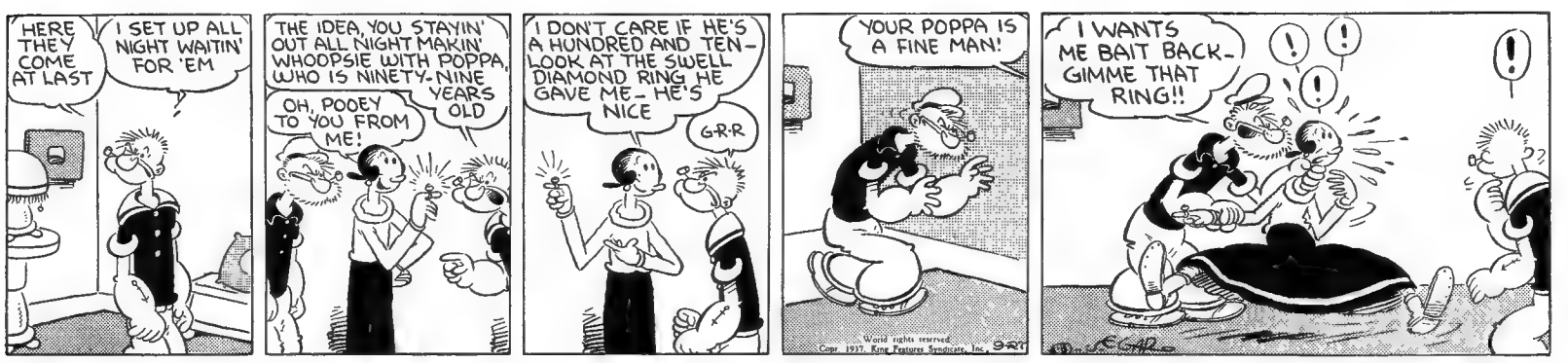



REMEMBER, JEEPY, YOU AN' ME ARE PALS
POPPA, YOU PIPE DOWN !!
JEEP, I YAM ASTIN' YA AGAIN- DID ME POPPA TAKE ME TEN THOUSING DOLLARS ?
YA WON'T ANSWER, HUH? HE'S GOT YA BLOWED UP WITH FLATTERY, EH? YA WON'T TELL ON HIM, EH?
ERF! ERF!
COME ON, OL' PAL- LE'S GO GET US A ICE CREAM SODY WATER
9-4
ERF! ERF!
WELL, I'LL - I'LL BE - WELL, I'LL BE - ---!!
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WHAT'S WRONG, POPEYE ?
WHEN I COME HOME I FOUND ME MONEY GONE OUT OF THE WALL SAFE. TEN THOUSING DOLLARS
YOU SURELY DON'T THINK YOUR POPPA TOOK IT, DO YOU ?
THA'S THE HECK OF IT. I KIND OF THINK HE DONE IT
WELL, YOU CAN FIND OUT- ASK THE JEEP
POOEY! ME JEEP WON'T TELL ME A THING
ME POPPA'S BEEN WORKIN' ON HIM LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS- I YAM DISGUSTIPATED!
REALLY!
AN' REMEMBER- WHEN HE ASTS YA QUESTIONS ABOUT ME, DON'T ANSWER HIM. TELL HIM NOTHIN'
ICE CREAM SODAS 10¢
JEEP! JEEP!
9-6
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I SURE HATES TO DOUBT ME POPPA'S VERACIKY, BUT IT CERTINGLY LOOKS LIKE HE'S GUILTLY
HE'S GOT THE JEEP DOWN TO A ICE CREAM PARLOR - I FIGGERS HE'S MAKIN' A PAL OF EUGENE SO'S HE WON'T SQUEAL ON HIM
THERE HE IS NOW- POPPA, BRING THE JEEP HERE
I WANTS TO AST HIM AGAIN IF YA TOOK ME TEN THOUSING DOLLARS OR NOT
BLAST YA, POPPA, YA GOT HIM SO FULL OF ICE CREAM SODIES HE COULDN'T BEND DOWN TO SIGNAL YES IF HE WANTED TO!
ERF! ERF!
9-7
Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.
THE JEEP WON'T ANSWER NO QUESTIONS ABOUT ME - I FILLED HIM SO FULL OF ICE CREAM SODIES HE CAN'T BEND DOWN TO SIGNAL "YES"
THE IDEAR, GETTIN' ALL BLOATED UP LIKE THAT EATIN' ICE CREAM SODIES!! YER A PIG!!
I YAM, DISGUSTIPATED WITCHA!!
AN' I AIN'T GONER ALLOW YA TO RUN AROUND LOOKIN' LIKE THAT
I YAM ASHAMED OF YA - YA GOT TO WEAR A CORSEK
9-8
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!
POPPA, I KNOWS YA WOULDN'T LIE, SO IF YA SEZ YA DIDN'T TAKE THE MONEY OUT OF ME WALL SAFE I'LL BELIEVE YA
I DIDN'T TAKE YER TEN THOUSAN' BUCKS
THA'S FINE
YA SEZ YA DIDN'T, SO I KNOWS YA DIDN'T - I YAM POSITIF YA WOULDN'T LIE
A COURSE, I WOULDN'T LIE
YA SURELY DON'T THINK I'D STEAL YER MONEY
I BELIEVES YA
NOW THAT I KNOWS YER INNERCENT I'LL CALL THE POLICE AN' HAVE 'EM FIND OUT WHO DONE IT
9-9
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NO! NO! DON'T CALL THE POLICE! NO! NO!
YA DON'T WANT ME TO CALL THE POLICE, HAH? SO YA ARE GUILTLY, EH?
WHAT WALL SAFE?
SAY, POPEYE, DID YA SEE THE SWELL SUNSET THIS MORNIN' IT WAS MAGNIFEROUS
POPPA! DON'T TRY TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT! LOOK ME IN THE EYE AN' ANSWER - DID YOU SWIPE ME MONEY ?
OH - YA MEANS THE TEN THOUSAN' DOLLARS YA HAD IN YER WALL SAFE?
YEAH
WICH WAS IN BILLS WITH A RUBBER BAND AROUND 'EM ?
YES
AN' IN A BROWN ENVELOPE?
YES
TWENTIES, HUN'ERDS AN' FIVE HUN'ERD DOLLAR BILLS?
YES
ONE OF THE HUN'ERDS HAD A CORNER TORE OFF ?
YES
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NOPE - I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT ANY SUCH MONEY
!
9-10

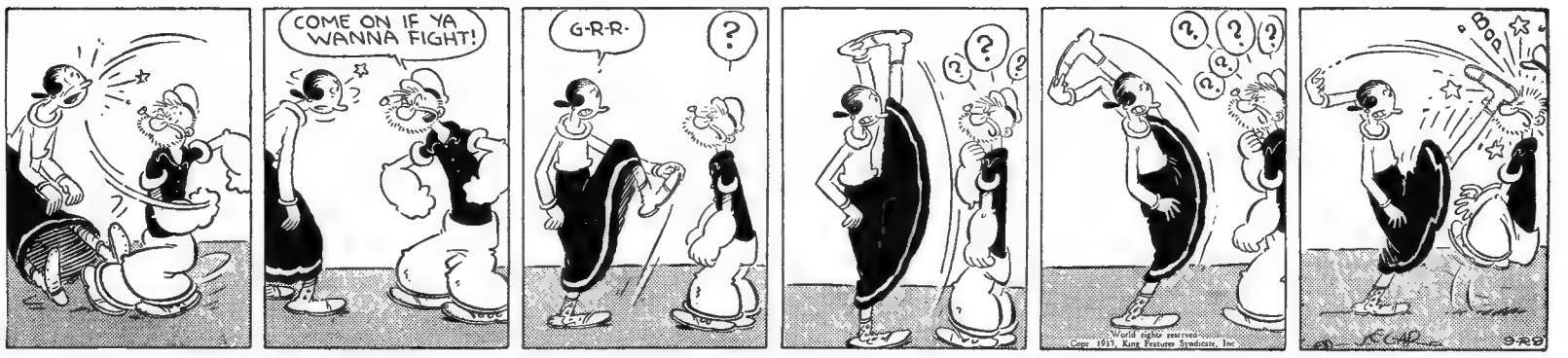

BLOW ME DOWN! THA'SA GOOD IDEAR!
I'LL WORK ON THE JEEP WITH SODIES LIKE ME POPPA DID
LISTEN, JEEP, IF YA'LL ANSWER A QUESTION I AST ABOUT ME POPPA IN REGARD TO THE MISSIN' MONEY—
YEAH, IF YA'LL ANSWER IT I'LL BUY YA TWO ICE CREAM SODIES
THREE SODIES IF YA DON'T
79
9-11
SURE, JEEP, I'LL BUY YA ALL THE ICE CREAM SODIES YA KIN EAT IF YA REFUSES TO ANSWER QUESTIONS ABOUT ME
BRING ME FREN' A FLOCK OF ICE CREAM SODIES
YES, SIR
HE ET SO MANY SODIES HE KIN NOT WALK
BRIBERY, JUS' PLAIN BRIBERY
I YAM DISGUSTIPATED! YER WORSE'N WIMPY— ET SO MUCH YA CAN'T WALK
I KNOWS WHAT I'LL DO WITH YA
9-13
OINK OINK
OINK
I CAN'T HARDLY BELIEVE YA TOOK IT, POPPA— YA DIDN'T TAKE ME MONEY, DID YA?
A'COURSE, I DIDN'T— SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR
KNOCK KNOCK
PACKAGE FROM THE JEWELRY STORE FOR MR. POOPDECK PAPPY
FROM THE JEWELRY STORE?!
FROM THE JEWELRY STORE!!
YEAH, IT'S POSSIBLE, AIN'T IT?
GIMME 'AT PACKAGE AN' MIND YER OWN BIZNESS!
9-14
AN' DON'T AST EMBARRISKING QUESTIONS NEITHER!
OH, THE LOVE BUG'LL GITCHA IF YE DON'T WATCH OUT— AN' WEN'E GITCHA YA'LL SING'N SHOUT
GETTIN' PACKAGES FROM THE JEWELRY STORE AN' SINGIN' LOVE SONGS— HMMM
YEAH, IT'S A HONEY, HONEY
SURE, IT COST PLEN'Y! YEAH, ALL FOR YOU
9-15
OH, PAPPY! REALLY!?
I YAM FLABBER-GASKET!
OH, THE LOVE BUG'LL GITCHA IF YE DON'T WATCH OUT-
WHOOPEEE
AN' WEN'E GITCHA YA WILL SING AN' SHOUT!
POPPA!! I DEMANDS TO KNOW WHAT YA GOT IN THAT BOX!!
HOKAY KEE OKEEE DOKEY— I'LL SHOW YA
9-16
A DIAMONT RING!!
OH, THE LOVE BUG'LL GITCHA IF YE DON'T WATCH OUT —
OH, THE LOVE BUG'LL GITCHA IF YE DON'T WATCH OUT— HA-CHA! BOOP-BOOPEE DOOP! HA-CHA!
POPPA! HAVE YA BEEN SOWIN' WILD OATS?
WELL— WHAT IF?
WHAT IF?
DON'T YA KNOW WHATEVER YA SOWS YER GO'NER REAP?
WHY, THE IDEAR— AN' YER NINETY-NINE YEARS OLD— YEAH, YA ALREADY GOT ONE FOOT IN THE CEMENERY
I BEGS TO DIFFERENTIAL THE TIME TO SOW WILD OATS IS WHEN YER SO OLD YA WON'T LIVE TO REAP WHAT YA SOW'D — SO—
OH — THE MERRY-GO-ROUND BROKE DOWN-
AN' IT MADE THE DERNDEST SOUND- TE-DE-DUM TE-DUM-TE DUM-TE-DUM TE-DUM-TE-DUM — YEOWIEE!!
CLOMP
9-17

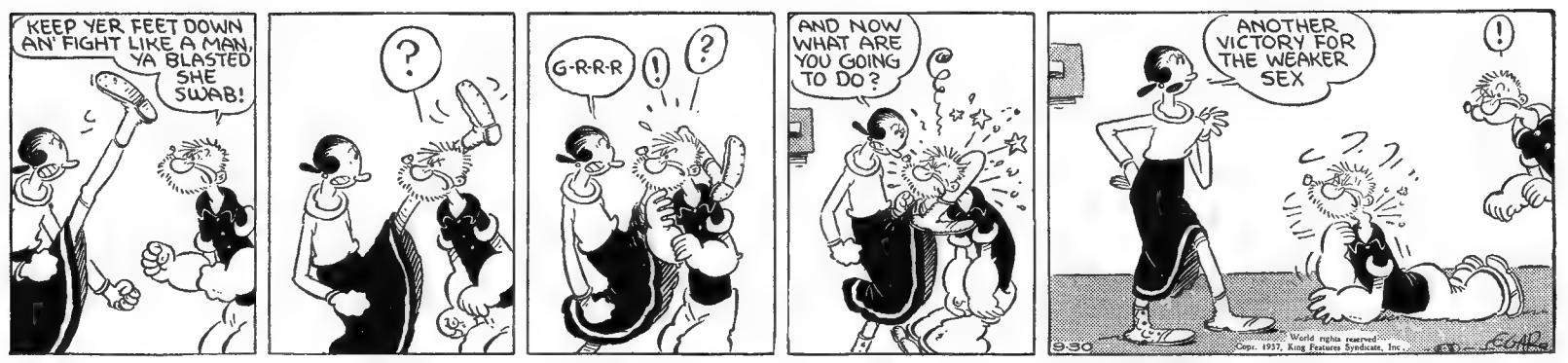

HA-CHA!!
POPPA, I WANTS TO HAVE A HEART-TO-HEART TALK WITH YA
YER A OL' MAN AN' YER SUSPOSED TO BE A DIGMAFIED GEN'LEMAN A ASTUTE EXAMPIL OF RESPECKABILIKY
YA WANTS TO BE ABLE TO HOL' YER HEAD UP AN' LOOK HOOMANIKY IN THE EYE— YA SHOULD BE SETTLED DOWN AT YER AGE OF NINETY-NINE—
I BEEN TALKIN' TO HIM FOR THREE HOURS— I GUESS I GOT HIM REFORM'DED AT LAST
UM-PAH!
WHATCHA MEAN "UM-PAH" ?
UM-PAH!
UM-PAH-OH—THE MERRY-GO-ROUND BROKE DOWN— UM-PAH!
BOOP BOOPEE DOOP!!
HA-CHEE-YAH
WHERE YA GOIN' POPPA ?
OUT, ME GOOD SON, OUT AMONG THE NIGHT AIR
YA CAN'T FOOL ME— YER GOIN' OUT AN' MAKE WHOOPSIE
WELL, WHAT IF ?
YES, MOTHER, HE'S A SILLY OLD SAP AND HE'S BRINGING ME A DIAMOND RING
OH, THE MERRY-GO-ROUND BROKE DOWN
THERE HE IS, MOTHER
S-S-SAY!! WHO'S THE PERTY GAL OVER THERE ?
I SEZ, WHO'S THAT PERTY GAL OVER THERE ?
SHE'S MY MOTHER— MOTHER, I WANT YOU TO MEET MR. POOPDECK PAPPY, MY SWEETY
POOPDECK PAPPY! OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL NAME! HELLO, POOPDECK
HOWD'Y, KID
PAPPY, DID YOU BRING THE DIAMOND RING YOU PROMISED ME?
STEP ASIDE, HORSEFACE, I LIKES YER MOTHER BETTER!
SO YER A WIDDY, EH? WELL, GET YER HAT— WE'RE GOIN' TO THE MOVIES— THEN WE'LL PACK IN SOME CHOW LATER— SAY, HOW'D YA LIKE TO HAVE A DIAMINK RING ?
FOUR THIRTY IN THE MORNIN' AN' ME POPPA AIN'T HOME YET
G'MORNIN', SON, OL' KID, OL' KID, OL' SON, OL' KID
POPPA, IT'S FIVE A-M-
FIVE A-M- EH? HMM. JUS' ABOUT BEDTIME— WE'LL G'NIGHT, SON, OL' KID, OL' THING
WHO YA BEEN OUT WITH ?
YA MEANS WICH SIX I BEEN OUT WITH ?
I DON'T KNOW WHO THEY WAS— I DIDN'T AST THEIR NAMES— DIDN'T WANT 'EM TO THINK I WAS GETTIN' PERS'NAL
CALL ME AT SUNDOWN— I GOT A DATE
POPPA WAS OUT ALL NIGHT DIDN'T GET HOME TILL DAYLIGHT
WHY, THAT'S AWFUL
WHA'SA MATTER WITH OUR ICE MAN? DIDN'T LEAVE NO ICE— I'LL CALL UP AN' BAWL 'IM OUT
YA SEZ YA DID BRING ICE THIS MORNIN' ?
AN' OLD MAN WAS WAITIN' AT THE DOOR FOR IT
HMM
IT MUSTA BEEN SUMPIN I ET
YEAH, OLIVE— TAKE POPPA INTO THE NEXT ROOM AN' GIVE HIM A GOOD TALKIN' TO
I SURE WILL
MAYBE HE'LL LISTEN TO HER ON ACCOUNT OF SHE'S A WOMAN
ME POPPA WILL BE A CHANGED MAN— OLIVE WILL REFORM HIM LIKE NOBODY'S BIZNESS
OH, IT IS A BEAUTIFUL DIAMOND, ISN'T IT?!!
YER TELLIN' ME!
YOUR POPPA AND I ARE GOING PLACES— GOOD NIGHT

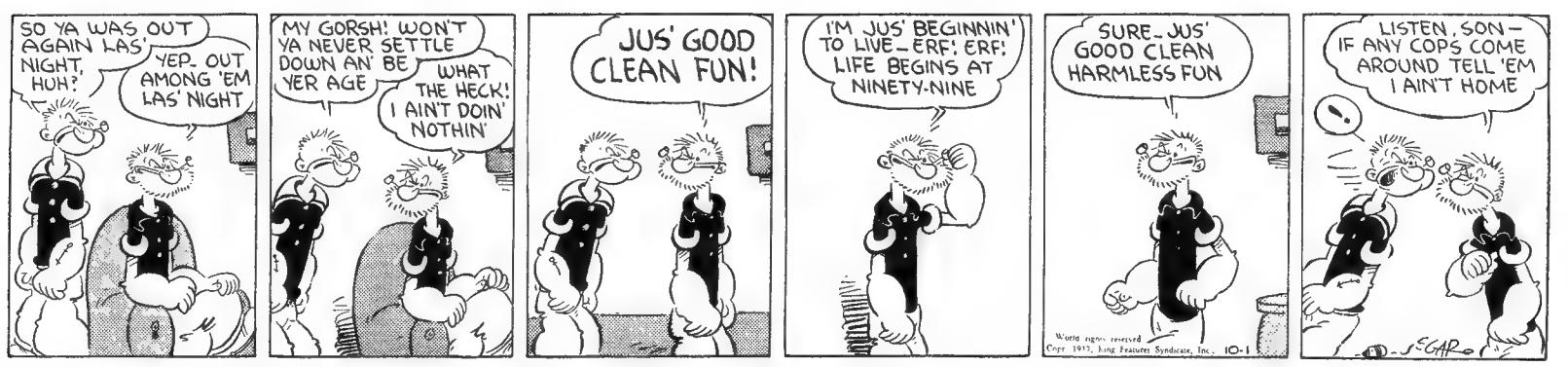

I TOLD OLIVE TO HAVE A TALK WITH POPPA AN' REFORM HIM, BUT INSTEAD HE UNREFORMED OLIVE
AN' TO-NIGHT THEY'RE OUT TOGETHER MAKIN' WHOOPSIE
ME POPPA OUT AT THREE A-M- WHY, THE IDEAR - OUT AT THREE IN THE MORNIN' —
AN' ESPECIALLY OUT AT THREE IN THE MORNIN' WITH ME OWN SWEETY
HI-DE-HO-HI-DE-DE HO♪
HI-DE-HO-HO-HI-DE HO!!
ISN'T HE CUTE!!
9-25
EGAR

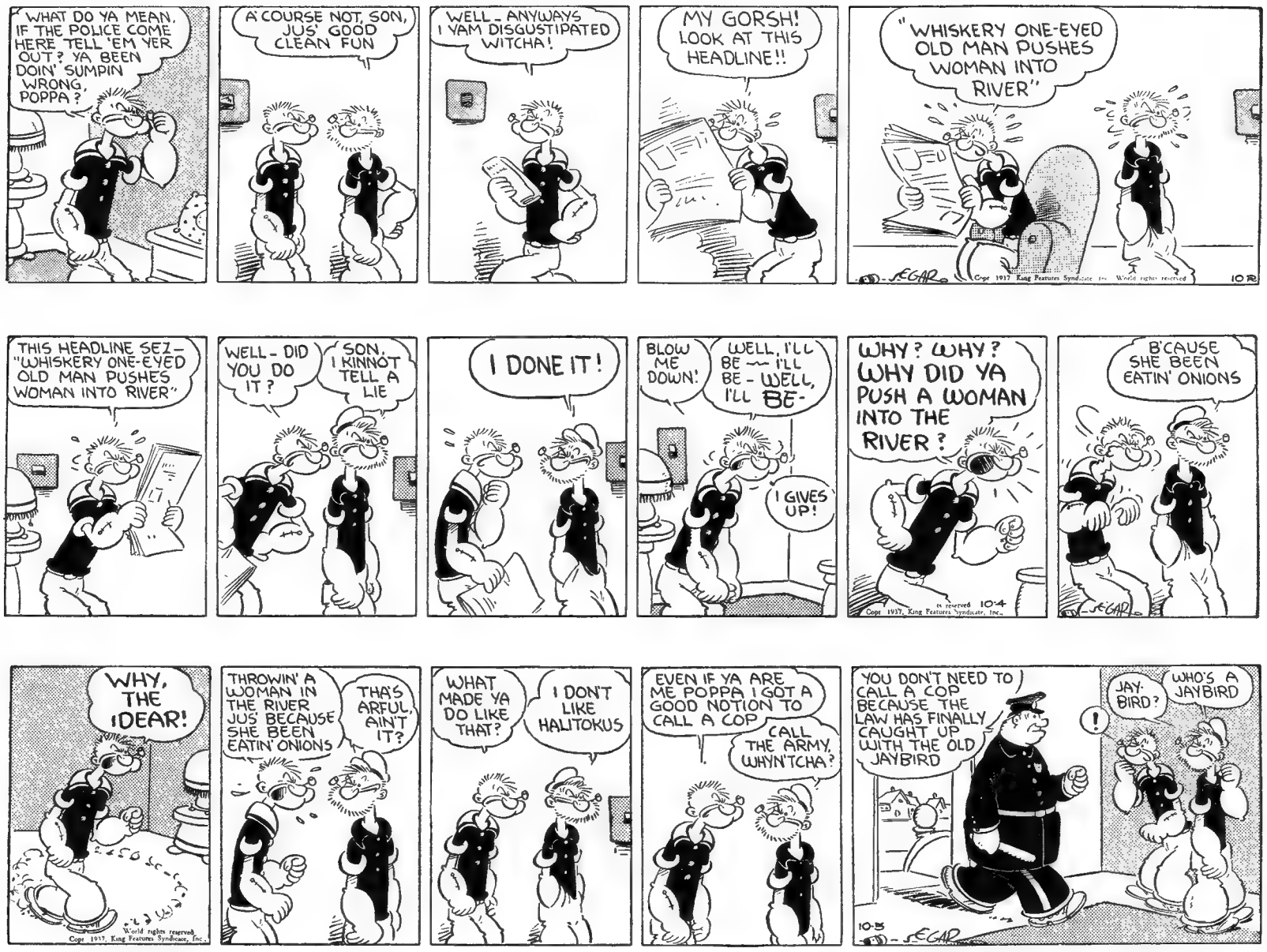

HERE THEY COME AT LAST
I SET UP ALL NIGHT WAITIN' FOR 'EM
THE IDEA, YOU STAYIN' OUT ALL NIGHT MAKIN' WHOOPSIE WITH POPPA, WHO IS NINETY-NINE YEARS OLD
OH, POOEY TO YOU FROM ME!
I DON'T CARE IF HE'S A HUNDRED AND TEN - LOOK AT THE SWELL DIAMOND RING HE GAVE ME - HE'S NICE
G-R-R
YOUR POPPA IS A FINE MAN!
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I WANTS ME BAIT BACK - GIMME THAT RING!!
EGAR


GIMME THE RING BACK! THA'S ME BAIT!
POPPA
WHY, THE IDEA!!
YOU CRAZY OLD GOAT! YOU GAVE ME THAT RING!!
G-R-R-R
YOU SCAMP!
B OP
SAY!! DO YOU WANNA FIGHT?
AVAST. YA SWABS!
YAS - I WANNA FIGHT!!
9-28
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COME ON IF YA WANNA FIGHT!
G-R-R-
B OP
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9-29


KEEP YER FEET DOWN AN' FIGHT LIKE A MAN, YA BLASTED SHE SWAB!
G-R-R-R
AND NOW WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE WEAKER SEX
9-30
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EGAR


SO YA WAS OUT AGAIN LAS' NIGHT, HUH?
YEP. OUT AMONG 'EM LAS' NIGHT
MY GORSH! WON'T YA NEVER SETTLE DOWN AN' BE YER AGE
WHAT THE HECK! I AIN'T DOIN' NOTHIN'
JUS' GOOD CLEAN FUN!
I'M JUS' BEGINNIN' TO LIVE - ERF! ERF! LIFE BEGINS AT NINETY-NINE
SURE - JUS' GOOD CLEAN HARMLESS FUN
LISTEN, SON - IF ANY COPS COME AROUND TELL 'EM I AIN'T HOME
10-1
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J EGAR


WHAT DO YA MEAN, IF THE POLICE COME HERE TELL 'EM YER OUT? YA BEEN DOIN' SUMPIN WRONG, POPPA?
A'COURSE NOT, SON, JUS' GOOD CLEAN FUN
WELL - ANYWAYS I YAM DISGUSTIPATED WITCHA!
MY GORSH! LOOK AT THIS HEADLINE!!
"WHISKERY ONE-EYED OLD MAN PUSHES WOMAN INTO RIVER"
SEGAR
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10
THIS HEADLINE SEZ - "WHISKERY ONE-EYED OLD MAN PUSHES WOMAN INTO RIVER"
WELL - DID YOU DO IT?
SON, I KINNOT TELL A LIE
I DONE IT!
BLOW ME DOWN!
WELL, I'LL BE — I'LL BE - WELL, I'LL BE-
I GIVES UP!
WHY? WHY? WHY DID YA PUSH A WOMAN INTO THE RIVER?
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10-4
B'CAUSE SHE BEEN EATIN' ONIONS
SEGAR
WHY, THE 'DEAR!
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THROWIN' A WOMAN IN THE RIVER JUS' BECAUSE SHE BEEN EATIN' ONIONS
THA'S ARFUL, AIN'T IT?
WHAT MADE YA DO LIKE THAT?
I DON'T LIKE HALITOKUS
EVEN IF YA ARE ME POPPA I GOT A GOOD NOTION TO CALL A COP
CALL THE ARMY, WHYN'TCHA?
YOU DON'T NEED TO CALL A COP BECAUSE THE LAW HAS FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH THE OLD JAYBIRD
!
JAY-BIRD?
WHO'S A JAYBIRD
10-5
SEGAR
!
WHO'S A JAYBIRD??
BLARST YE!!
POPPA! POPPA! YA CAN'T HIT COPS!
BOP
YA CAN'T HIT ME POPPA!
AVAST, YA SWAB, DIDN'T I JUS' TELL YA, YA CAN'T HIT COPS?
TWEET TWEET
WELL - COPS CAN'T HIT POOPDECK NEITHER !!
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10-6
SEGAR
WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW, POPEYE, MORE TROUBLE?
ME POPPA PUSHED A WOMAN IN THE RIVER
PUSHED A WOMAN INTO THE RIVER!!! WHY'D HE DO THAT?
!
HE DONE IT BECAUSE SHE BEEN EATIN' ONIONS
WHERE IS YOUR POPPA NOW?
A ORFICER COME AN' TOOK HIM— HE'S IN JAIL NOW
BUT I DON'T WANNA GO TO JAIL
10-7
SEGAR
BUT I DON'T WANNA GO TO JAIL
THINK, YOU'RE SMART, DON'TCHA? LISTEN- I'M GONNA GO GET AN AX AND CUT THE TREE DOWN
10-8
SEGAR


POPPA! YOU FREE!?
I EXCAPED ON ACCOUNT OF I DIDN'T WANT TO GO TO JAIL
POPPA- AGAIN I ASTS YA- WHY DO YA DO LIKE YA DO?
JUS' HAVIN' FUN, THA'S ALL
FUN!!
SAY, DO YA CALL THROWIN' A WOMAN IN THE RIVER FUN?
IF YA'D SEEN HER SPLUTTERIN' AN' SPLASHIN' AROUND YA'DA THOUGHT IT WAS FUN, TOO
HAW! HAW! I NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SO FUNNY IN ALL ME LIFE—
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10-9
WHY, SHE DERN NEAR DROWNDED!!
YAH! HAW! HAW! HAW!
EGAR

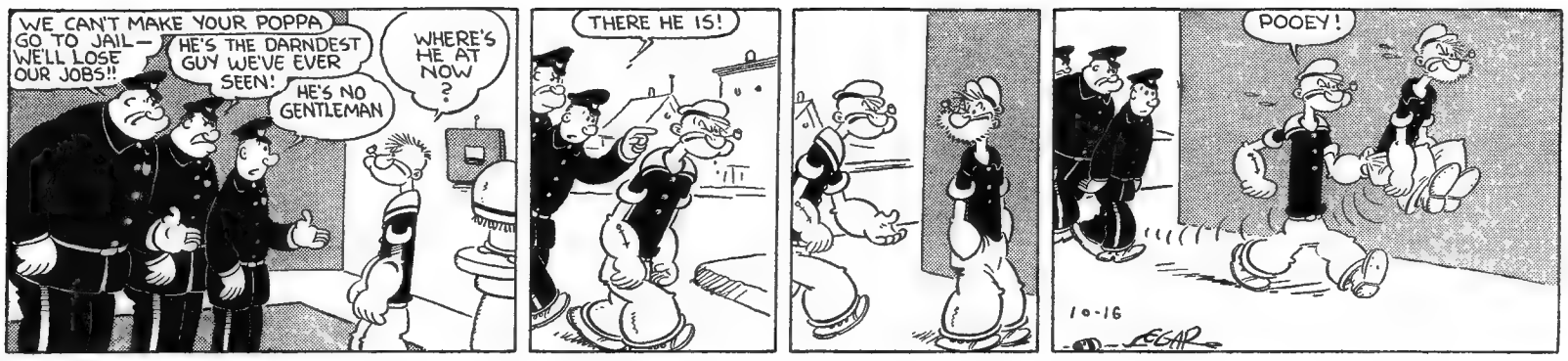

I'LL TAKE YOU TO JAIL THIS TIME ALL RIGHT— I'LL HANDCUFF YOUR WRIST TO MINE
QUIT PAWING— HOLD STILL!
HOLD STILL, I TELL YOU!
THERE— I GOT YOU!
CLICK
10-11
EGAR


I'M THE BIGGEST, TOUGHEST AND STRONGEST COP ON THE FORCE, AND I'M GOING TO TAKE YOUR OL' MAN TO JAIL
YA BETTER GO PEACEABLE, POPPA, IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO RESISK A ORFICER
OKAY, I'LL GO
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G-R-R-R
HARD ROCK CONSTRUCTION COMPANY
DANGER
BLASTING
JUS'A MINUTE, OSSIFER
DYNA
10-12
JA EVER SEE A FELLER JUGGLE—
AMITE
THREE STICKS OF DYNAMITE AT ONCE'T?
DYN
EGAR

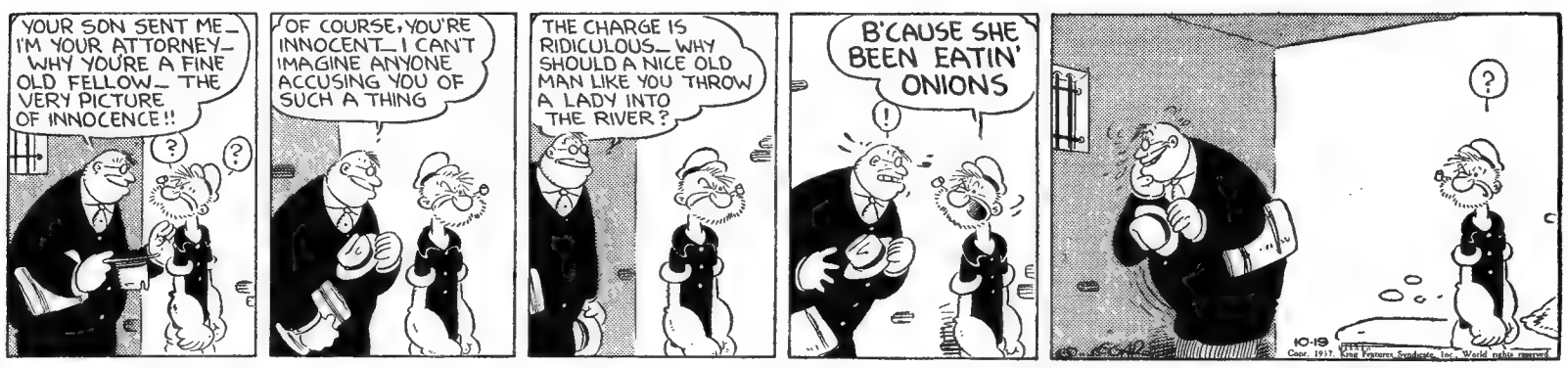

I WAS TAKIN' THE OLD GOAT TO JAIL AND WHEN WE PASSED THAT BLASTING CREW HE GRABBED THREE STICKS OF DYNAMITE-
AND BEGAN JUGGLING THEM— WELL, HE CAN'T BLUFF ME— I'M TOUGH !!!
I'M A BRAVE COP- I'LL WALK RIGHT UP AND TAKE THE DYNAMITE AWAY FROM HIM!!
G-R-R-R
GIMME THOSE STICKS OF DYNAMITE
LOOK, OSSIFER, NOW I'M GONNA TRY IT—
10-13
-WITH ME EYES CLOSED
SWISH!
DYNAM
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EGAR


YOU'RE THE SMARTEST COP ON THE FORCE— LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN BRING IN POOPDECK PAPPY
YESSIR
I'M TOO SLICK FOR YOU, PAPPY- COME TO JAIL
BLAST YE, YA SNEAKED UP ON ME!
CLICK
I WAS JUS' ON ME WAY OVER TO JOE'S PLACE- I THINK THEY'S A CRAP GAME GOIN' ON
GOOD NIGHT!! HERE COMES A COP!!
HIDE THE DICE!
10-14
DON'T BE ASCARED. HE CAN'T DO NOTHIN'— SEE- I GOT HIM HAN'CUFFED TO ME
SHOOT A DIME
SHOOT
CLICK CLICK
EGAR


OH, ALL RIGHT, IF YER GO'NER GET SORE I'LL GO TO JAIL WITH YA
YOO-HOO- HELLO, POOPDECK, YOU OLD DARLING!
WELL, IF IT AIN'T SADIE GOOZENSNOBBLE, ONE OF ME SWEETIES
LE'S GO OVER TO JAKE'S AN' TEAR OFF A DANCE
SURE- YOU KNOW ME, PAPPY
10-15
GET IN STEP, YA SWAB
EGAR







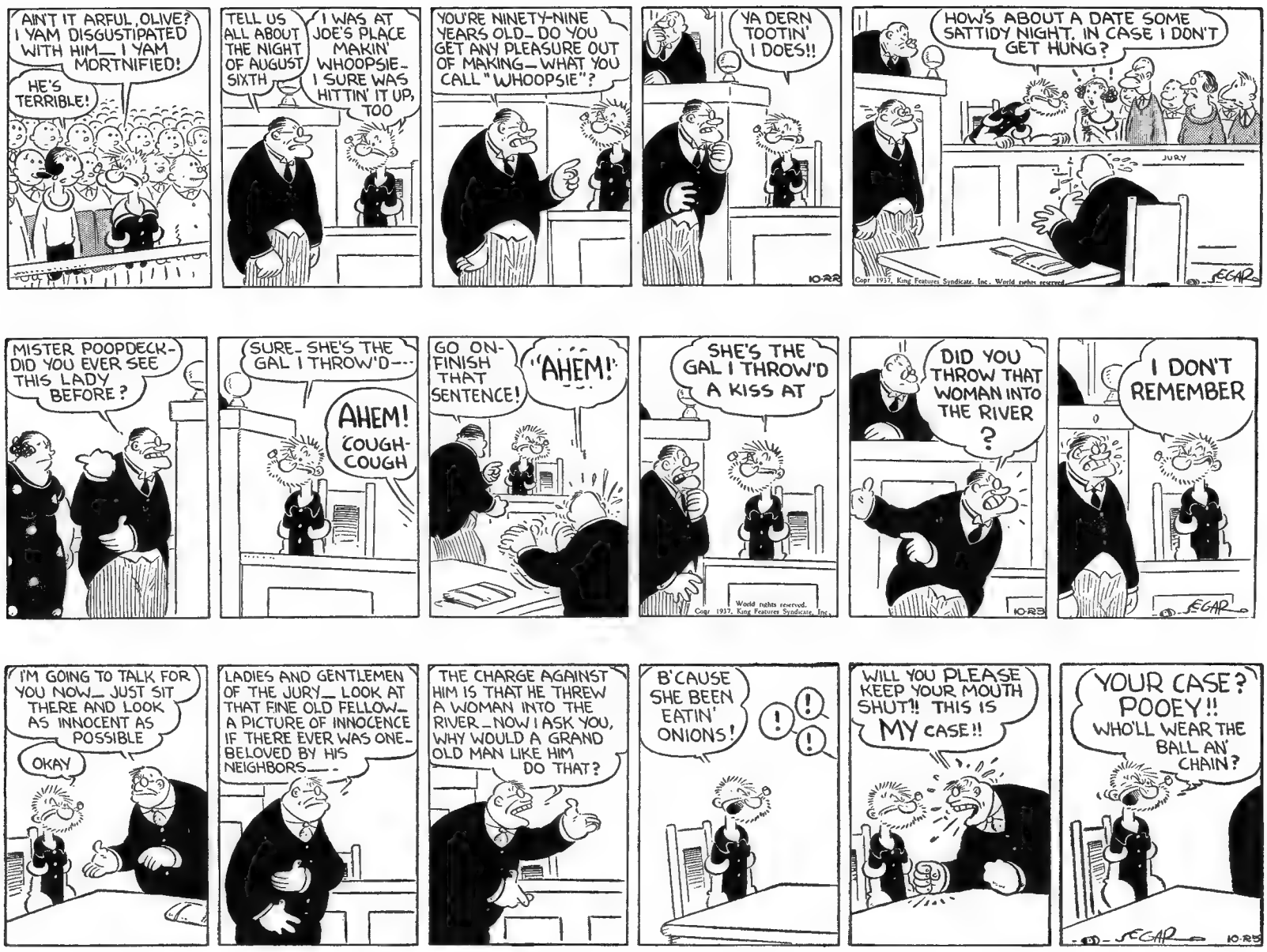


CHAPTER VIII:

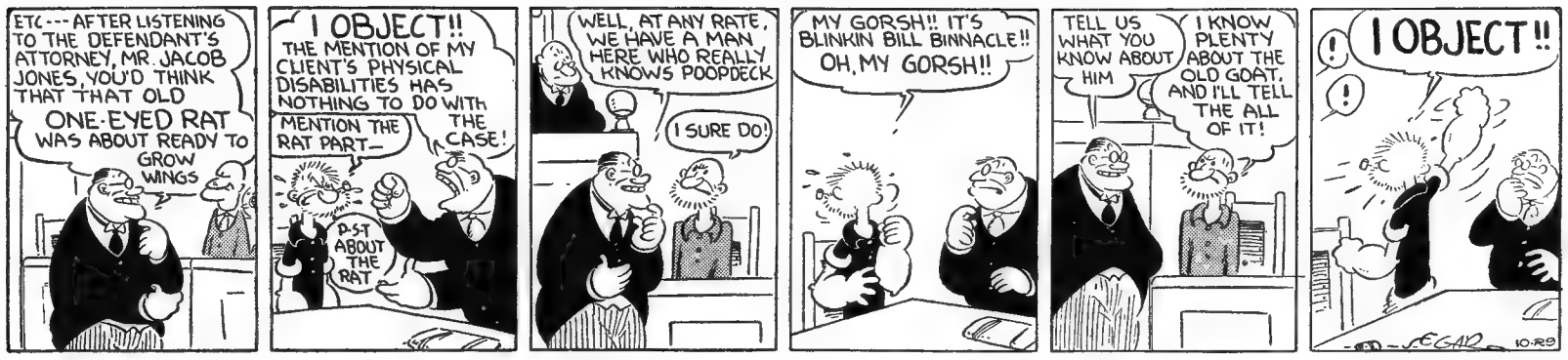
EXTENUVATIN' CIRCUMSNANCES



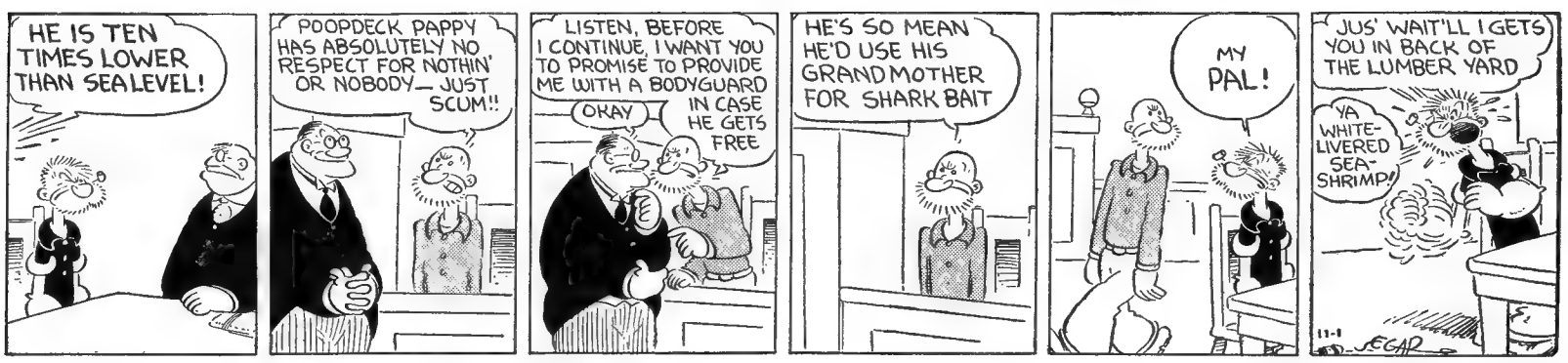



AIN'T IT ARFUL, OLIVE? I YAM DISGUSTIPATED WITH HIM— I YAM MORTNIFIED!
HE'S TERRIBLE!
TELL US ALL ABOUT THE NIGHT OF AUGUST SIXTH
I WAS AT JOE'S PLACE MAKIN' WHOOPSIE— I SURE WAS HITTIN' IT UP, TOO
YOU'RE NINETY-NINE YEARS OLD— DO YOU GET ANY PLEASURE OUT OF MAKING— WHAT YOU CALL "WHOOPSIE"?
YA DERN TOOTIN' I DOES!!
HOW'S ABOUT A DATE SOME SATTIDY NIGHT. IN CASE I DON'T GET HUNG?
JURY
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EGAR
MISTER POOPDECK- DID YOU EVER SEE THIS LADY BEFORE?
SURE— SHE'S THE GAL I THROW'D---
AHEM! COUGH- COUGH
GO ON- FINISH THAT SENTENCE!
"AHEM!"
SHE'S THE GAL I THROW'D A KISS AT
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DID YOU THROW THAT WOMAN INTO THE RIVER ?
I DON'T REMEMBER
EGAR
I'M GOING TO TALK FOR YOU NOW— JUST SIT THERE AND LOOK AS INNOCENT AS POSSIBLE
OKAY
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY— LOOK AT THAT FINE OLD FELLOW— A PICTURE OF INNOCENCE IF THERE EVER WAS ONE— BELOVED BY HIS NEIGHBORS—
THE CHARGE AGAINST HIM IS THAT HE THREW A WOMAN INTO THE RIVER— NOW I ASK YOU, WHY WOULD A GRAND OLD MAN LIKE HIM DO THAT?
B'CAUSE SHE BEEN EATIN' ONIONS!
! ! !
WILL YOU PLEASE KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!! THIS IS MY CASE!!
YOUR CASE? POOEY!! WHO'LL WEAR THE BALL AN' CHAIN?
EGAR


LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LOOK AT HIS KIND, OLD FACE--
BENEVOLENCE WRITTEN ALL OVER IT— THE WRINKLES OF HIS CARE-WORN FACE RADIATE LOVE— LOVE FOR HIS FELLOW-MEN
JURY
HE IS THE TYPE OF MAN WE'D ALL LIKE TO HAVE FOR A FATHER-- SNIFF-- A HEART OF GOLD---
WHEN I THINK OF THE CHARGE AGAINST HIM— HMM- UM-- I PAUSE TO FLICK A TEAR FROM MY EYE
HE IS UPRIGHT- HONEST AND GENTLE - A LOVER OF PEACE - -- AND HIS BIG KIND HEART---
World rights reserved Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
SAY- WHO'S HE TALKIN' ABOUT?
EGAR
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, THERE SITS AN OLD MAN WITH A HEART OF GOLD
OH, I GETS IT NOW! HE'S TALKIN' ABOUT ME!
IN HIS YOUTH HE WAS ALWAYS KIND TO HIS MOTHER
--- HE IS A MAN WITH HIGH IDEALS AND LOFTY MORALS---
A MAN, WHO, AS A CITIZEN, ADDS DIGNITY TO OUR COMMUNITY— A MAN---
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP
YOU BRAINLESS OLD GOAT- IF YOU WERE TWENTY POINTS HIGHER IN MENTALITY YOU'D STILL BE AN IDIOT AMONG HALFWITS
?
EGAR
AFTER HEARIN' THE SWELL THINGS YA TOLD THE JURY ABOUT ME I'M BEGINNIN' TO THINK I BE INNOCENT- COULD I BE GUILTY AN' NOT GUILTY AT THE SAME TIME?
WELL- YES- YOU COULD- YOU COULD REALLY BE GUILTY- BUT NOT GUILTY BY REASON OF EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES
? ? ?
OH, I GETS IT- THEM ONIONS SHE ET WOULD CAUSE THE- THE- THAT WHAT YOU SAID—
YES. THE EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES
BY GOLLY!! I'M GOIN' TO MAKE A SPEECH TO THE JURY!!
HEY! COME BACK HERE!
LADIES AN' GEN'LEMEN— I AM GUILTLESS OF EVERYTHING— HMM- BE-BECAUSE OF - OF - BECAUSE OF EXTENUVATIN' CIRCUMSNANCES!
EGAR

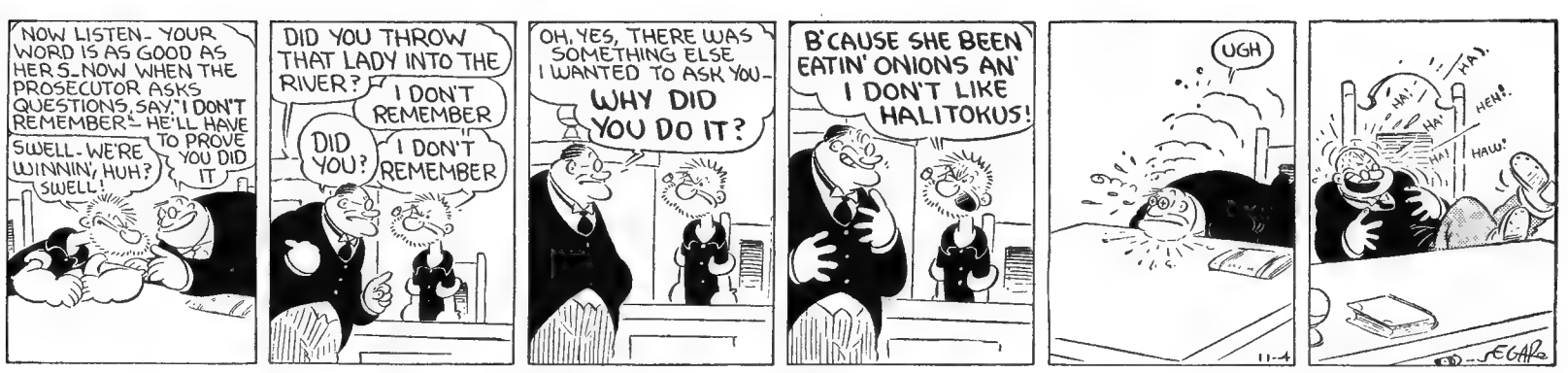

ETC--- AFTER LISTENING TO THE DEFENDANT'S ATTORNEY, MR. JACOB JONES, YOU'D THINK THAT THAT OLD ONE-EYED RAT WAS ABOUT READY TO GROW WINGS
I OBJECT!! THE MENTION OF MY CLIENT'S PHYSICAL DISABILITIES HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE CASE!
MENTION THE RAT PART—
P-S-T ABOUT THE RAT
WELL, AT ANY RATE, WE HAVE A MAN HERE WHO REALLY KNOWS POOPDECK
I SURE DO!
MY GORSH!! IT'S BLINKIN BILL BINNACLE!! OH, MY GORSH!!
TELL US WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT HIM
I KNOW PLENTY ABOUT THE OLD GOAT, AND I'LL TELL THE ALL OF IT!
I OBJECT!!
JEGAR 10-29


YES- H-MMM GO ON
I KNEW POOPDECK FIFTY YEARS AGO- HIS SHIP FLEW THE BLACK FLAG
STOP! STOP!! I WANTS TO PLEAD GUILTY
SIT DOWN AND KEEP STILL!!
BUT, JAKE- IF I PLEADS GUILTY I'LL ONLY GET ABOUT TEN YEARS- BUT IF BLINKIN' BILL BINNACLE TALKS I'LL HANG
DON'T WORRY- I'LL FIX EVERY-THING
TO BEGIN WITH I WANT TO SAY- POOPDECK PAPPY, IN HIS DAY WOULDA MADE CAP'N KIDD LOOK LIKE A SISSY!
10-30
NOTHIN' TO IT, EH? HAH! LE'S SEE YA SPROUT WINGS ON THAT STATEMENT- ERF! ERF! LE'S SEE YA CLEAN THAT ONE UP
JEGAR

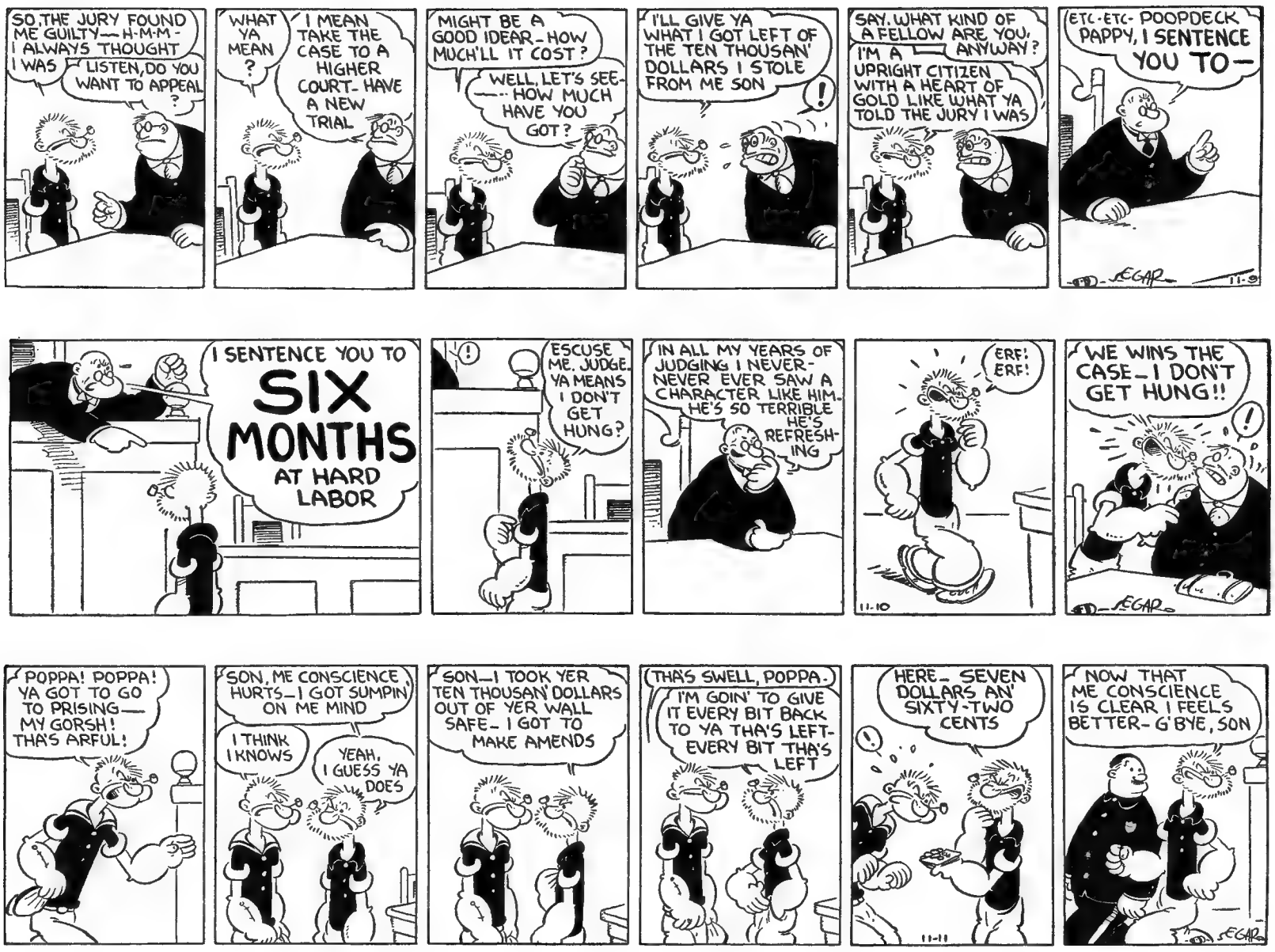

HE IS TEN TIMES LOWER THAN SEALEVEL!
POOPDECK PAPPY HAS ABSOLUTELY NO RESPECT FOR NOTHIN' OR NOBODY— JUST SCUM!!
LISTEN, BEFORE I CONTINUE, I WANT YOU TO PROMISE TO PROVIDE ME WITH A BODYGUARD
OKAY
IN CASE HE GETS FREE
HE'S SO MEAN HE'D USE HIS GRANDMOTHER FOR SHARK BAIT
MY PAL!
JUS' WAIT'LL I GETS YOU IN BACK OF THE LUMBER YARD
YA WHITE-LIVERED SEA-SHRIMP!
11-1
JEGAR

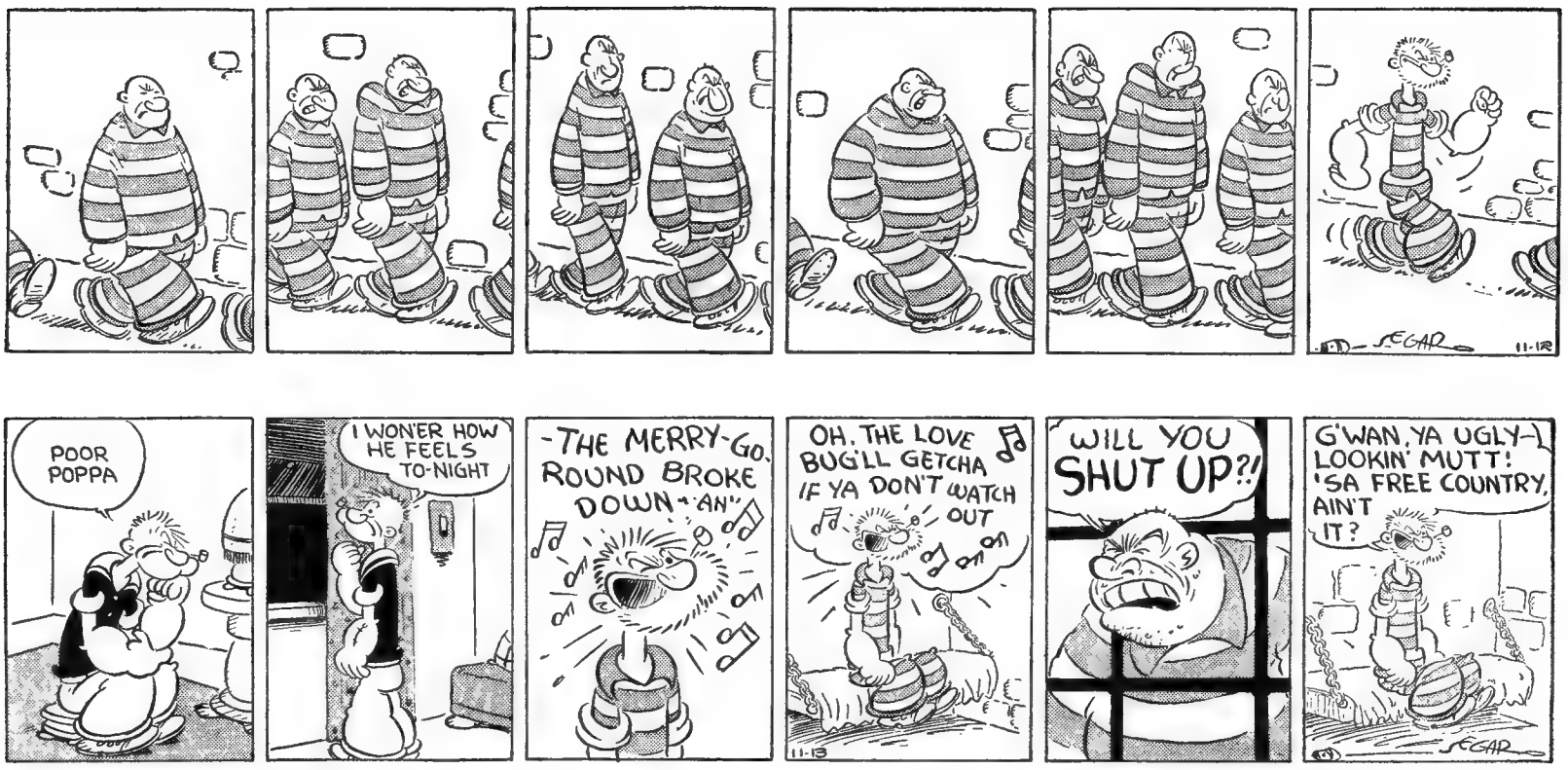

MY GORSH! THERE'S THE GAL I THROW'D IN THE RIVER
SHUT UP! HOW CAN I PROVE YOU'RE INNOCENT IF YOU TELL THEM YOU'RE GUILTY ?!
-SO HE THREW YOU INTO THE RIVER?
YES, HE DID- WE WERE AT A CABARET ON THE WATER FRONT
ALL OF A SUDDEN HE SAID TO ME— "SAY— YA BEEN EATIN' ONIONS." WELL, I SAID, YOU CAN'T ARREST PEOPLE FOR THAT
"NO," SEZ HE, "BUT YA KIN DROWN 'EM," SO HE DRAGS ME OUT THE DOOR AND THROWS ME IN THE RIVER
-THERE I WAS SPLASHIN' AROUND LIKE A COW AND HIM UP ON THE DOCK LAUGHIN' HIS OLD FOOL HEAD OFF
11-2
-I'M A GOOD SPORT AND I CAN STAND A LOT OF "HORSE PLAY", BUT WHEN HE YELLED, "SHE LANDED LIKE A TON OF BRICK" THAT WAS TOO MUCH!
I WANT HIM HUNG
JEGAR

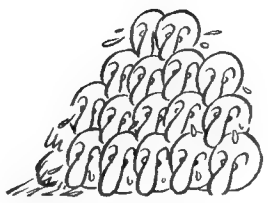

DID ANYONE SEE MR. POOPDECK THROW YOU INTO THE RIVER?
NO- HE'S SMART
THANK YA
ERF! ERF!
I DON'T MEAN THAT YOU'RE REALLY SMART, YOU OLD GOAT!! I MEAN YOU'RE JUST SMART WHEN IT COMES TO DEVILMENT!
I WISH TO REMIND BOTH OF YOU THAT YOU ARE IN COURT- I HAVE STOOD FOR TOO MUCH MISCONDUCT DURING THIS TRIAL- TAKE WARNING!
OF COURSE, YOU REALIZE THAT MY CLIENT'S WORD IS AS GOOD AS YOUR OWN
WELL, I SUPPOSE IT IS IN COURT, BUT IT AIN'T REALLY
JEGAR
11-3


NOW LISTEN- YOUR WORD IS AS GOOD AS HER'S- NOW WHEN THE PROSECUTOR ASKS QUESTIONS, SAY, "I DON'T REMEMBER"- HE'LL HAVE TO PROVE YOU DID IT
SWELL- WE'RE WINNIN', HUH? SWELL!
DID YOU THROW THAT LADY INTO THE RIVER?
I DON'T REMEMBER
DID YOU?
I DON'T REMEMBER
OH, YES, THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE I WANTED TO ASK YOU- WHY DID YOU DO IT?
B'CAUSE SHE BEEN EATIN' ONIONS AN' I DON'T LIKE HALITOKUS!
UGH
HA! HA! HA! HEH! HA! HAW!
11-4
JEGAR


I'M GLAD ME TRIAL IS ABOUT OVER — GETS MENOTNIMUS, DON'T IT, JAKE?
DON'T FLATTER ME, JAKE — BUT TELL ME HONEST, HOW DID I DO ON THE STAND?
YOU WERE A BIG HELP TO THE PROSECUTOR
——AND SO— LADIES AND GENTLEMEN — THE STATE RESTS ITS CASE
THE JURY WILL NOW RETIRE TO THE JURY-ROOM
YOUR HONOR— IT WON'T BE NECESSARY TO RETIRE TO THE JURY-ROOM
WE'VE ALREADY AGREED ON THE VERDICT
11-5
OH, MY GORSH! I YAM SO EXCITIPATED!
HI, SON— I DIDN'T KNOW YA WAS HERE
LISTEN, JAKE, OL' BOY— AFTER WE HEARS THE VERDICK I WANTS YA TO COME HAVE DINNER WITH ME
I'M NOT IN THE HABIT OF EATING IN PRISONS
YOU MEAN THAT YOU HAVE AGREED UPON A VERDICT WITHOUT RETIRING TO THE JURY-ROOM — HMM.
WE HAVE
11-6
THEN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, WHAT IS YOUR VERDICT?
GUILTY!
JURY
!
?
GEE, BUT YER A PUNK LAWYER!!
11-8

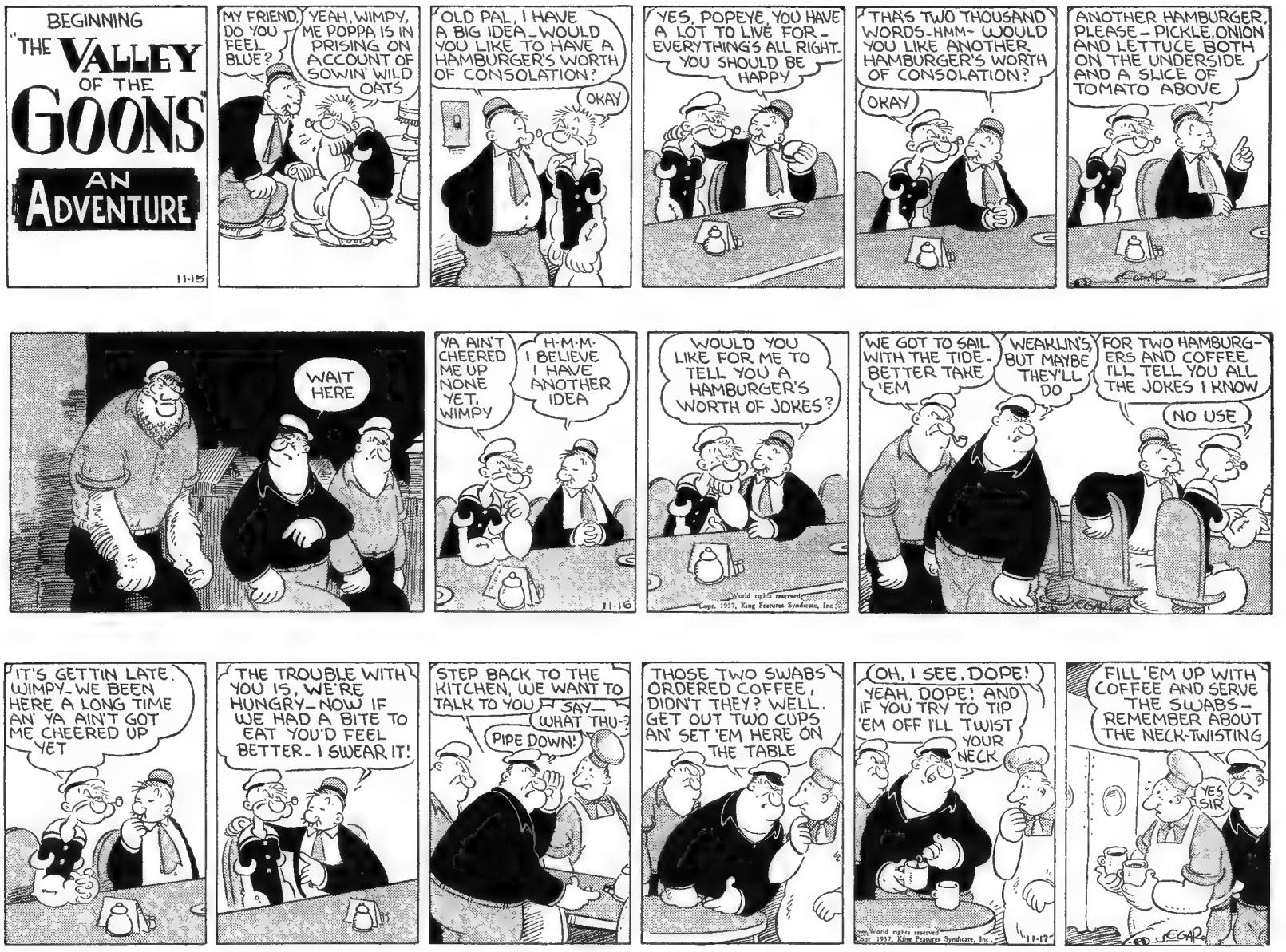

SO, THE JURY FOUND ME GUILTY — H-M-M- I ALWAYS THOUGHT I WAS
LISTEN, DO YOU WANT TO APPEAL?
WHAT YA MEAN?
I MEAN TAKE THE CASE TO A HIGHER COURT- HAVE A NEW TRIAL
MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEAR- HOW MUCH'LL IT COST?
WELL, LET'S SEE— — HOW MUCH HAVE YOU GOT?
I'LL GIVE YA WHAT I GOT LEFT OF THE TEN THOUSAN' DOLLARS I STOLE FROM ME SON
!
SAY, WHAT KIND OF A FELLOW ARE YOU, I'M A ANYWAY?
UPRIGHT CITIZEN WITH A HEART OF GOLD LIKE WHAT YA TOLD THE JURY I WAS
ETC-ETC- POOPDECK PAPPY, I SENTENCE YOU TO—
11-9
I SENTENCE YOU TO SIX MONTHS AT HARD LABOR
!
ESCUSE ME, JUDGE, YA MEANS I DON'T GET HUNG?
IN ALL MY YEARS OF JUDGING I NEVER- NEVER EVER SAW A CHARACTER LIKE HIM. HE'S SO TERRIBLE HE'S REFRESH-ING
ERF! ERF!
11-10
WE WINS THE CASE— I DON'T GET HUNG!!
!
POPPA! POPPA! YA GOT TO GO TO PRISING— MY GORSH! THA'S ARFUL!
SON, ME CONSCIENCE HURTS— I GOT SUMPIN' ON ME MIND
I THINK I KNOWS
YEAH, I GUESS YA DOES
SON— I TOOK YER TEN THOUSAN' DOLLARS OUT OF YER WALL SAFE- I GOT TO MAKE AMENDS
THA'S SWELL, POPPA-
I'M GOIN' TO GIVE IT EVERY BIT BACK TO YA THA'S LEFT- EVERY BIT THA'S LEFT
HERE- SEVEN DOLLARS AN' SIXTY-TWO CENTS
!
11-11
NOW THAT ME CONSCIENCE IS CLEAR I FEELS BETTER- G'BYE, SON





CHAPTER IX:

VALLEY OF THE GOONS



YEAH, WE'RE STICKIN' AROUND TILL THEY DRINK THEIR COFFEE, JUST IN CASE YOU MIGHT DECIDE TO TELL 'EM IT'S DOPED

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WELL, GOOD NIGHT, BOYS—PLEASANT DREAMS

?

?

WHA'D HE MEAN, PLEASINK DREAMS? MY GORSH, BUT I GOT SLEEPY ALL OF A SUDDING!

ME, TOO

STRANGE, ISN'T IT? H-M-M, AS A RULE I CAN PUT IN TWELVE HOURS OF MOOCHING WITHOUT BECOMING A BIT SLEEPY—HO-HUM

11-18

OKAY, GO GET 'EM

S'FUNNY, BLAST IT! I KIN-NOT KEEP ME EYE FROM GOIN' TO SLEEP

Z Z Z Z

WHY WOULD THEY COME IN, DOPE THESE TWO MEN AND THEN GO AWAY? MYSTERIES ALWAYS WAS HARD FOR ME

ZZZZZZZ

ZZZZZZZ

FLICK

11-19

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DO YOU THINK LIMBO MADE OUT ALL RIGHT?

NO HUMAN ON EARTH CAN STOP LIMBO—THAT'S WHY WE USE HIM

TOO BAD WE COULDN'TA PICKED UP A COUPLA HEFTIES

ONE OF 'EM SEEMED HEALTHY ENOUGH, BUT THAT SCRAWNY LITTLE ONE-EYED SWAB DON'T LOOK LIKE MUCH

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11-20



HERE COMES LIMBO NOW

YEAH, AND THERE'S A COP, BLAST THE LUCK!

HEY, YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THOSE TWO FELLOWS? HALT!!



11-22

WELL, MISTER BROWN, DID YOU PICK UP A COUPLE OF MEN?

AYE, SIR

THEN WE SAIL WITH THE TIDE

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER

WAKE UP, WIMPY—WE'RE ON A SHIP!!

BRING THOSE TWO SWABS TO ME—I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THEM

AYE, SIR

IS THAT WHAT YOU SHANGHAIED?

I SAID TO GET MEN, THAT ONE-EYED SHRIMP WILL BE NO GOOD AT ALL!!

11-23

WELL, WIMPY, WE GOT SHANGHAIED AN' THEY'S NOTHIN' WE KIN DO ABOUT IT—THE WORST OF IT IS, I YAM DIZZY AN' WEAK FROM THE DOPE THEY PUT IN ME COFFEE

SO AM I

COME INTO MY CABIN, RUNT—I GOT A JOB FOR YOU

I WANT YOU TO SCRATCH MY BACK

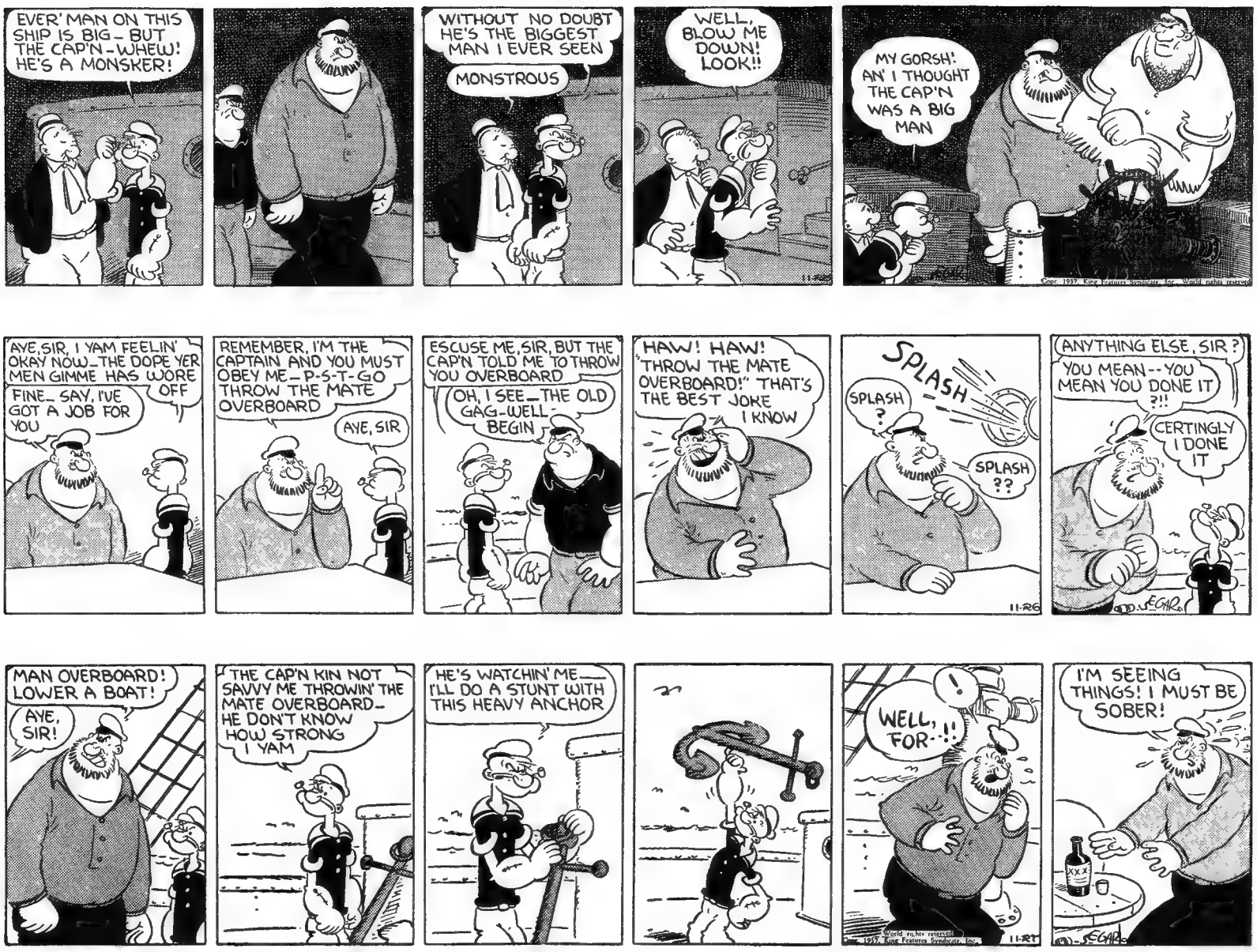
GET DOWN INSIDE WHERE YOU CAN DO A GOOD JOB

I HAPPEN TO BE ONE OF THOSE UNFORTUNATES WHO HAVE ITCHY BACKS—GO ON—SCRATCH

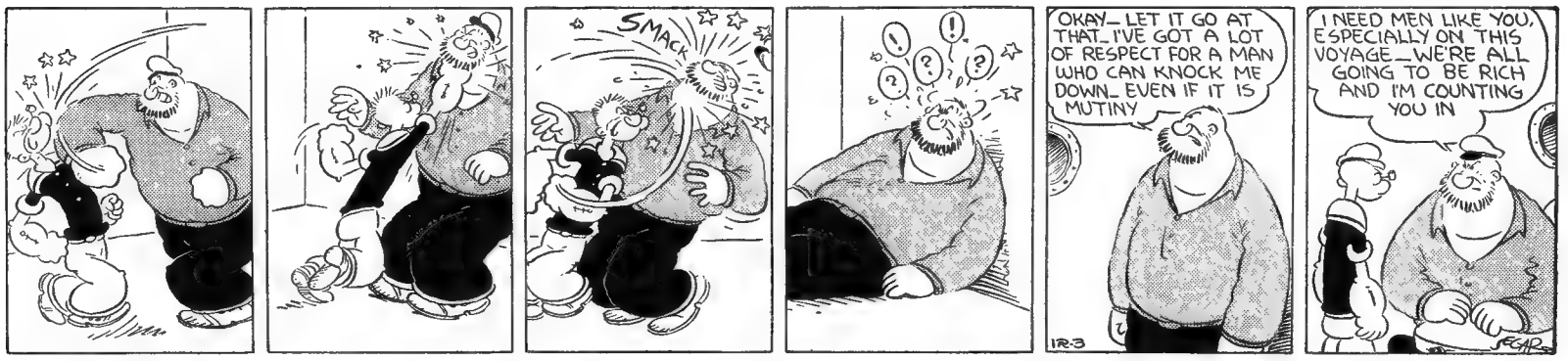
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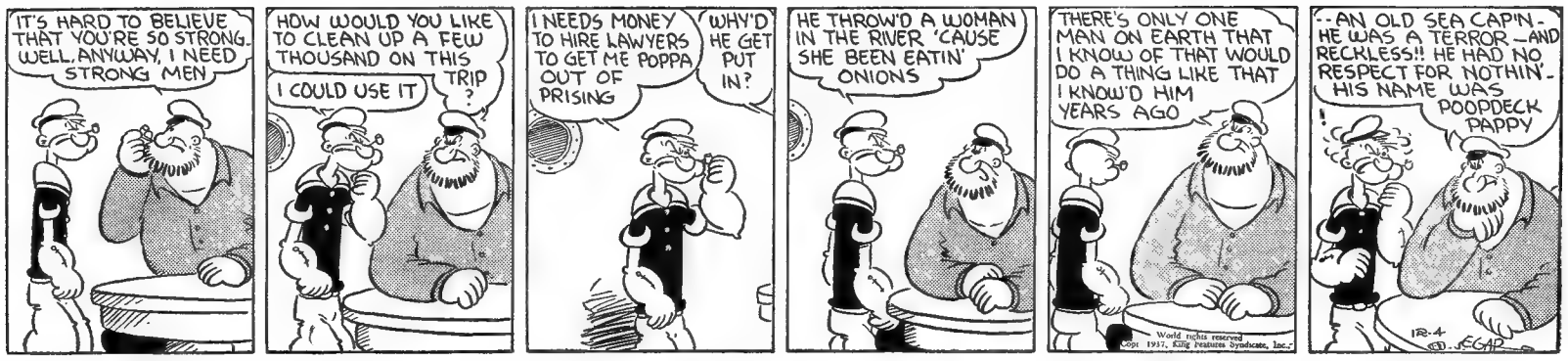
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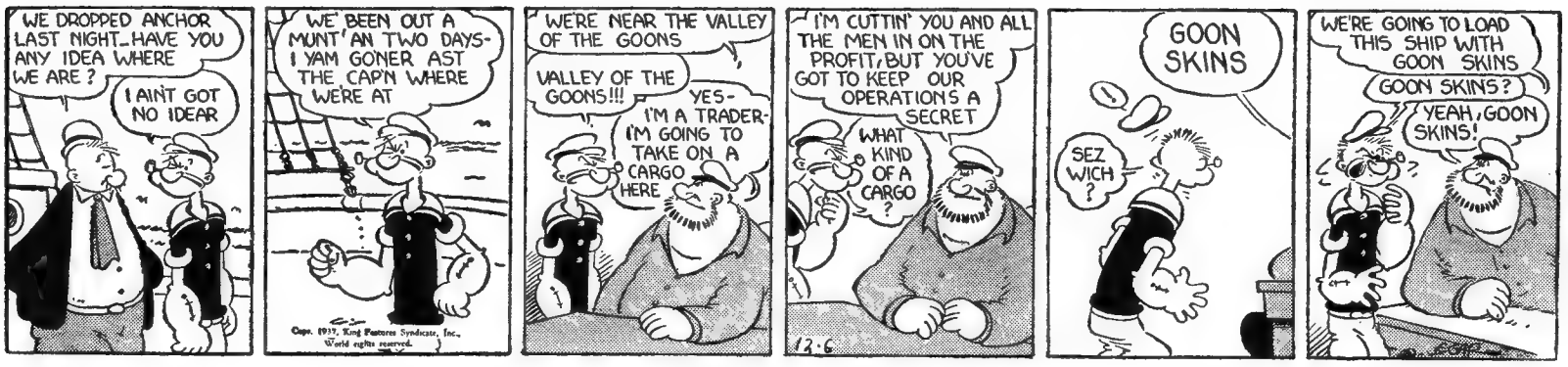
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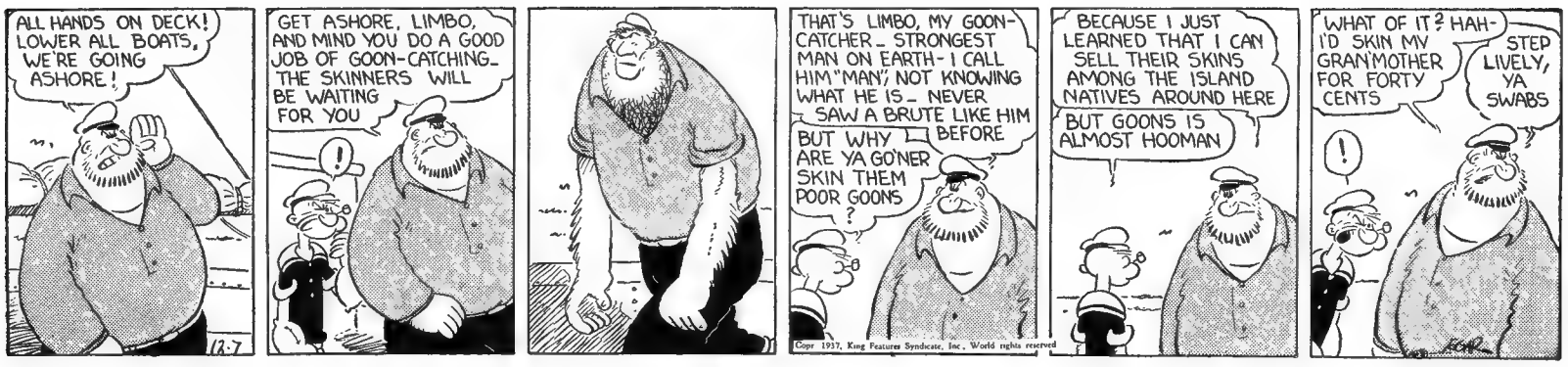

EVER' MAN ON THIS SHIP IS BIG - BUT THE CAP'N - WHEW! HE'S A MONSKER!
WITHOUT NO DOUBT HE'S THE BIGGEST MAN I EVER SEEN
MONSTROUS
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! LOOK!!
MY GORSH! AN' I THOUGHT THE CAP'N WAS A BIG MAN
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AYE, SIR, I YAM FEELIN' OKAY NOW - THE DOPE YER MEN GIMME HAS WORE OFF
FINE - SAY, I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU
REMEMBER, I'M THE CAPTAIN AND YOU MUST OBEY ME - P-S-T-GO THROW THE MATE OVERBOARD
AYE, SIR
ESCUSE ME, SIR, BUT THE CAP'N TOLD ME TO THROW YOU OVERBOARD
OH, I SEE - THE OLD GAG - WELL - BEGIN
HAW! HAW! "THROW THE MATE OVERBOARD!" THAT'S THE BEST JOKE I KNOW
SPLASH
SPLASH ?
SPLASH ??
ANYTHING ELSE, SIR?
YOU MEAN -- YOU MEAN YOU DONE IT ?!!
CERTINGLY I DONE IT
MAN OVERBOARD! LOWER A BOAT!
AYE, SIR!
THE CAP'N KIN NOT SAVVY ME THROWIN' THE MATE OVERBOARD - HE DON'T KNOW HOW STRONG I YAM
HE'S WATCHIN' ME — I'LL DO A STUNT WITH THIS HEAVY ANCHOR
WELL, FOR - !!
I'M SEEING THINGS! I MUST BE SOBER!
XXX
LISTEN, SHRIMP, GET TO WORK OR I'LL PUT YOU IN IRONS!!
I AIN'T GO'NER WORK ON ACCOUNT OF YA HAD NO BIZNESS SHANGHAIIN' ME
WHY, YOU IMPUDENT LITTLE WHELP. I'LL KNOCK YOUR ----
JUS'A MINUTE B'FORE YA KILLS ME — I WANTS TO SHOW YA HOW STRONG I YAM
KIN ANY OF YOU SWABS HOLD YERSELF OUT LIKE THIS?
I'M TELLIN' YA, I SEEN HIM DO IT WITH MY OWN EYES - GRABBED A ROPE AND HELD HIMSELF OUT STRAIGHT WITH ONE HAND
?
POOEY!
POOEY, BOYS - THA'S NOTHIN' - LEMME SHOW YA A REAL STUNT
LEMME HAVE HOLD OF YA A MINUTE - I WANTS TO SHOW THESE SWABS ME STRENK
NOW THIS, IS SUMPIN
YEAH, MISTER MATE, I YAM GOOD AT DOIN' STRONG MAN STUNTS, BUT I CAN'T FIGHT - I YAMA SISSY
CAN'T FIGHT, EH?
I'VE BEEN WANTING TO SMACK YOU FOR A LONG TIME
MISSED
SPLAT
TWEET TWEET TWEET
HELLO!!! YOU CUTE LITTLE JAYBIRD - TWEET - TWEET
WHAT IN THE -


SO IT WAS YOU WHO KNOCKED MY FIRST MATE GOOFY? DON'T SEE HOW YOU COULD DO IT!! A RUNT LIKE YOU
ANYWAY-GET THIS— IT'S MUTINY TO STRIKE THE MATE- YOU CAN GET HUNG FOR HITTIN' THE MATE
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WHAT DO YA GET FOR SMACKIN' THE CAP'N
?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I MEAN I YAM GO'NER TAKE A CRACK AT YOU IN ABOUT A MINUTE!
!
CRASH
OH, YOU WANT SOMEMORE, DO YOU? WELL, I'LL ADMIT YOU'RE A TOUGH RUNT
12-2
SEGAR

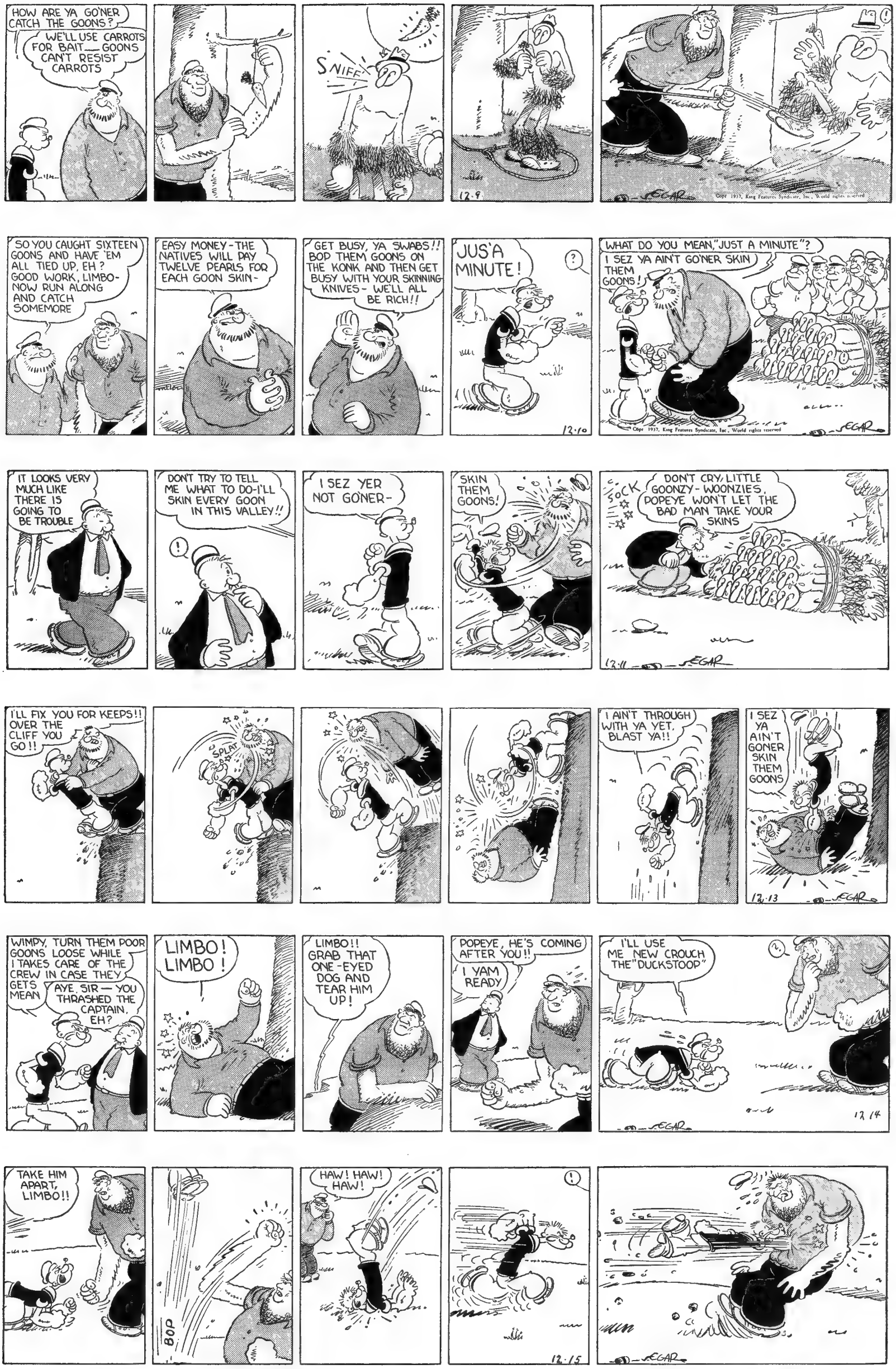

SMACK
! ? ? ?
OKAY- LET IT GO AT THAT- I'VE GOT A LOT OF RESPECT FOR A MAN WHO CAN KNOCK ME DOWN- EVEN IF IT IS MUTINY
12-3
I NEED MEN LIKE YOU, ESPECIALLY ON THIS VOYAGE- WE'RE ALL GOING TO BE RICH AND I'M COUNTING YOU IN
SEGAR

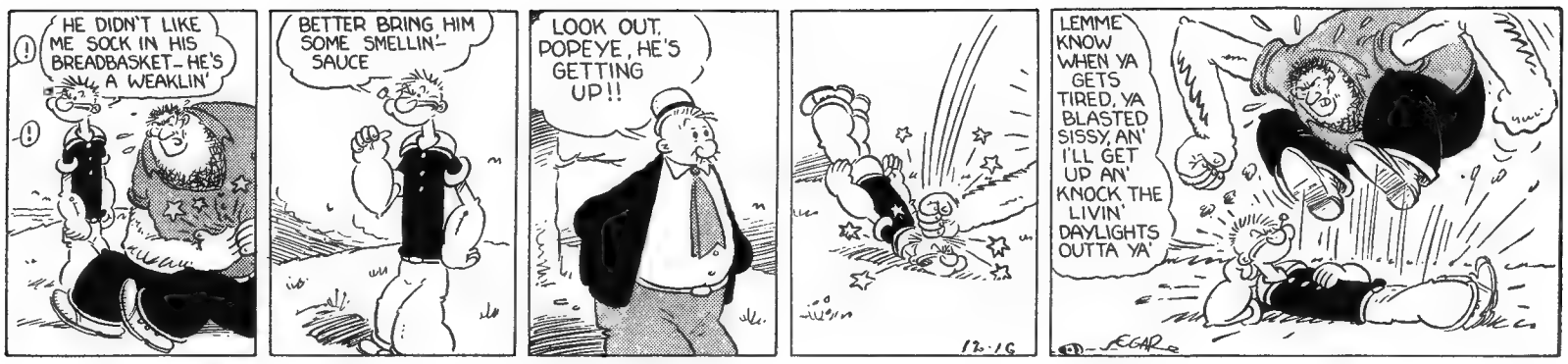

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT YOU'RE SO STRONG. WELL, ANYWAY, I NEED STRONG MEN
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO CLEAN UP A FEW THOUSAND ON THIS TRIP ?
I COULD USE IT
I NEEDS MONEY TO HIRE LAWYERS TO GET ME POPPA OUT OF PRISING
WHY'D HE GET PUT IN?
HE THROW'D A WOMAN IN THE RIVER 'CAUSE SHE BEEN EATIN' ONIONS
THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN ON EARTH THAT I KNOW OF THAT WOULD DO A THING LIKE THAT I KNOW'D HIM YEARS AGO
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--AN OLD SEA CAP'N- HE WAS A TERROR—AND RECKLESS!! HE HAD NO RESPECT FOR NOTHIN'- HIS NAME WAS POOPDECK PAPPY
12-4
SEGAR

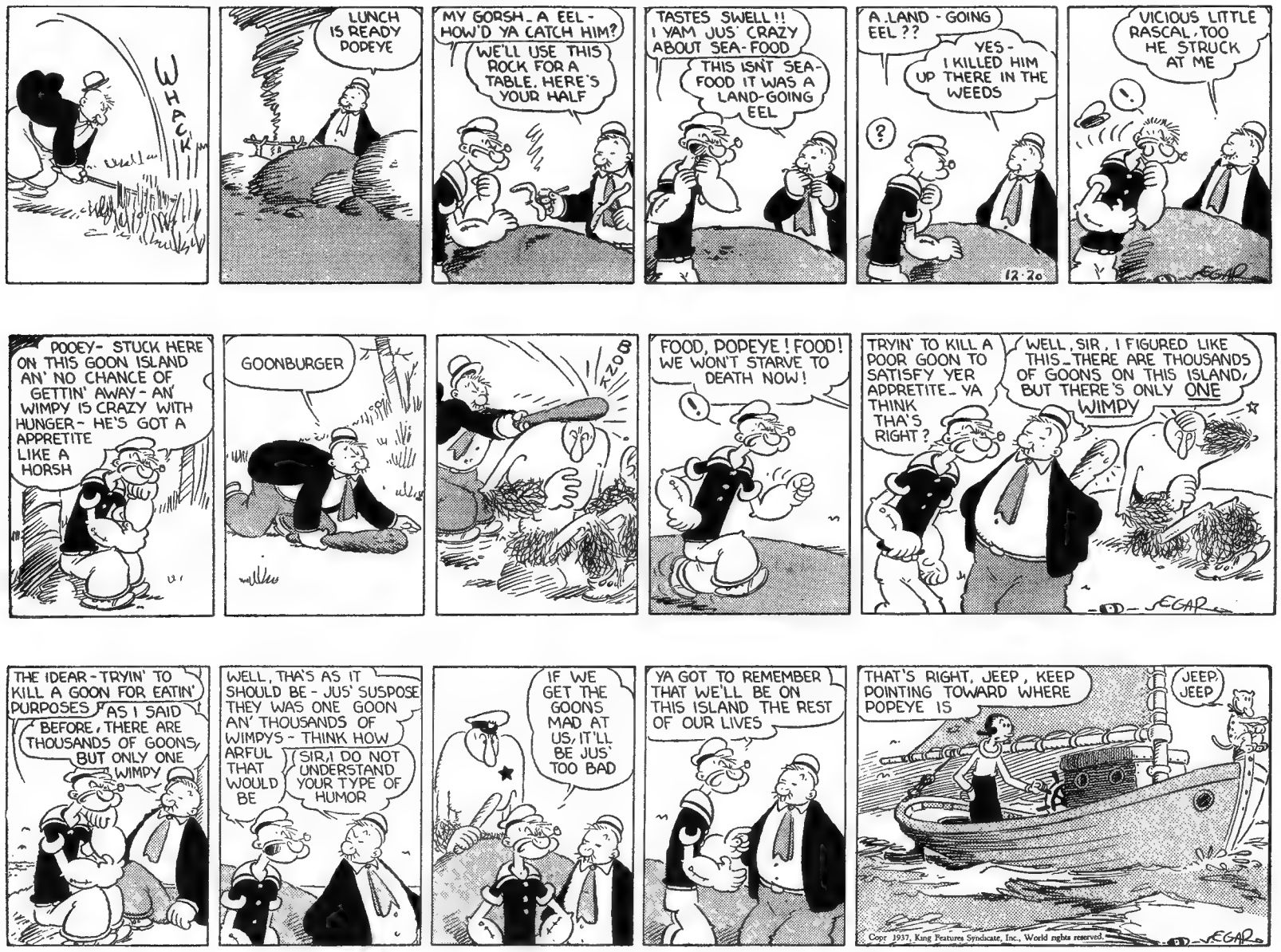

WE DROPPED ANCHOR LAST NIGHT- HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHERE WE ARE ?
I AIN'T GOT NO IDEAR
WE BEEN OUT A MUNT' AN TWO DAYS- I YAM GO'NER AST THE CAP'N WHERE WE'RE AT
Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.
WE'RE NEAR THE VALLEY OF THE GOONS
VALLEY OF THE GOONS!!!
YES- I'M A TRADER- I'M GOING TO TAKE ON A CARGO HERE
I'M CUTTIN' YOU AND ALL THE MEN IN ON THE PROFIT, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP OUR OPERATIONS A SECRET
WHAT KIND OF A CARGO ?
12-6
GOON SKINS
SEZ WICH ?
WE'RE GOING TO LOAD THIS SHIP WITH GOON SKINS
GOON SKINS?
YEAH, GOON SKINS!


ALL HANDS ON DECK! LOWER ALL BOATS, WE'RE GOING ASHORE!
12-7
GET ASHORE, LIMBO, AND MIND YOU DO A GOOD JOB OF GOON-CATCHING- THE SKINNERS WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU
!
THAT'S LIMBO, MY GOON-CATCHER- STRONGEST MAN ON EARTH- I CALL HIM "MAN"; NOT KNOWING WHAT HE IS- NEVER SAW A BRUTE LIKE HIM BEFORE
BUT WHY ARE YA GO'NER SKIN THEM POOR GOONS ?
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BECAUSE I JUST LEARNED THAT I CAN SELL THEIR SKINS AMONG THE ISLAND NATIVES AROUND HERE
BUT GOONS IS ALMOST HOOMAN
WHAT OF IT? HAH- I'D SKIN MY GRAN'MOTHER FOR FORTY CENTS
STEP LIVELY, YA SWABS
!


WIMPY, I KNOWS WHERE WE'RE AT NOW- WE'RE NEAR THE VALLEY OF THE GOONS- THE CAP'N IS GO'NER SKIN THEM GOONS AN SELL THEIR HIDES
!
YOU MEAN SKIN THOSE POOR GOONS AND SELL THEIR PELTS TO THE NATIVES AROUND HERE
YEAH AN' WE GOT TO STOP 'EM!
?
HAUL UP A SACK OF CARROTS OUT OF THE HOLD- WE'LL NEED PLENTY OF GOON BAIT
AND IF ANYBODY GETS TO FEELING SORRY FOR THE GOONS IT'S GOING TO BE JUST TOO BAD!
12-8
SEGAR

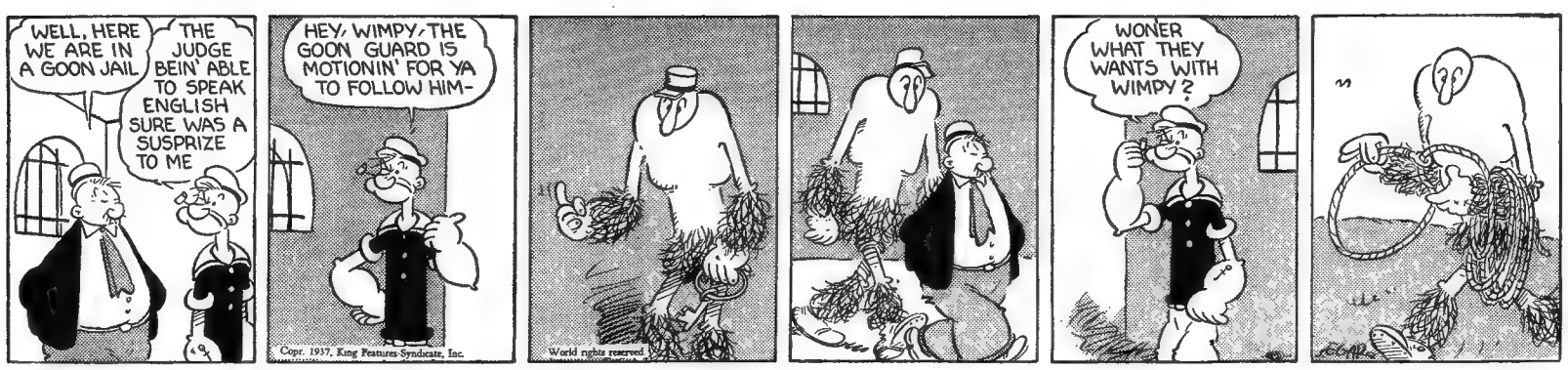

HOW ARE YA GO'NER CATCH THE GOONS?
WE'LL USE CARROTS FOR BAIT — GOONS CAN'T RESIST CARROTS
SNIFF
12-9
EGAR
Copr 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved
SO YOU CAUGHT SIXTEEN GOONS AND HAVE 'EM ALL TIED UP, EH? GOOD WORK, LIMBO- NOW RUN ALONG AND CATCH SOMEMORE
EASY MONEY - THE NATIVES WILL PAY TWELVE PEARLS FOR EACH GOON SKIN-
GET BUSY, YA SWABS!! BOP THEM GOONS ON THE KONK AND THEN GET BUSY WITH YOUR SKINNING KNIVES - WE'LL ALL BE RICH!!
JUS'A MINUTE!
?
12-10
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "JUST A MINUTE"?
I SEZ YA AIN'T GO'NER SKIN THEM GOONS!
IT LOOKS VERY MUCH LIKE THERE IS GOING TO BE TROUBLE
DON'T TRY TO TELL ME WHAT TO DO-I'LL SKIN EVERY GOON IN THIS VALLEY!!
!
I SEZ YER NOT GONER-
SKIN THEM GOONS!
SOCK
DON'T CRY, LITTLE GOONZY - WOONZIES, POPEYE WON'T LET THE BAD MAN TAKE YOUR SKINS
12-11
EGAR
I'LL FIX YOU FOR KEEPS!! OVER THE CLIFF YOU GO!!
SPLAT
I AIN'T THROUGH WITH YA YET. BLAST YA!!
I SEZ YA AIN'T GONER SKIN THEM GOONS
12-13
EGAR
WIMPY, TURN THEM POOR GOONS LOOSE WHILE I TAKES CARE OF THE CREW IN CASE THEY GETS MEAN
AYE, SIR — YOU THRASHED THE CAPTAIN, EH?
LIMBO! LIMBO!
LIMBO!! GRAB THAT ONE-EYED DOG AND TEAR HIM UP!
POPEYE, HE'S COMING AFTER YOU!!
I YAM READY
I'LL USE ME NEW CROUCH THE "DUCKSTOOP"
12-14
EGAR
TAKE HIM APART, LIMBO!!
BOP
HAW! HAW! HAW!
12-15
EGAR


HE DIDN'T LIKE ME SOCK IN HIS BREADBASKET- HE'S A WEAKLIN'
BETTER BRING HIM SOME SMELLIN'- SAUCE
LOOK OUT, POPEYE, HE'S GETTING UP!!
12-16
LEMME KNOW WHEN YA GETS TIRED, YA BLASTED SISSY, AN' I'LL GET UP AN' KNOCK THE LIVIN' DAYLIGHTS OUTTA YA'
-EGAR
SPLAT
WELL, THA'S THAT- ME OL' TWISKER SOCK WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM
12-17
CAP'N, YOU AN' YER MURDERERS GET ABOARD YER SHIP AN' SAIL FAR AWAY - AN' YA BETTER GET ANOTHER STRONG MAN — THE ONE YA GOT IS A SISSY
-EGAR
GET ABOARD YER SHIP AN' DON'T NEVER COME BACK!!
YOU RAT! WE'LL BE GLAD TO LEAVE - BUT YOU'LL STAY AND ROT AMONG YOUR OWN BROTHERS, THE GOONS
SAY, WIMPY WHAT'S HE MEAN?
HE MEANS THAT WE HAVE NO WAY OF GETTING OFF OF THIS ISLAND
!
WE'RE STUCK HERE FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES - SHIPS DON'T COME HERE EXCEP' MAYBE ONC'T IN A LIFE-TIME
THE WORST OF IT IS WE'LL DIE OF STARVATION - THE WORST DEATH OF ALL
12-18
-EGAR
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WHACK
LUNCH IS READY POPEYE
MY GORSH - A EEL - HOW'D YA CATCH HIM?
WE'LL USE THIS ROCK FOR A TABLE. HERE'S YOUR HALF
TASTES SWELL!! I YAM JUS' CRAZY ABOUT SEA-FOOD
THIS ISN'T SEA-FOOD IT WAS A LAND-GOING EEL
A LAND - GOING EEL??
YES - I KILLED HIM UP THERE IN THE WEEDS
12-20
VICIOUS LITTLE RASCAL, TOO HE STRUCK AT ME
POOEY - STUCK HERE ON THIS GOON ISLAND AN' NO CHANCE OF GETTIN' AWAY - AN' WIMPY IS CRAZY WITH HUNGER - HE'S GOT A APPRETITE LIKE A HORSH
GOONBURGER
KZOB
FOOD, POPEYE! FOOD! WE WON'T STARVE TO DEATH NOW!
!
TRYIN' TO KILL A POOR GOON TO SATISFY YER APPRETITE - YA THINK THA'S RIGHT?
WELL, SIR, I FIGURED LIKE THIS - THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF GOONS ON THIS ISLAND, BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE WIMPY
-EGAR
THE IDEAR - TRYIN' TO KILL A GOON FOR EATIN' PURPOSES AS I SAID BEFORE, THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF GOONS, BUT ONLY ONE WIMPY
WELL, THA'S AS IT SHOULD BE - JUS' SUSPOSE THEY WAS ONE GOON AN' THOUSANDS OF WIMPYS - THINK HOW ARFUL THAT WOULD BE
SIR, I DO NOT UNDERSTAND YOUR TYPE OF HUMOR
IF WE GET THE GOONS MAD AT US, IT'LL BE JUS' TOO BAD
YA GOT TO REMEMBER THAT WE'LL BE ON THIS ISLAND THE REST OF OUR LIVES
THAT'S RIGHT, JEEP, KEEP POINTING TOWARD WHERE POPEYE IS
JEEP, JEEP
-EGAR
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OH, MY GORSH!! A GOON COP!!
I KNOW'D YA'D GET US IN TROUBLE WITH YER BLASTED APPRETITE -
OKAY, ORFICER. WE'LL GO WITCHA
AW, PIPE DOWN!
EGAR
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VISION
IN OTHER WORDS, TAKE OFF YOUR HAT !!!
EGAR
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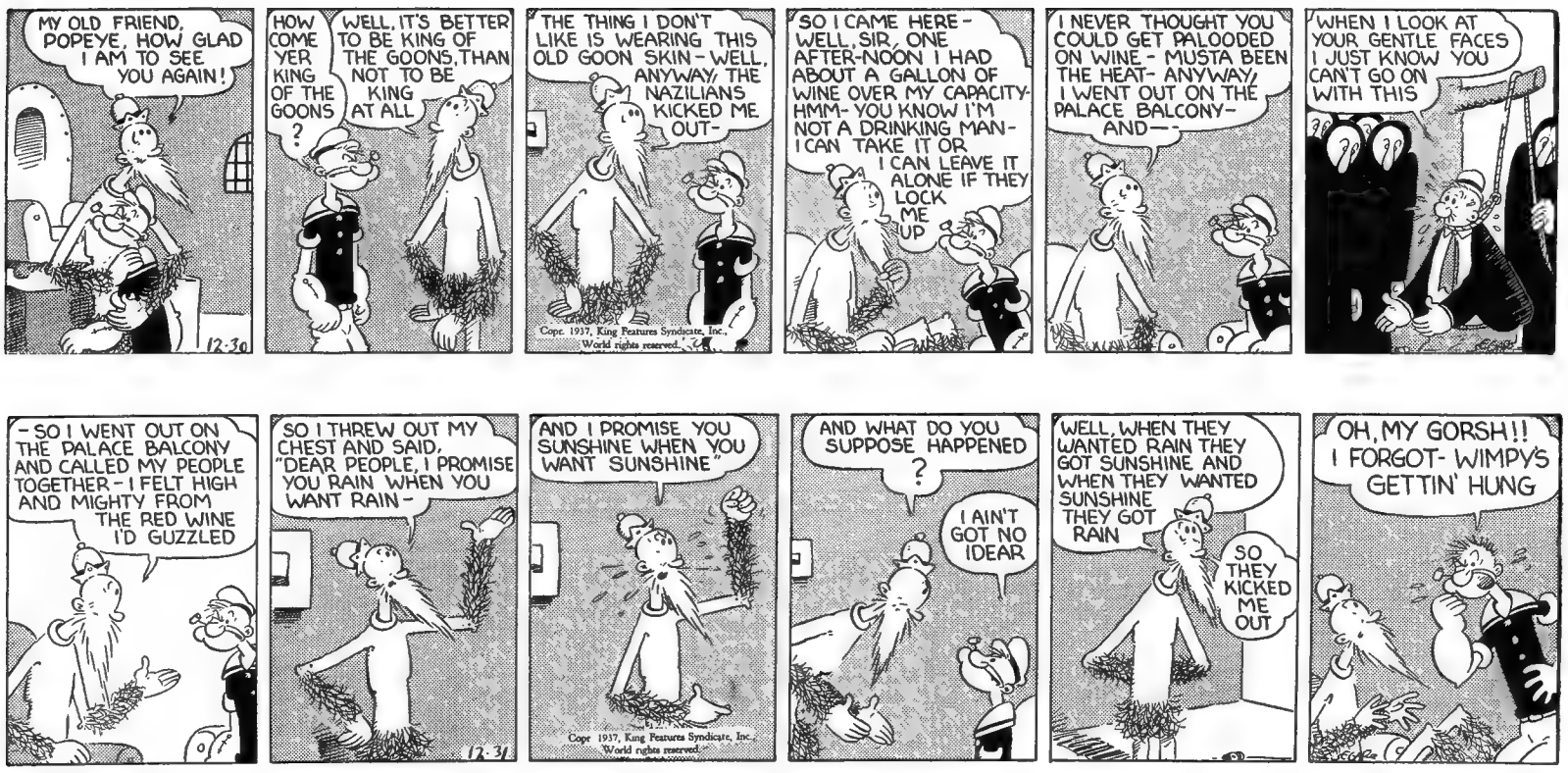

WELL, HERE WE ARE IN A GOON JAIL
THE JUDGE BEIN' ABLE TO SPEAK ENGLISH SURE WAS A SUSPRIZE TO ME
HEY, WIMPY, THE GOON GUARD IS MOTIONIN' FOR YA TO FOLLOW HIM-
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WONER WHAT THEY WANTS WITH WIMPY?
EGAR

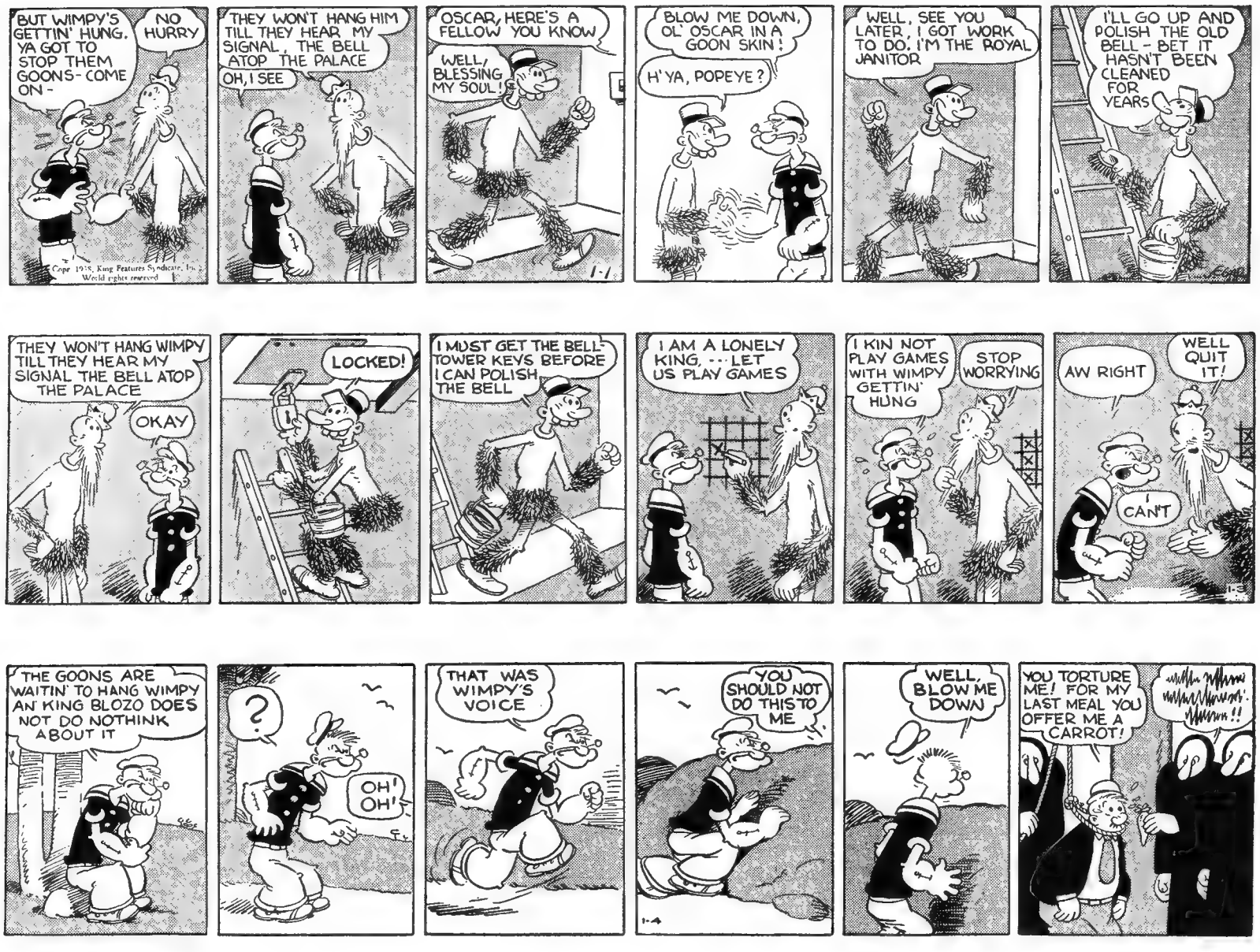

WONER WHAT THE GOON GUARD TOOK WIMPY OUT OF JAIL FOR?
OH!! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?
12·27
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
BUT LISTEN, GENTLEMEN! LISTEN - YOU HAVE THE WRONG PERSON. JONES IS MY NAME
I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS
EGAR
THEY CAN'T HANG WIMPY!
BLOW ME DOWN! I KIN NOT HANDLE THAT WILD MOB OF GOONS. I'LL HAVE TO GO SEE THE KING
12·28
MAYBE I KIN GET HIM TO STOP THE HANGIN'
I SEZ STEP ASIDE, I WANTS TO SEE THE KING
AHOY, KING OF THE GOONS, I GOT TO SPEAK WITCHA!
MY GORSH!! YOU!! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
EGAR
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, STOP! THINK WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO DO TO ME!
WORRY! WORRY! WORRY! I WISH I WAS A CLAM-DIGGER
AHOY, KING! IS IT REALLY YOU? YA OL' SWAB!
12·29
WHO HATH THE NERVE TO ENTER HERE AND SPEAK UNCOUTHLY TO I, KING OF ALL GOONDOM
POPEYE!!
KING BLOZO !!!
EGAR
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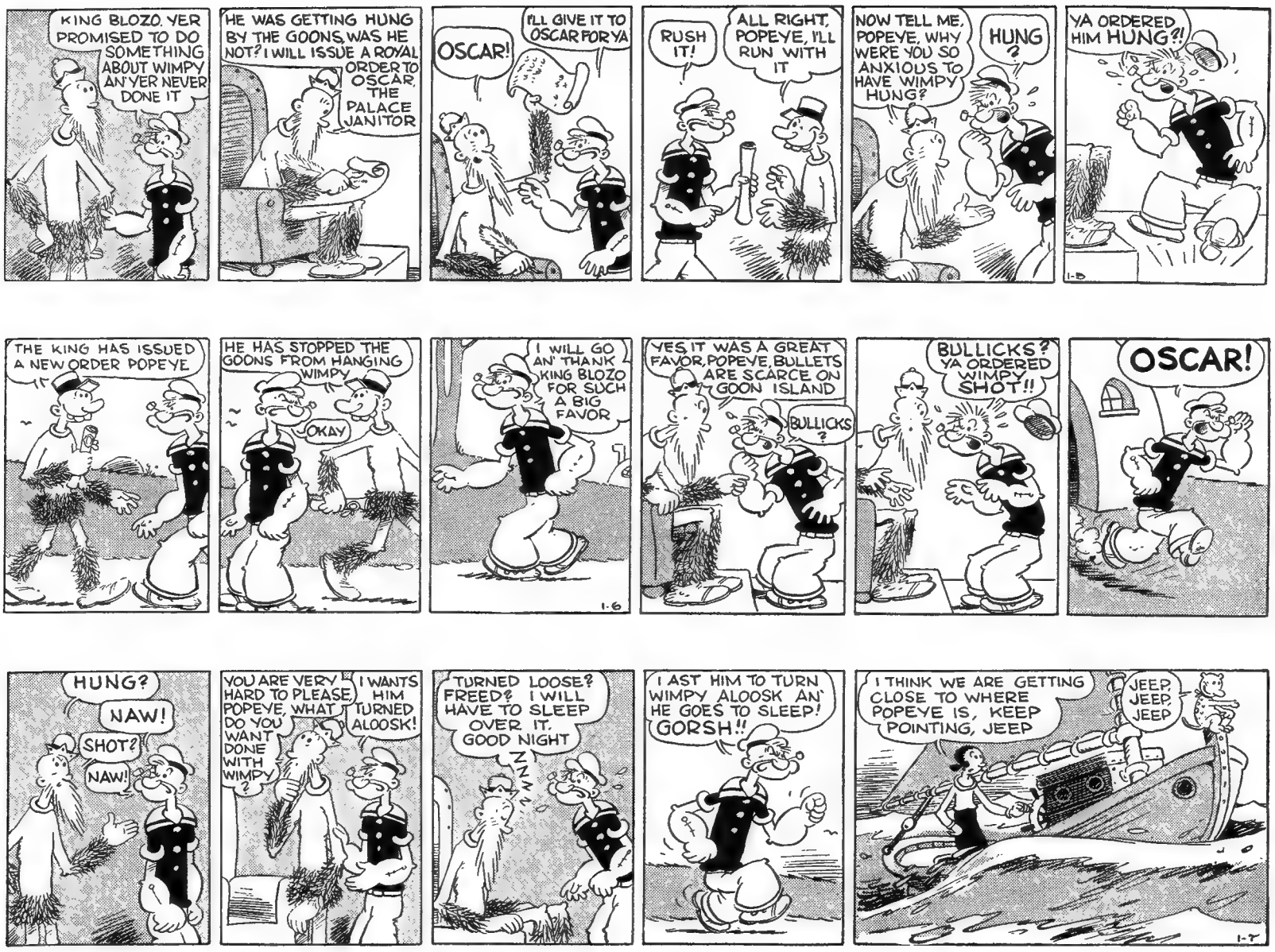


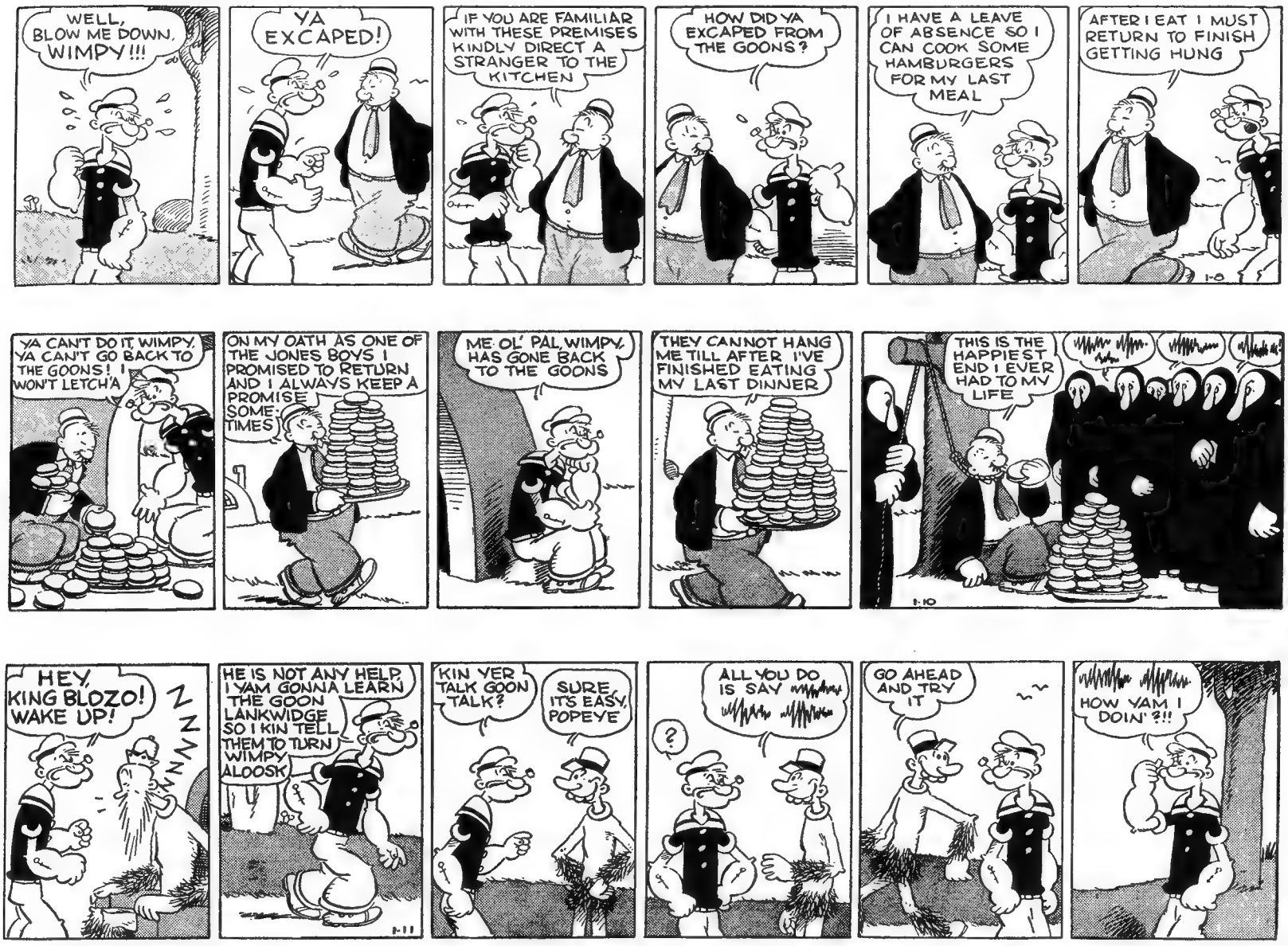
CHAPTER X:

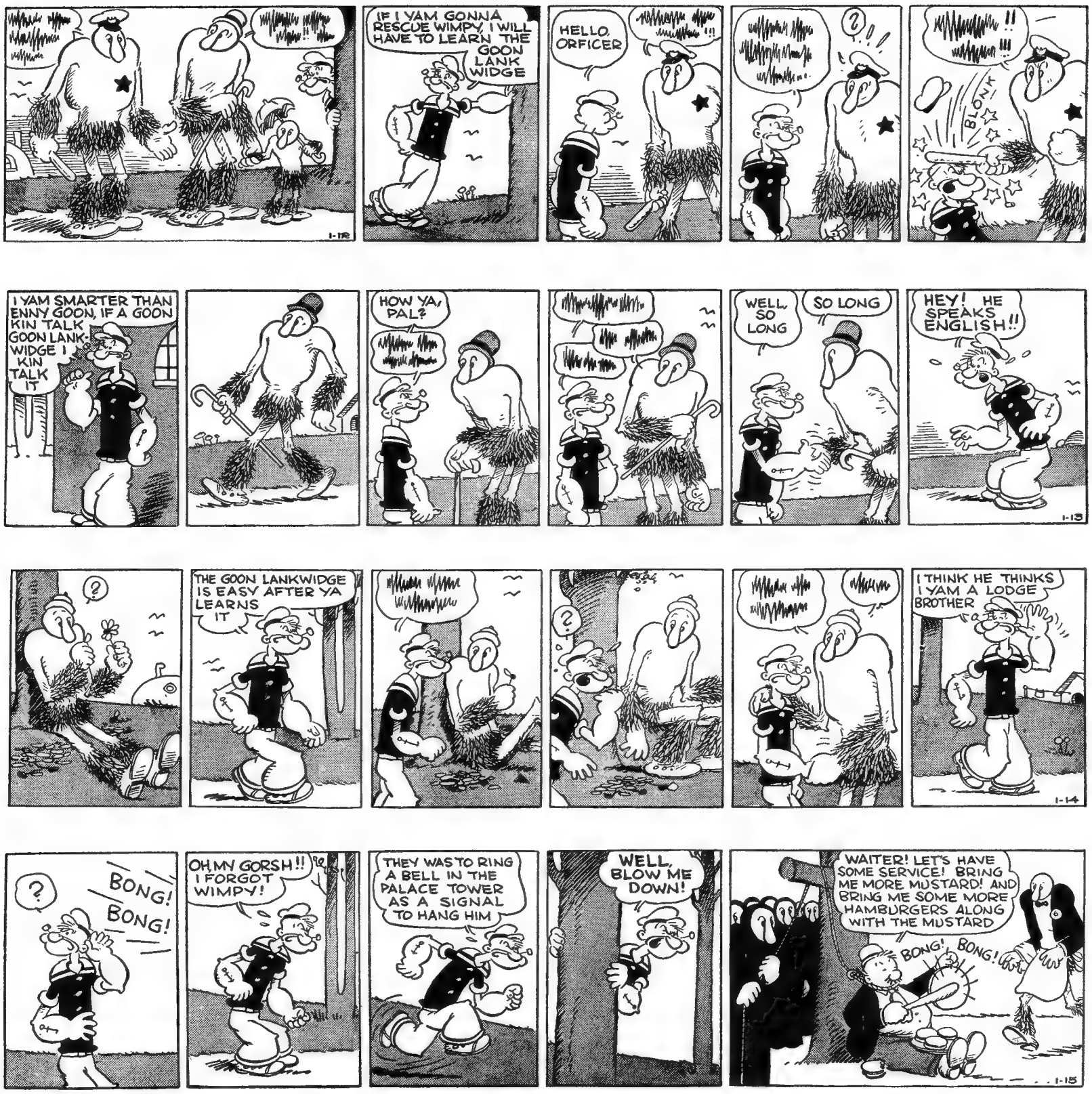
BRIDE OF GEORGE

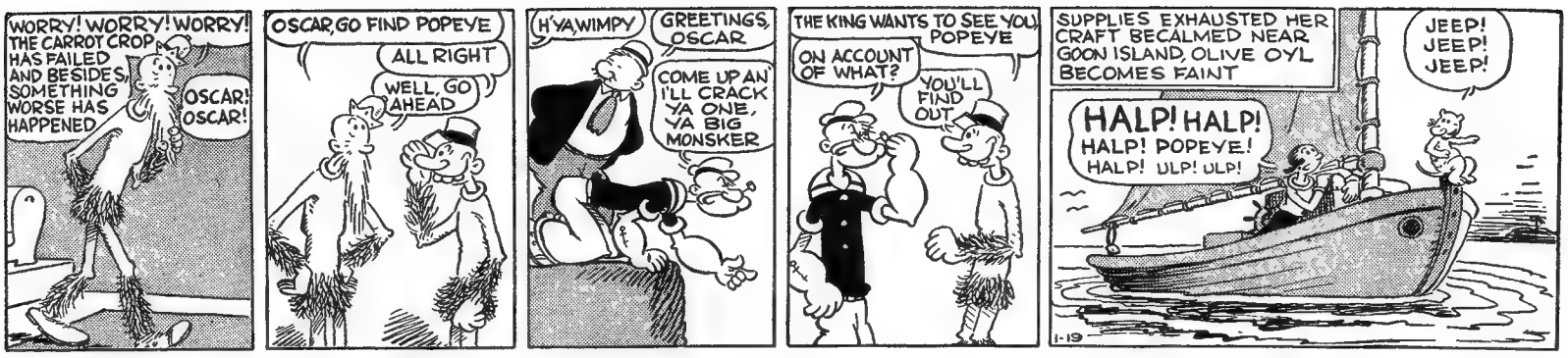




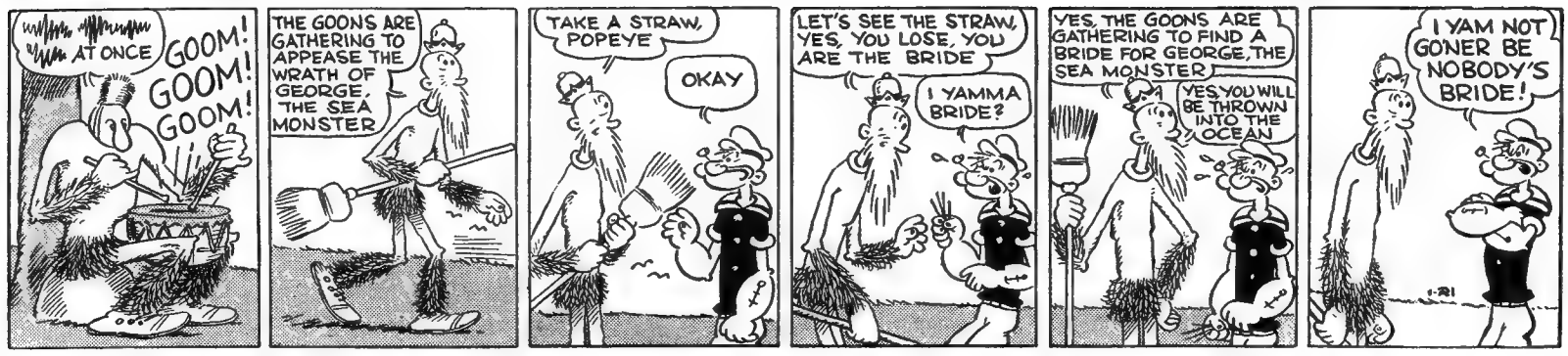

KING BLOZO, YER PROMISED TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT WIMPY AN'YER NEVER DONE IT
HE WAS GETTING HUNG BY THE GOONS, WAS HE NOT? I WILL ISSUE A ROYAL ORDER TO OSCAR, THE PALACE JANITOR
OSCAR!
I'LL GIVE IT TO OSCAR FOR YA
RUSH IT!
ALL RIGHT, POPEYE, I'LL RUN WITH IT
NOW TELL ME, POPEYE, WHY WERE YOU SO ANXIOUS TO HAVE WIMPY HUNG?
HUNG ?
YA ORDERED HIM HUNG?!
1-5
THE KING HAS ISSUED A NEW ORDER POPEYE
HE HAS STOPPED THE GOONS FROM HANGING WIMPY
OKAY
I WILL GO AN' THANK KING BLOZO FOR SUCH A BIG FAVOR
1-6
YES, IT WAS A GREAT FAVOR, POPEYE, BULLETS ARE SCARCE ON GOON ISLAND
BULLICKS ?
BULLICKS? YA ORDERED WIMPY SHOT!!
OSCAR!
HUNG?
NAW!
SHOT?
NAW!
YOU ARE VERY HARD TO PLEASE POPEYE, WHAT DO YOU WANT DONE WITH WIMPY ?
I WANTS HIM TURNED ALOOSK!
TURNED LOOSE? FREED? I WILL HAVE TO SLEEP OVER IT. GOOD NIGHT
ZZZ
I AST HIM TO TURN WIMPY ALOOSK AN' HE GOES TO SLEEP! GORSH!!
I THINK WE ARE GETTING CLOSE TO WHERE POPEYE IS, KEEP POINTING, JEEP
JEEP, JEEP, JEEP
1-7


WELL, BLOW ME DOWN, WIMPY!!!
YA EXCAPED!
IF YOU ARE FAMILIAR WITH THESE PREMISES KINDLY DIRECT A STRANGER TO THE KITCHEN
HOW DID YA EXCAPED FROM THE GOONS?
I HAVE A LEAVE OF ABSENCE SO I CAN COOK SOME HAMBURGERS FOR MY LAST MEAL
AFTER I EAT I MUST RETURN TO FINISH GETTING HUNG
1-8
YA CAN'T DO IT WIMPY, YA CAN'T GO BACK TO THE GOONS! I WON'T LETCH'A
ON MY OATH AS ONE OF THE JONES BOYS I PROMISED TO RETURN AND I ALWAYS KEEP A PROMISE SOMETIMES
ME OL' PAL, WIMPY, HAS GONE BACK TO THE GOONS
THEY CANNOT HANG ME TILL AFTER I'VE FINISHED EATING MY LAST DINNER
THIS IS THE HAPPIEST END I EVER HAD TO MY LIFE
1-10
HEY, KING BLOZO! WAKE UP!
ZZZZZ
HE IS NOT ANY HELP, I YAM GONNA LEARN THE GOON LANKWIDGE SO I KIN TELL THEM TO TURN WIMPY ALOOSK
1-11
KIN YER TALK GOON TALK?
SURE, IT'S EASY, POPEYE
?
ALL YOU DO IS SAY
GO AHEAD AND TRY IT
HOW YAM I DOIN'?!!

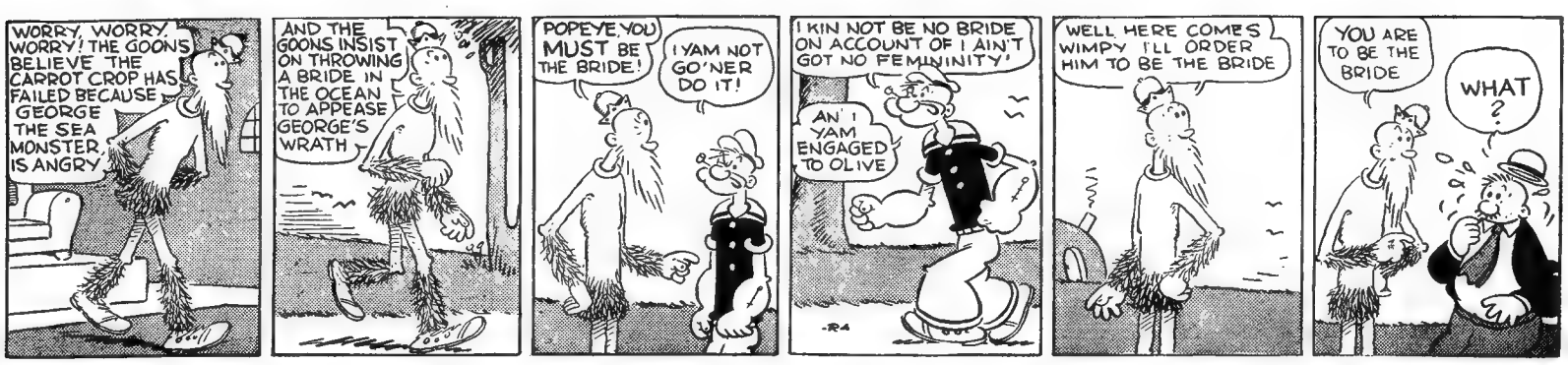

1-12
IF I YAM GONNA RESCUE WIMPY, I WILL HAVE TO LEARN THE GOON LANK WIDGE
HELLO, ORFICER
?
BLONK
I YAM SMARTER THAN ENNY GOON, IF A GOON KIN TALK GOON LANK-WIDGE I KIN TALK IT
HOW YA, PAL?
WELL, SO LONG
SO LONG
HEY! HE SPEAKS ENGLISH!!
1-13
?
THE GOON LANKWIDGE IS EASY AFTER YA LEARNS IT
?
I THINK HE THINKS I YAM A LODGE BROTHER
1-14
?
BONG!
BONG!
OH, MY GORSH!! I FORGOT WIMPY!
THEY WAS TO RING A BELL IN THE PALACE TOWER AS A SIGNAL TO HANG HIM
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
WAITER! LET'S HAVE SOME SERVICE! BRING ME MORE MUSTARD! AND BRING ME SOME MORE HAMBURGERS ALONG WITH THE MUSTARD
BONG!
BONG!
1-15
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN IT'S THE GOONS THAT WAS HANGIN' ME OL' PAL WIMPY
WIMPY, WHAT WAS THE GOONS ASKEERED OF?
I DO NOT KNOW
I DID NOT WISH TO DELAY THEM BY ASKING QUESTIONS
OH, MY GORSH!
A BIG MONSKER
WILL YOU KINDLY TAKE MY PLACE WHILE I JOIN MY FRIENDS, THE GOONS?
?
1-17
AW, RATS!
AH-WOO-OO
?
?
THAT'LL LEARN YA TO INSULK PEOPLE
SPLASH
1-18


WORRY! WORRY! WORRY! THE CARROT CROP HAS FAILED AND BESIDES, SOMETHING WORSE HAS HAPPENED
OSCAR! OSCAR!
OSCAR, GO FIND POPEYE
ALL RIGHT
WELL, GO AHEAD
H'YA, WIMPY
GREETINGS, OSCAR
COME UP AN' I'LL CRACK YA ONE, YA BIG MONSKER
THE KING WANTS TO SEE YOU, POPEYE
ON ACCOUNT OF WHAT?
YOU'LL FIND OUT
SUPPLIES EXHAUSTED HER CRAFT BECALMED NEAR GOON ISLAND, OLIVE OYL BECOMES FAINT
JEEP! JEEP! JEEP!
HALP! HALP! HALP! POPEYE! HALP! ULP! ULP!
1-19

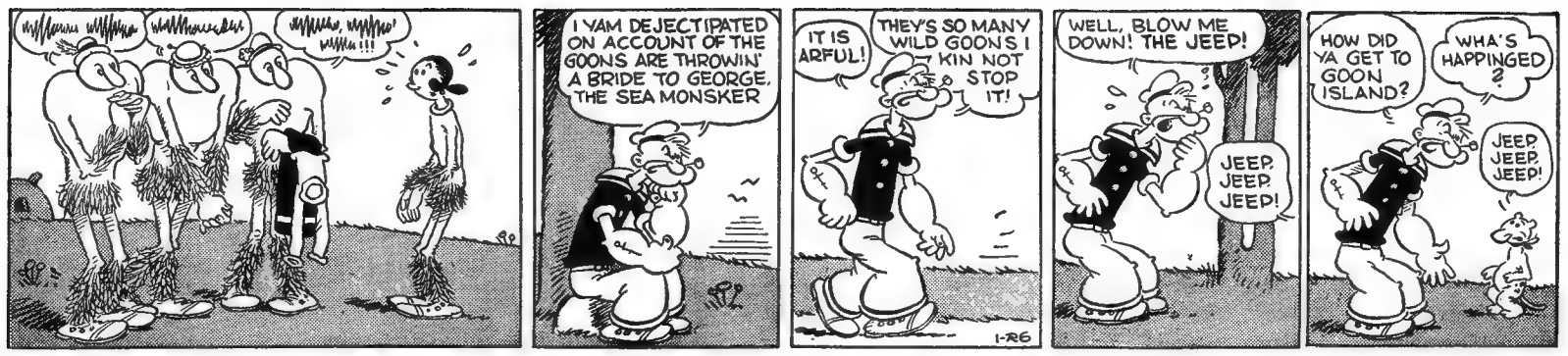

WORRY! WORRY! WORRY!
AHOY, KING! YA SENT FOR ME?
YES, I HAVE A STORY TO TELL YOU, IT SEEMS THE GOONS LIKE CARROTS AND THEIR CARROT CROP HAS FAILED
THE GOONS BELIEVE THEIR CARROT CROP HAS FAILED BECAUSE GEORGE, THE SEA MONSTER, IS ANGRY
GEORGE, THE SEA MONSKER?
YES, GEORGE, THE SEA MONSTER
IF GEORGE WASN'T ANGRY, HE IS NOW, POPEYE THREW A VERY LARGE STONE AT HIM
YOU THREW A STONE AT GEORGE?
YAS, I DONE IT
OH, MY, THIS IS TERRIBLE!

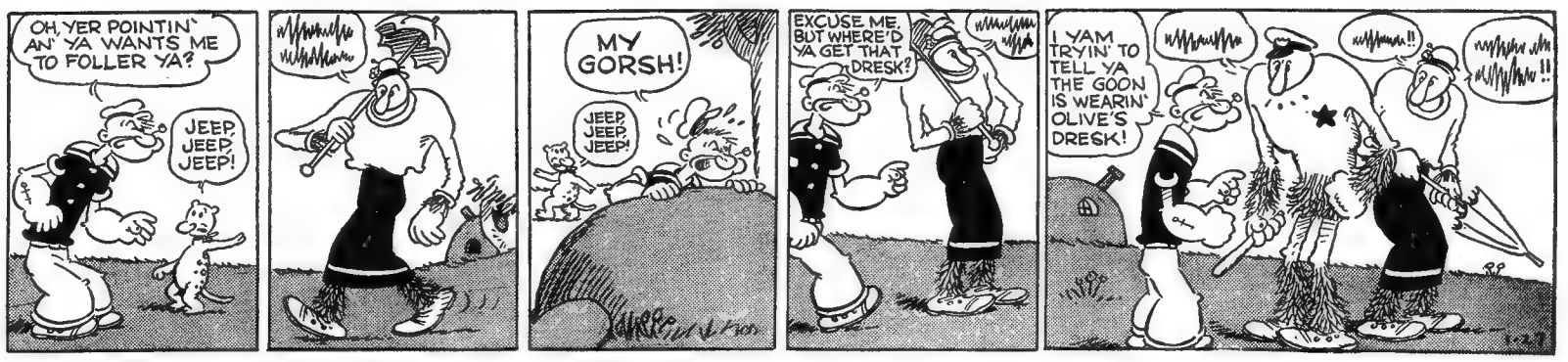

AT ONCE
GOOM! GOOM! GOOM!
THE GOONS ARE GATHERING TO APPEASE THE WRATH OF GEORGE, THE SEA MONSTER
TAKE A STRAW, POPEYE
OKAY
LET'S SEE THE STRAW, YES, YOU LOSE, YOU ARE THE BRIDE
I YAMMA BRIDE?
YES, THE GOONS ARE GATHERING TO FIND A BRIDE FOR GEORGE, THE SEA MONSTER
YES, YOU WILL BE THROWN INTO THE OCEAN
I YAM NOT GONER BE NOBODY'S BRIDE!
1-21


I YAM NOT GO'NER BE NOBODY'S BRIDE
YOU ARE MOST UNREASONABLE, POPEYE
IT WAS YOU, MY FRIEND, WHO TOSSED THE STONE WHICH MADE GEORGE, THE SEA MONSTER, ANGRY
YAS, ME
I YAM NOT GO'NER BE NO BRIDE OF GEORGE, THE SEA MONSKER
SOMEONE MUST BE THE BRIDE
THE BRIDE
GEORGE, THE SEA MONSTER
JEEP, JEEP, JEEP
1-22


WORRY, WORRY, WORRY! THE GOONS BELIEVE THE CARROT CROP HAS FAILED BECAUSE GEORGE THE SEA MONSTER, IS ANGRY
AND THE GOONS INSIST ON THROWING A BRIDE IN THE OCEAN TO APPEASE GEORGE'S WRATH
POPEYE, YOU MUST BE THE BRIDE!
I YAM NOT GO'NER DO IT!
I KIN NOT BE NO BRIDE ON ACCOUNT OF I AIN'T GOT NO FEMININITY!
AN' I YAM ENGAGED TO OLIVE
WELL HERE COMES WIMPY I'LL ORDER HIM TO BE THE BRIDE
YOU ARE TO BE THE BRIDE
WHAT?

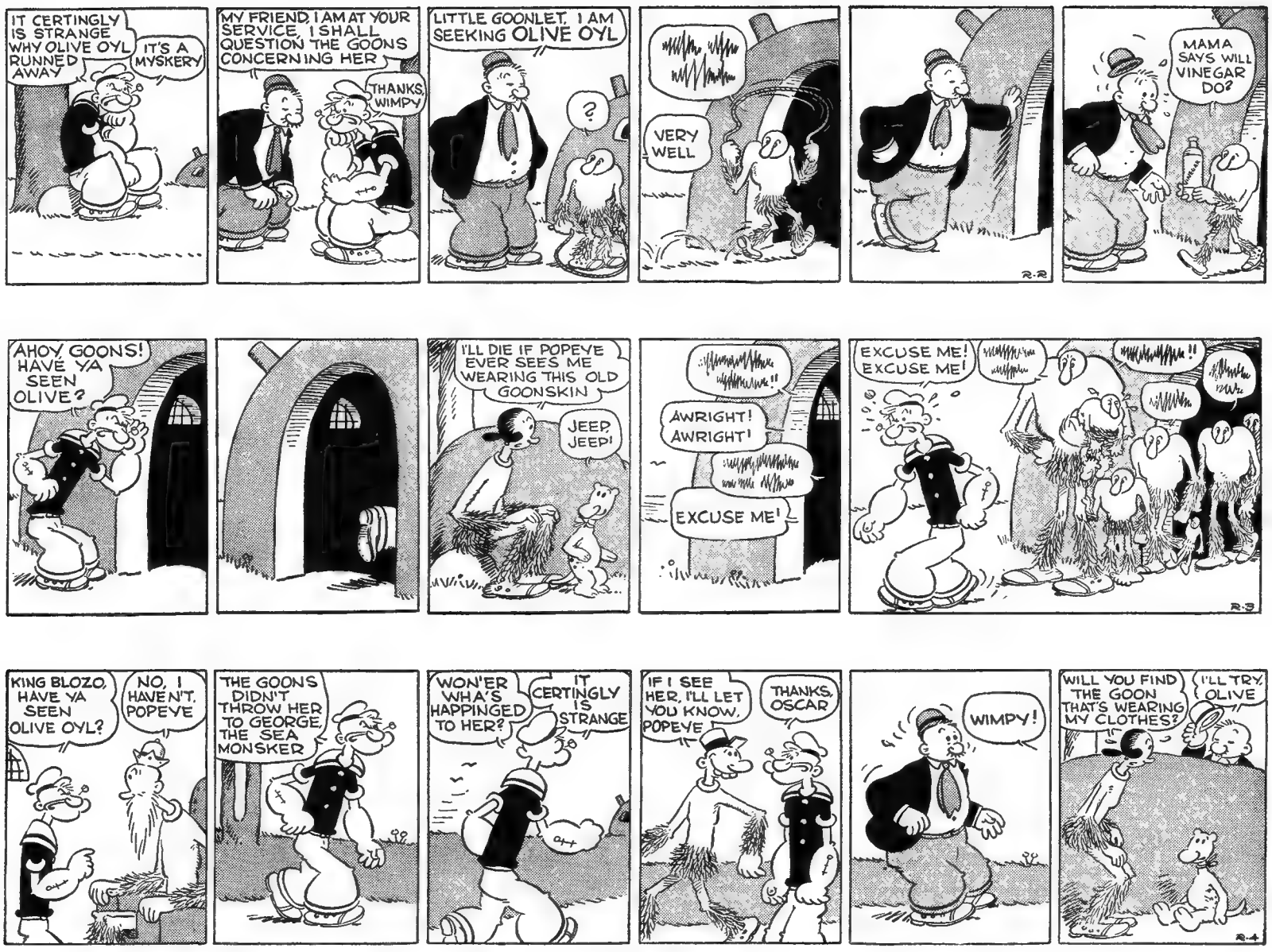

AHOY WIMPY, ARE YA GO'NER BE THE BRIDE OF GEORGE, THE SEA MONSKER?
MOST DECIDEDLY NOT, MY FRIEND, I REFUSED MOST FIRMLY
WHA'S KING BLOZO GO'NER DO FOR A BRIDE?
THE GOONS HAVE MADE THEIR CHOICE
THA'S FINE! WO'NER WHO THE GOONS PICKED?
?
?!!
IN OTHER WORDS, PUT ON THE GOON SKIN, YOU ARE TO BE THE BRIDE OF GEORGE, THE SEA MONSTER
1-25



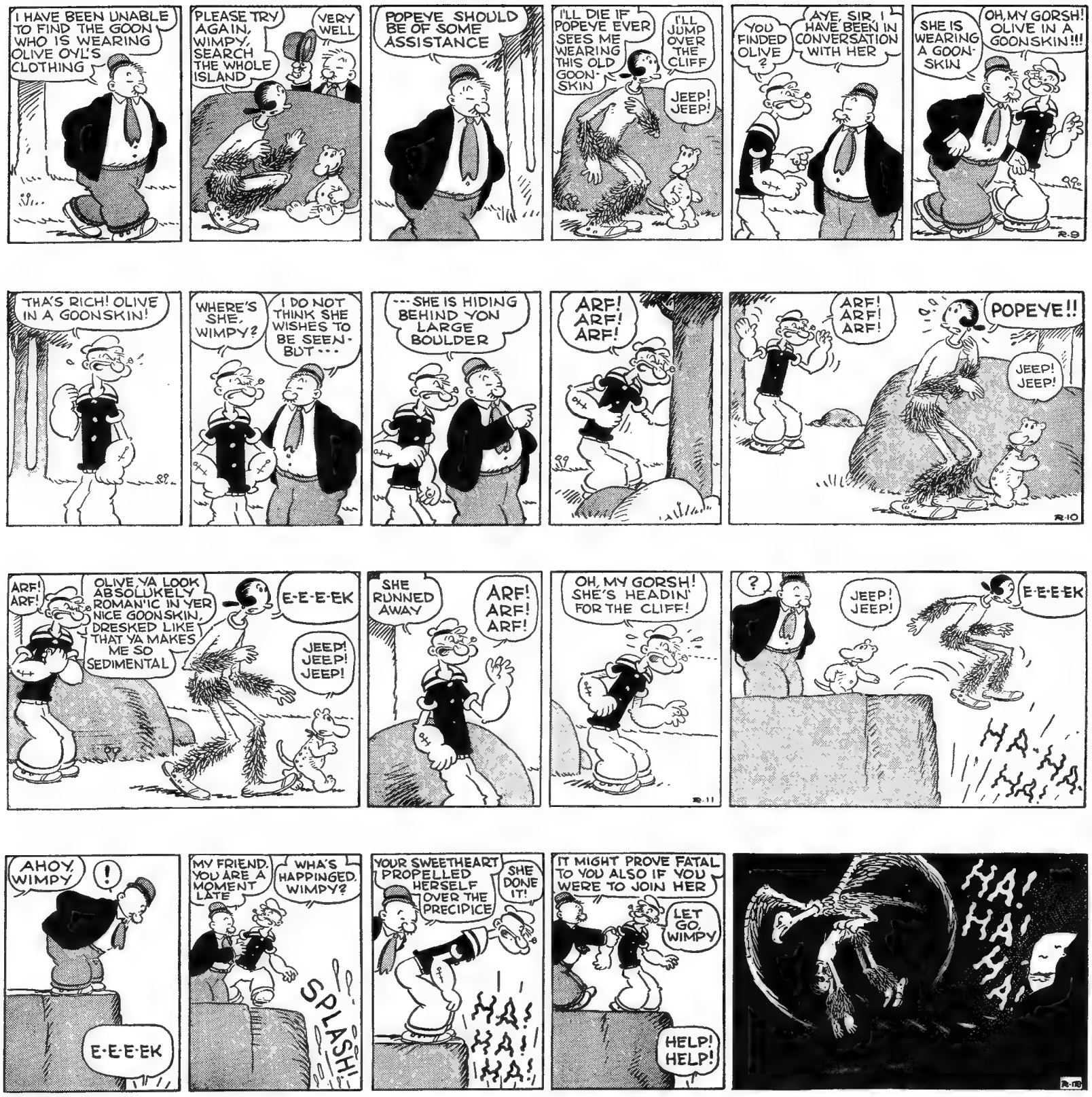


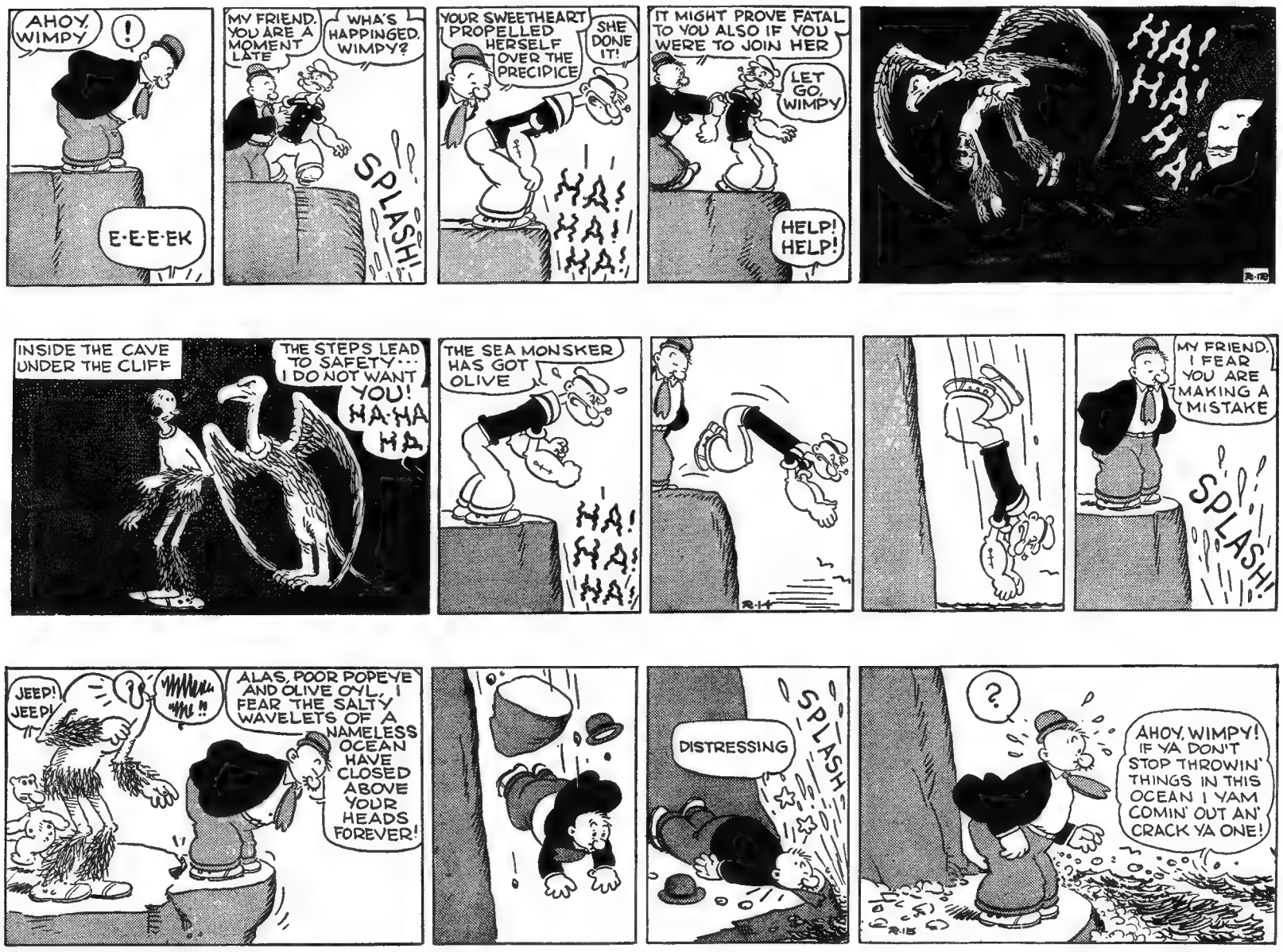


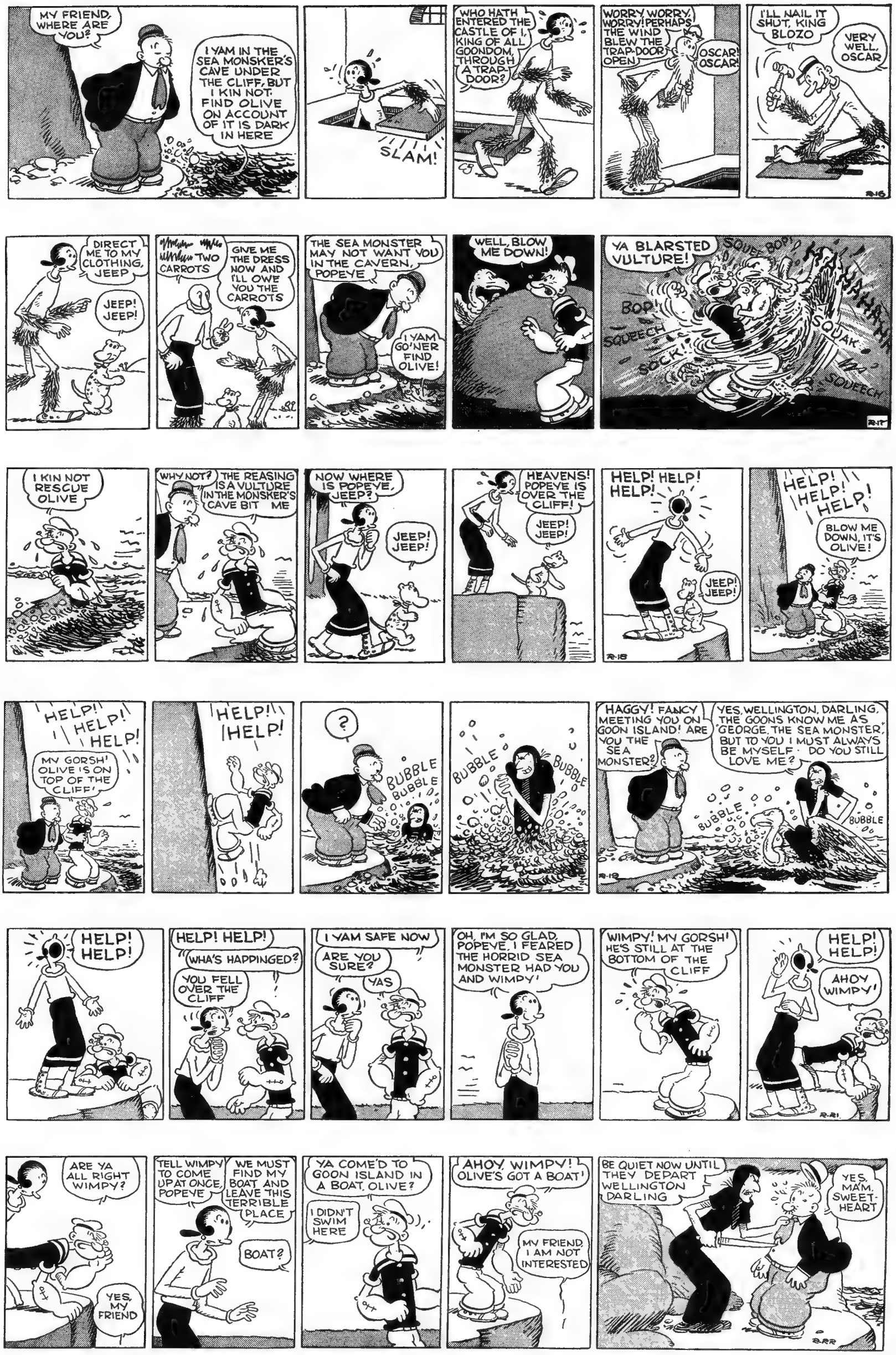

GOOM GOOM GOOM
GOOM GOOM GOOM
WELL, THE GOONS ARE THROWING OLIVE TO GEORGE
!
NOBODY AIN'T GO'NER THROW OLIVE TO NOBODY!
BRIDE OF GEORGE, THE SEA MONSTER!
E-E-E-EK! POPEYE! POPEYE! SAVE ME!
AH-H-H-H

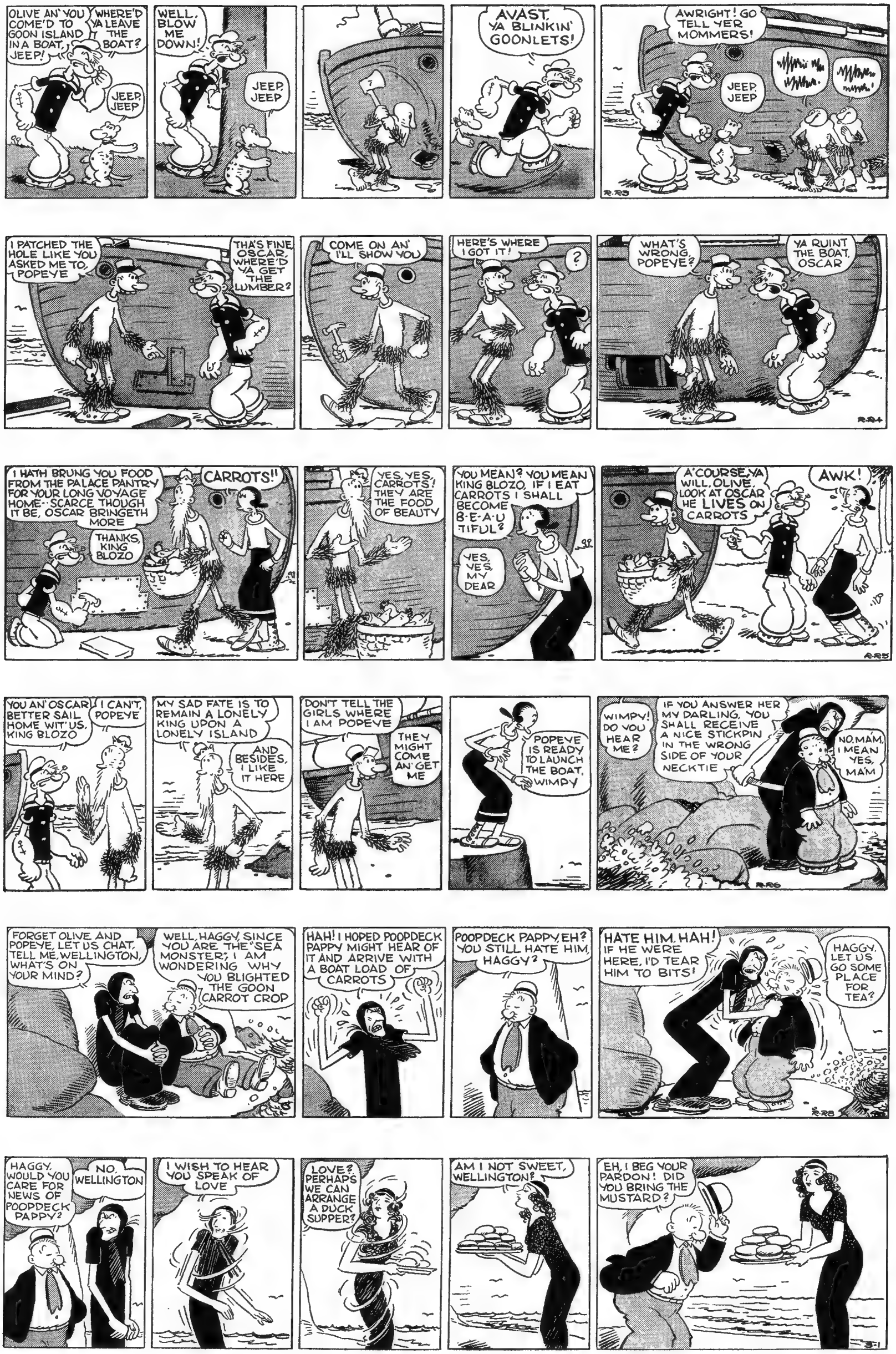

IT CERTINGLY IS STRANGE WHY OLIVE OYL RUNNED AWAY
IT'S A MYSKERY
MY FRIEND, I AM AT YOUR SERVICE, I SHALL QUESTION THE GOONS CONCERNING HER
THANKS, WIMPY
LITTLE GOONLET, I AM SEEKING OLIVE OYL
?
VERY WELL
MAMA SAYS WILL VINEGAR DO?
AHOY, GOONS! HAVE YA SEEN OLIVE?
I'LL DIE IF POPEYE EVER SEES ME WEARING THIS OLD GOONSKIN
JEEP, JEEP!
AWRIGHT! AWRIGHT!
EXCUSE ME!
EXCUSE ME! EXCUSE ME!
KING BLOZO, HAVE YA SEEN OLIVE OYL?
NO, I HAVEN'T, POPEYE
THE GOONS DIDN'T THROW HER TO GEORGE, THE SEA MONSKER
WON'ER WHA'S HAPPINGED TO HER?
IT CERTINGLY IS STRANGE
IF I SEE HER, I'LL LET YOU KNOW, POPEYE
THANKS, OSCAR
WIMPY!
WILL YOU FIND THE GOON THAT'S WEARING MY CLOTHES?
I'LL TRY, OLIVE


I YAM GO'NER ASK GEORGE, THE SEA MONSKER
AH-WOO-OO-O
AHOY, GEORGE!
?
HAVE YA SEEN OLIVE OYL?
NO, POPEYE
BLOW ME DOWN!
GEORGE, THE SEA MONSKER KNOWS ME!
POPEYE! HA! HA! HA!
YAS, I YAM POPEYE
HA! HA! HA!
POPEYE! HA! HA! HA!
WHA'S S'A @☆!? FUNNY, YA BLARSTED SEA MONSKER?
HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! POPEYE!
I KIN NOT UN'ERSTAND HOW GEORGE, THE SEA MONSKER, KNOWS WHO I YAM
HA! HA! HA!
ORFICER, DIDJA EVER SEE GEORGE, THE MONSKER?
YES
WHA'S GEORGE LOOK LIKE, ORFICER?
YEAH?
YEAH?
I YAM FLABBERGASKET, I DIDN'T HAVE NO IDEAR SEA MONSKERS WAS S'A ARFUL


I HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO FIND THE GOON WHO IS WEARING OLIVE OYL'S CLOTHING
PLEASE TRY AGAIN, WIMPY, SEARCH THE WHOLE ISLAND
VERY WELL
POPEYE SHOULD BE OF SOME ASSISTANCE
I'LL DIE IF POPEYE EVER SEES ME WEARING THIS OLD GOON-SKIN
I'LL JUMP OVER THE CLIFF
JEEP! JEEP!
YOU FINDED OLIVE ?
AYE, SIR, I HAVE BEEN IN CONVERSATION WITH HER
SHE IS WEARING A GOON-SKIN
OH, MY GORSH! OLIVE IN A GOONSKIN!!!
THA'S RICH! OLIVE IN A GOONSKIN!
WHERE'S SHE, WIMPY?
I DO NOT THINK SHE WISHES TO BE SEEN- BUT ···
··· SHE IS HIDING BEHIND YON LARGE BOULDER
ARF! ARF! ARF!
ARF! ARF! ARF!
POPEYE!!
JEEP! JEEP!
ARF! ARF!
OLIVE, YA LOOK ABSOLUKELY ROMAN'IC IN YER NICE GOONSKIN, DRESKED LIKE THAT YA MAKES ME SO SEDIMENTAL
E-E-E-EK
JEEP! JEEP! JEEP!
SHE RUNNED AWAY
ARF! ARF! ARF!
OH, MY GORSH! SHE'S HEADIN' FOR THE CLIFF!
?
JEEP! JEEP!
E-E-E-EK


AHOY, WIMPY
!
E-E-E-EK
MY FRIEND. YOU ARE A MOMENT LATE
WHA'S HAPPINGED, WIMPY?
SPLASH!
YOUR SWEETHEART PROPELLED HERSELF OVER THE PRECIPICE
SHE DONE IT!
HA! HA! HA!
IT MIGHT PROVE FATAL TO YOU ALSO IF YOU WERE TO JOIN HER
LET GO, WIMPY
HELP! HELP!
HA! HA! HA!
INSIDE THE CAVE UNDER THE CLIFF
THE STEPS LEAD TO SAFETY··· I DO NOT WANT YOU! HA-HA HA
THE SEA MONSKER HAS GOT OLIVE
HA! HA! HA!
MY FRIEND. I FEAR YOU ARE MAKING A MISTAKE
SPLASH!
JEEP! JEEP!
?
ALAS, POOR POPEYE AND OLIVE OYL. I FEAR THE SALTY WAVELETS OF A NAMELESS OCEAN HAVE CLOSED ABOVE YOUR HEADS FOREVER!
DISTRESSING
SPLASH
?
AHOY, WIMPY! IF YA DON'T STOP THROWIN' THINGS IN THIS OCEAN I YAM COMIN' OUT AN' CRACK YA ONE!


MY FRIEND, WHERE ARE YOU?
I YAM IN THE SEA MONSKER'S CAVE UNDER THE CLIFF, BUT I KIN NOT FIND OLIVE ON ACCOUNT OF IT IS DARK IN HERE
SLAM!
WHO HATH ENTERED THE CASTLE OF I, KING OF ALL GOONDOM, THROUGH A TRAP-DOOR?
WORRY, WORRY, WORRY! PERHAPS THE WIND BLEW THE TRAP-DOOR OPEN
OSCAR! OSCAR!
I'LL NAIL IT SHUT, KING BLOZO
VERY WELL, OSCAR
DIRECT ME TO MY CLOTHING, JEEP
JEEP! JEEP!
TWO CARROTS
GIVE ME THE DRESS NOW AND I'LL OWE YOU THE CARROTS
THE SEA MONSTER MAY NOT WANT YOU IN THE CAVERN, POPEYE
I YAM GO'NER FIND OLIVE!
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
YA BLARSTED VULTURE!
SQUEE-BOP!
BOP!
SQUEECH
SOCK!
SQUAK
SQUEECH
I KIN NOT RESCUE OLIVE
WHY NOT? THE REASING IS A VULTURE IN THE MONSKER'S CAVE BIT ME
NOW WHERE IS POPEYE, JEEP?
JEEP! JEEP!
HEAVENS! POPEYE IS OVER THE CLIFF!
JEEP! JEEP!
HELP! HELP! HELP!
JEEP! JEEP!
HELP! HELP! HELP!
BLOW ME DOWN, IT'S OLIVE!
HELP! HELP! HELP!
MY GORSH! OLIVE IS ON TOP OF THE CLIFF!
HELP! HELP!
?
BUBBLE BUBBLE
BUBBLE BUBBLE
HAGGY! FANCY MEETING YOU ON GOON ISLAND! ARE YOU THE SEA MONSTER?
YES, WELLINGTON, DARLING, THE GOONS KNOW ME AS 'GEORGE, THE SEA MONSTER,' BUT TO YOU I MUST ALWAYS BE MYSELF · DO YOU STILL LOVE ME?
BUBBLE BUBBLE BUBBLE
HELP! HELP!
HELP! HELP!
YOU FELL OVER THE CLIFF
I YAM SAFE NOW
ARE YOU SURE?
YAS
OH, I'M SO GLAD, POPEYE, I FEARED THE HORRID SEA MONSTER HAD YOU AND WIMPY!
WIMPY! MY GORSH! HE'S STILL AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CLIFF
HELP! HELP!
AHOY WIMPY!
ARE YA ALL RIGHT WIMPY?
YES, MY FRIEND
TELL WIMPY TO COME UP AT ONCE, POPEYE
WE MUST FIND MY BOAT AND LEAVE THIS TERRIBLE PLACE
BOAT?
YA COME'D TO GOON ISLAND IN A BOAT, OLIVE?
I DIDN'T SWIM HERE
AHOY, WIMPY! OLIVE'S GOT A BOAT!
MY FRIEND, I AM NOT INTERESTED
BE QUIET NOW UNTIL THEY DEPART WELLINGTON DARLING
YES, MA'M, SWEETHEART


OLIVE AN' YOU COME'D TO GOON ISLAND IN A BOAT, JEEP!
WHERE'D YA LEAVE THE BOAT?
JEEP, JEEP
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
JEEP, JEEP
AVAST, YA BLINKIN' GOONLETS!
AWRIGHT! GO TELL YER MOMMERS!
JEEP, JEEP
I PATCHED THE HOLE LIKE YOU ASKED ME TO, POPEYE
THA'S FINE, OSCAR, WHERE'D YA GET THE LUMBER?
COME ON AN' I'LL SHOW YOU
HERE'S WHERE I GOT IT!
?
WHAT'S WRONG, POPEYE?
YA RUINT THE BOAT, OSCAR
I HATH BRUNG YOU FOOD FROM THE PALACE PANTRY FOR YOUR LONG VOYAGE HOME··SCARCE THOUGH IT BE, OSCAR BRINGETH MORE
CARROTS!!
THANKS, KING BLOZO
YES, YES, CARROTS! THEY ARE THE FOOD OF BEAUTY
YOU MEAN? YOU MEAN KING BLOZO, IF I EAT CARROTS I SHALL BECOME B-E-A-U-TIFUL?
YES, YES, MY DEAR
A'COURSE, YA WILL, OLIVE. LOOK AT OSCAR HE LIVES ON CARROTS
AWK!
YOU AN' OSCAR BETTER SAIL HOME WIT' US, KING BLOZO
I CAN'T, POPEYE
MY SAD FATE IS TO REMAIN A LONELY KING UPON A LONELY ISLAND
AND BESIDES, I LIKE IT HERE
DON'T TELL THE GIRLS WHERE I AM POPEYE
THEY MIGHT COME AN' GET ME
POPEYE IS READY TO LAUNCH THE BOAT, WIMPY
WIMPY! DO YOU HEAR ME?
IF YOU ANSWER HER MY DARLING, YOU SHALL RECEIVE A NICE STICKPIN IN THE WRONG SIDE OF YOUR NECKTIE
NO, MA'M, I MEAN YES, MA'M
FORGET OLIVE AND POPEYE, LET US CHAT, TELL ME, WELLINGTON, WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?
WELL, HAGGY, SINCE YOU ARE THE "SEA MONSTER," I AM WONDERING WHY YOU BLIGHTED THE GOON CARROT CROP
HAH! I HOPED POOPDECK PAPPY MIGHT HEAR OF IT AND ARRIVE WITH A BOAT LOAD OF CARROTS
POOPDECK PAPPY, EH? YOU STILL HATE HIM, HAGGY?
HATE HIM, HAH! IF HE WERE HERE, I'D TEAR HIM TO BITS!
HAGGY, LET US GO SOME PLACE FOR TEA?
HAGGY, WOULD YOU CARE FOR NEWS OF POOPDECK PAPPY?
NO, WELLINGTON
I WISH TO HEAR YOU SPEAK OF LOVE
LOVE? PERHAPS WE CAN ARRANGE A DUCK SUPPER?
AM I NOT SWEET, WELLINGTON?
EH, I BEG YOUR PARDON! DID YOU BRING THE MUSTARD?

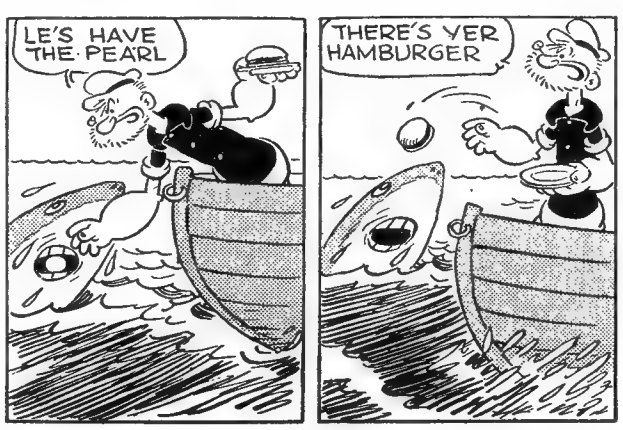


In late 1937, in the middle of the "Valley of the Goons" adventure, E.C. Segar fell seriously ill with leukemia. He was forced to relinquish his duties on *Thimble Theatre/Popeye* for a number of months which he spent in the hospital, during which time his assistant, Doc Winner, handled the strip.

Since Segar's signature stopped appearing on the strip after the January 1, 1938 episode, one could reasonably conjecture that this is where his involvement ended — although it's possible that his signature had kept appearing a few weeks after he stopped working on the strip (or conversely, albeit less likely, that he was still doing at least some work on it even after he stopped signing it).

While we are printing the entire "Valley of the Goons" strip all the way to its conclusion, including the all-Winner wrap-up, we have chosen to skip the next story, "Hamburger Sharks and Sea Spinach," a 100% Winner storyline that ran from March 7 to May 21 during Segar's enforced sabbatical, and is quite frankly not (his replacement's surname notwithstanding) up to Segar's standards.

On May 23, almost six months after he had last signed a *Popeye* strip, a seemingly reinvigorated Segar launched what would be his final story, "King Swee'Pea," with his trademark "seegar" signature back in evidence. Alas, it only took three months for Segar to be once again interrupted by health issues, which would soon prove fatal: The August 27 strip carries the final Segar signature, and Segar died on October 13. "King Swee'Pea" blundered on rather interminably under Winner's hand (all told, it runs over half a year), but rather than end on this weaker note, we have chosen to stop the reprints with Segar's final strip — followed by a summary of subsequent events.

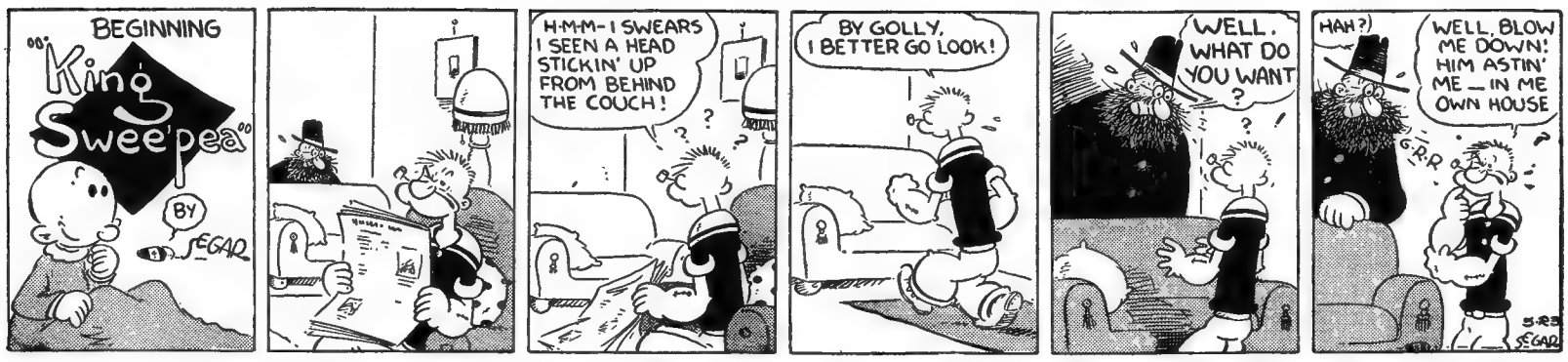


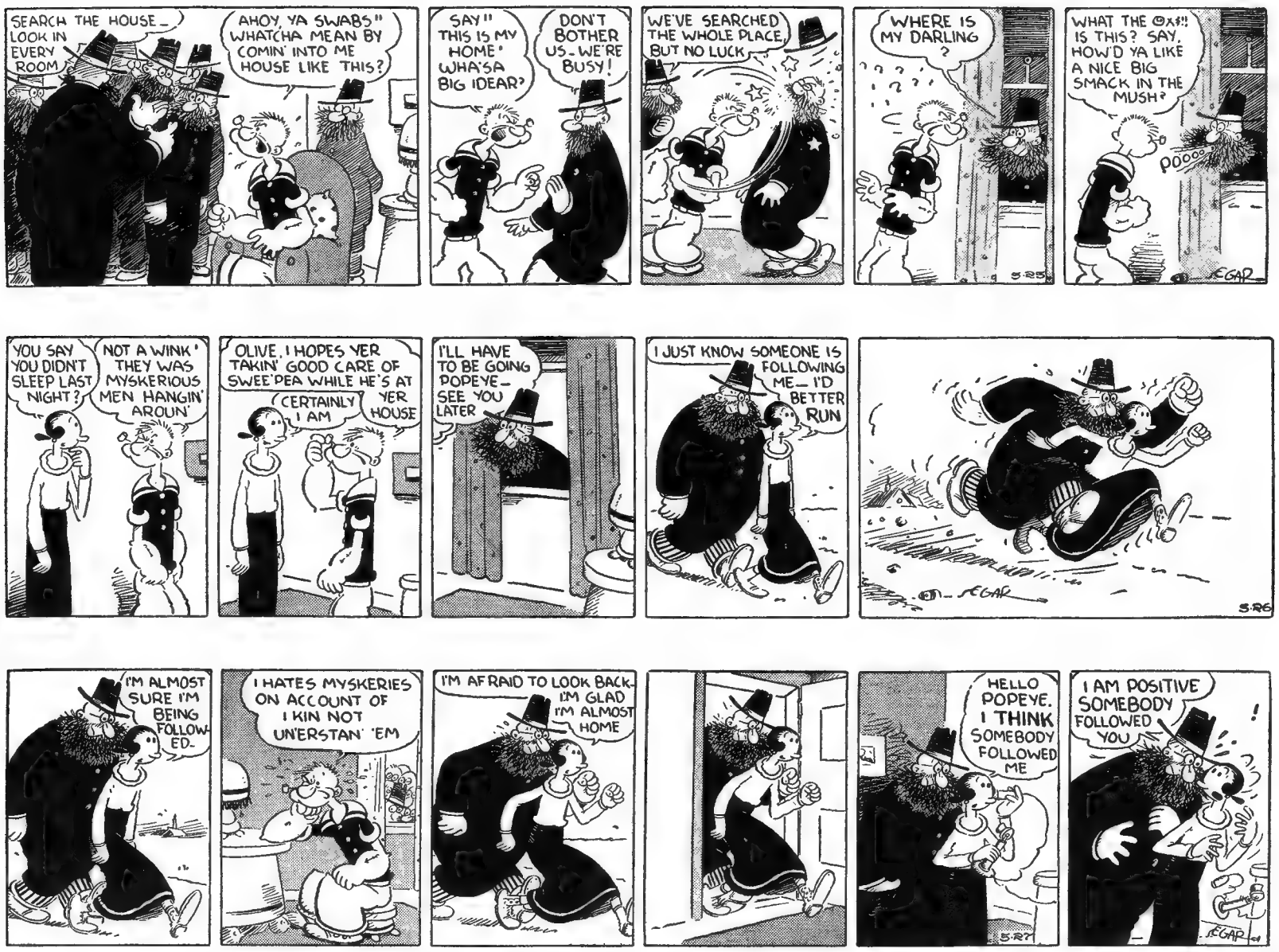
Similarly, Segar's run on the *Thimble Theatre/Popeye* Sundays stops with the February 6 strip, then starts up again for 14 weeks from June 26 until October 2, his final signed strip, which appeared eleven days before his death. (The Sundays' dates run about five weeks later than the dailies' not because Segar kept working on them but because of the far longer lead time required by the syndicate to satisfy newspaper publishers' printing schedule on the more elaborate Sunday sections; Segar almost certainly laid down his pen on the dailies and Sundays simultaneously in both cases, as his health failed.) As with the dailies, we have skipped the five months' worth of Winner Sundays, and then stopped the reprints entirely with Segar's last strip.

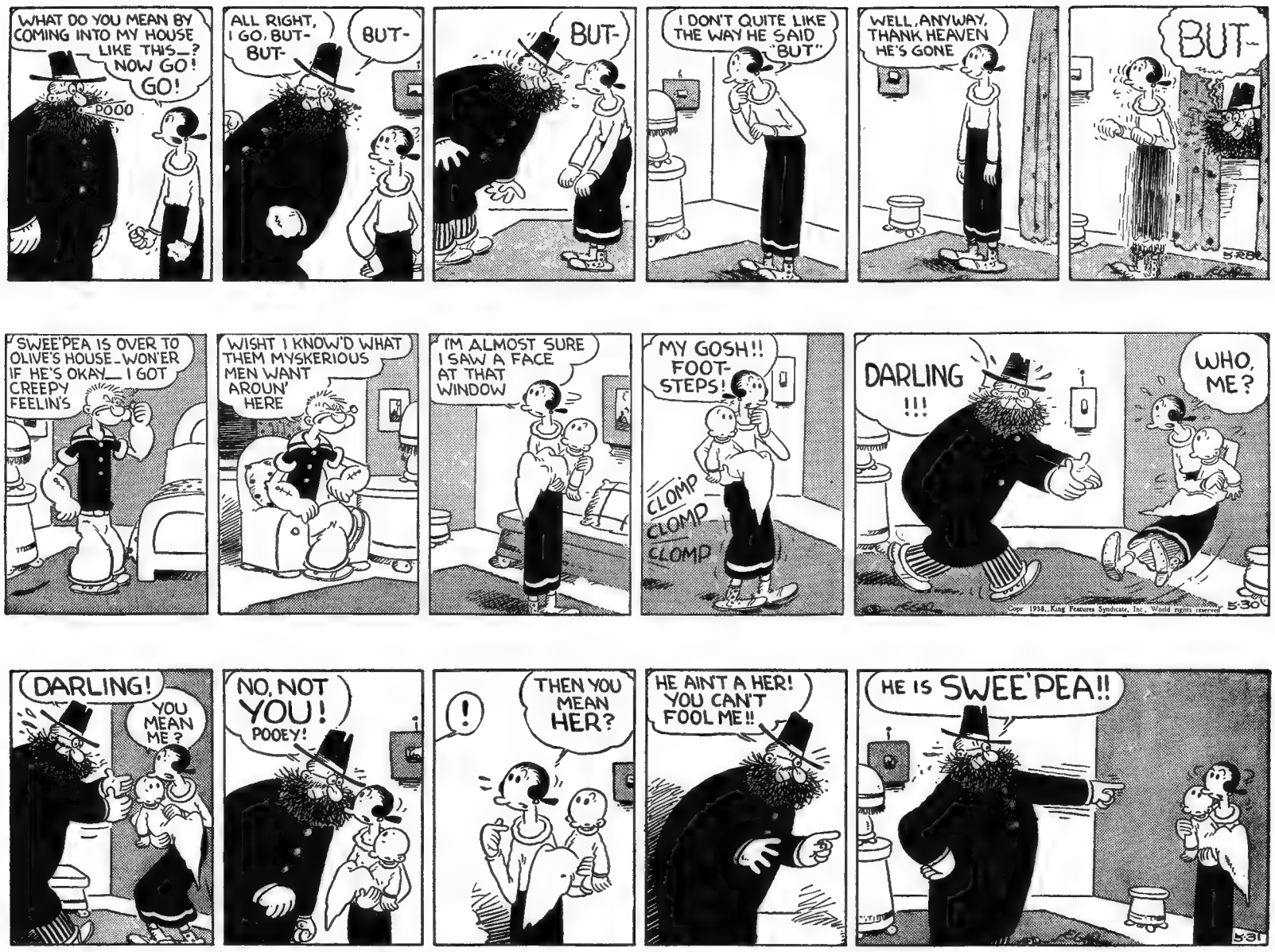


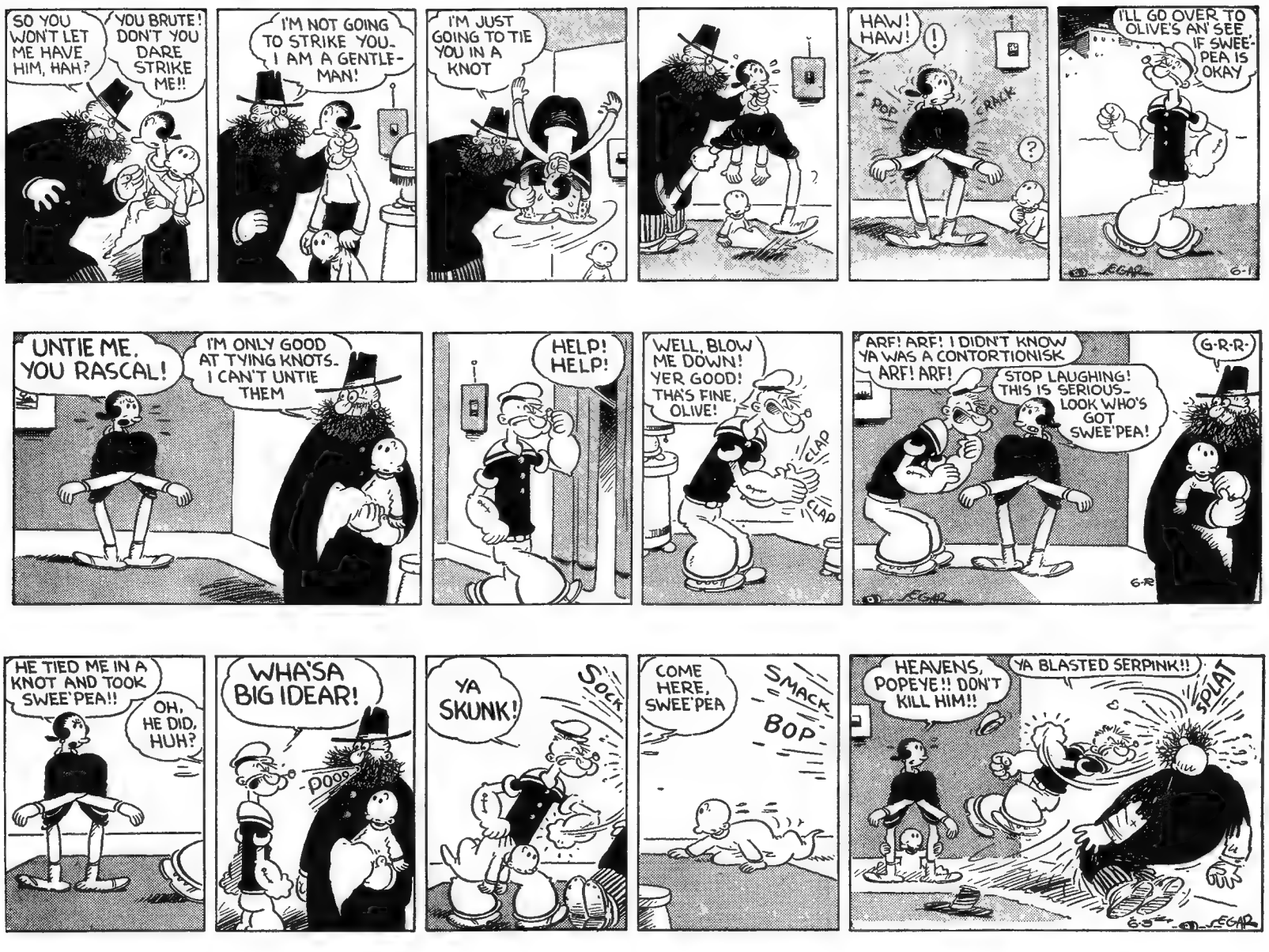
CHAPTER XI:

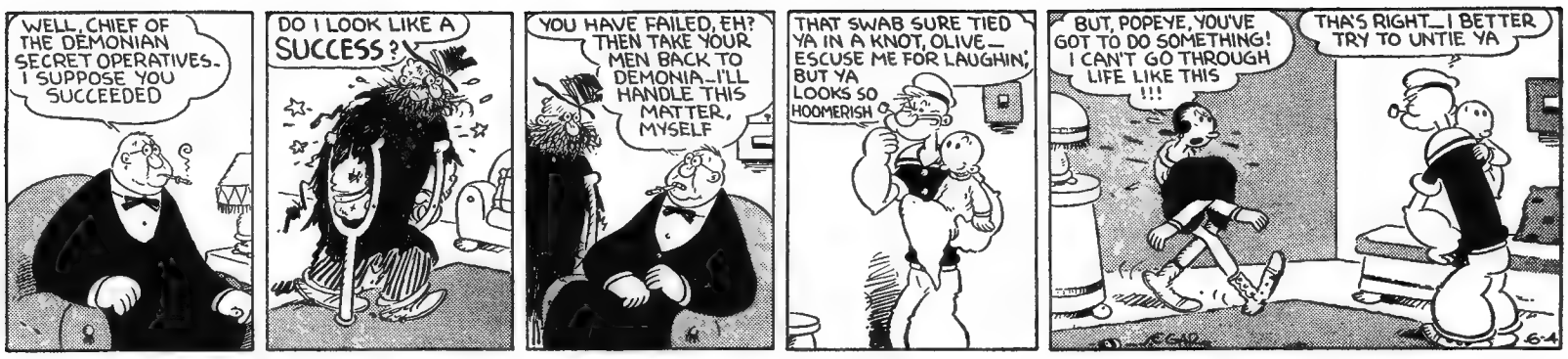
KING SWEE'PEA

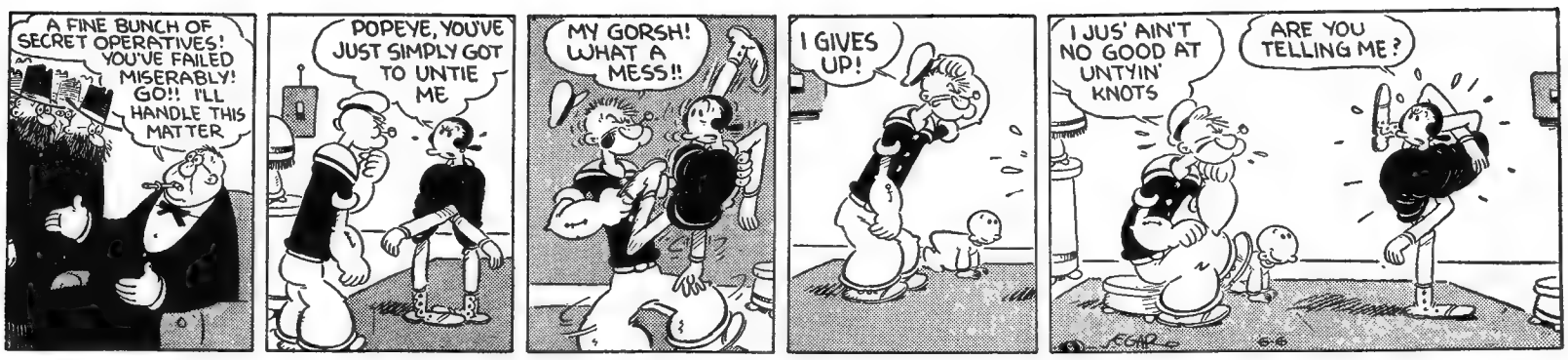




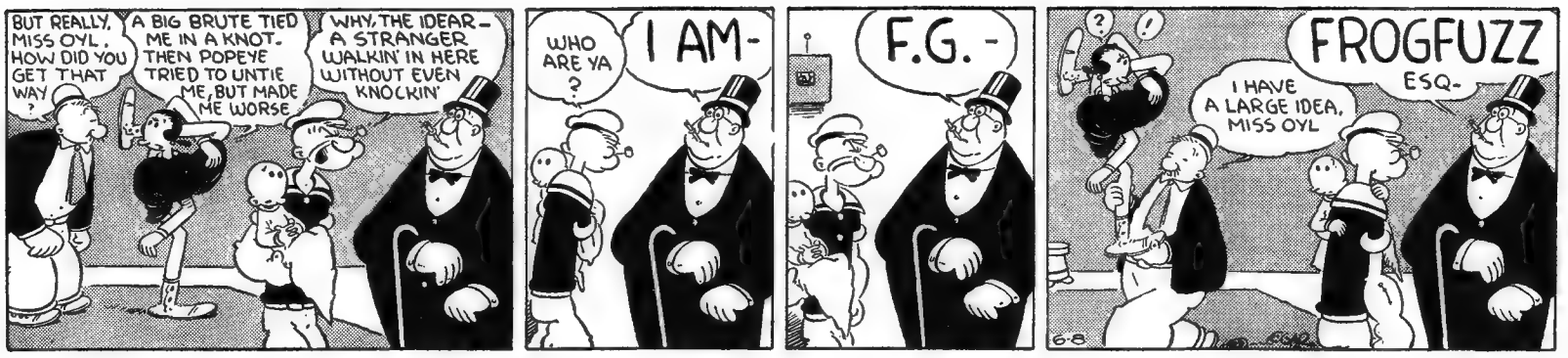

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY COMING INTO MY HOUSE LIKE THIS_? NOW GO! GO!
POOO
ALL RIGHT, I GO, BUT- BUT-
BUT-
BUT-
I DON'T QUITE LIKE THE WAY HE SAID "BUT"
WELL, ANYWAY, THANK HEAVEN HE'S GONE
BUT-
5-28
SWEE'PEA IS OVER TO OLIVE'S HOUSE_WON'ER IF HE'S OKAY_ I GOT CREEPY FEELIN'S
WISHT I KNOW'D WHAT THEM MYSKERIOUS MEN WANT AROUN' HERE
I'M ALMOST SURE I SAW A FACE AT THAT WINDOW
MY GOSH!! FOOT-STEPS!
CLOMP
CLOMP
CLOMP
DARLING !!!
WHO, ME?
Copr 1938, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved
5-30
DARLING!
YOU MEAN ME?
NO, NOT YOU!
POOEY!
!
THEN YOU MEAN HER?
HE AIN'T A HER! YOU CAN'T FOOL ME!!
HE IS SWEE'PEA!!
5-31

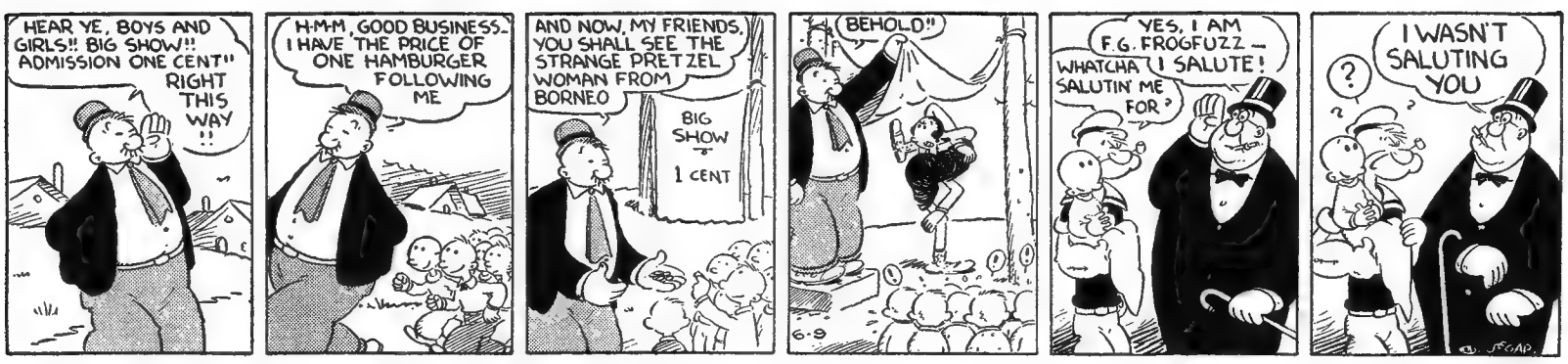

SO YOU WON'T LET ME HAVE HIM, HAH?
YOU BRUTE! DON'T YOU DARE STRIKE ME!!
I'M NOT GOING TO STRIKE YOU- I AM A GENTLE-MAN!
I'M JUST GOING TO TIE YOU IN A KNOT
HAW! HAW!
!
POP
CRACK
?
I'LL GO OVER TO OLIVE'S AN' SEE, IF SWEE-PEA IS OKAY
6-1
UNTIE ME, YOU RASCAL!
I'M ONLY GOOD AT TYING KNOTS- I CAN'T UNTIE THEM
HELP! HELP!
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! YER GOOD! THA'S FINE, OLIVE!
CLAP
CLAP
ARF! ARF! I DIDN'T KNOW YA WAS A CONTORTIONISK
ARF! ARF!
STOP LAUGHING! THIS IS SERIOUS- LOOK WHO'S GOT SWEE'PEA!
G-R-R-
6-2
HE TIED ME IN A KNOT AND TOOK SWEE'PEA!!
OH, HE DID, HUH?
WHA'SA BIG IDEAR!
POOO
YA SKUNK!
SOCK
COME HERE, SWEE'PEA
SMACK
BOP
HEAVENS, POPEYE!! DON'T KILL HIM!!
YA BLASTED SERPINK!!
SPLAT
6-3
EGAR

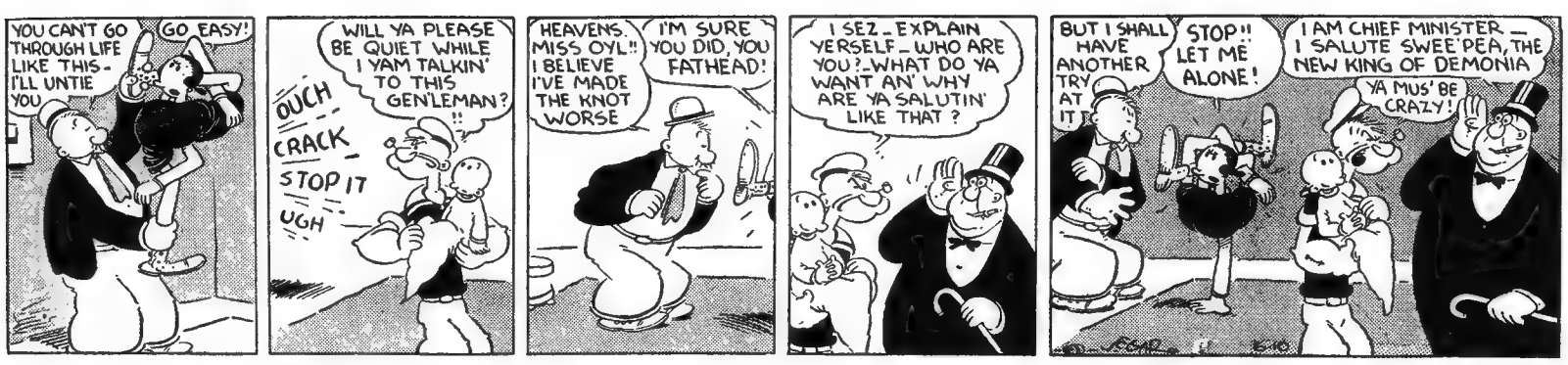

WELL, CHIEF OF THE DEMONIAN SECRET OPERATIVES- I SUPPOSE YOU SUCCEEDED
DO I LOOK LIKE A SUCCESS?
YOU HAVE FAILED, EH? THEN TAKE YOUR MEN BACK TO DEMONIA-I'LL HANDLE THIS MATTER, MYSELF
THAT SWAB SURE TIED YA IN A KNOT, OLIVE— ESCUSE ME FOR LAUGHIN', BUT YA LOOKS SO HOOMERISH
BUT, POPEYE, YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! I CAN'T GO THROUGH LIFE LIKE THIS !!!
THA'S RIGHT— I BETTER TRY TO UNTIE YA
6-4

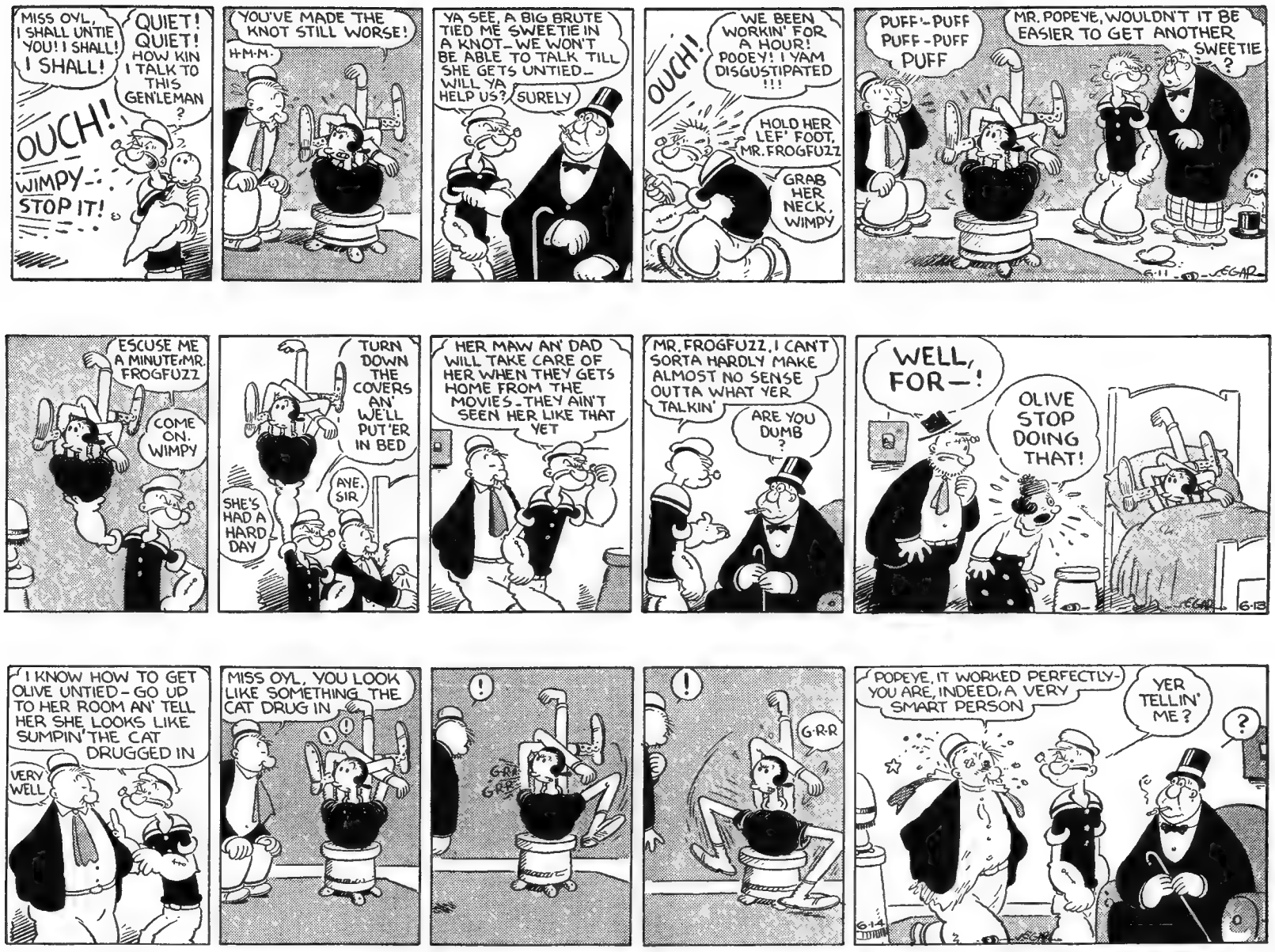

A FINE BUNCH OF SECRET OPERATIVES! YOU'VE FAILED MISERABLY! GO!! I'LL HANDLE THIS MATTER
POPEYE, YOU'VE JUST SIMPLY GOT TO UNTIE ME
MY GORSH! WHAT A MESS!!
I GIVES UP!
I JUS' AIN'T NO GOOD AT UNTYIN' KNOTS
ARE YOU TELLING ME?
6-6

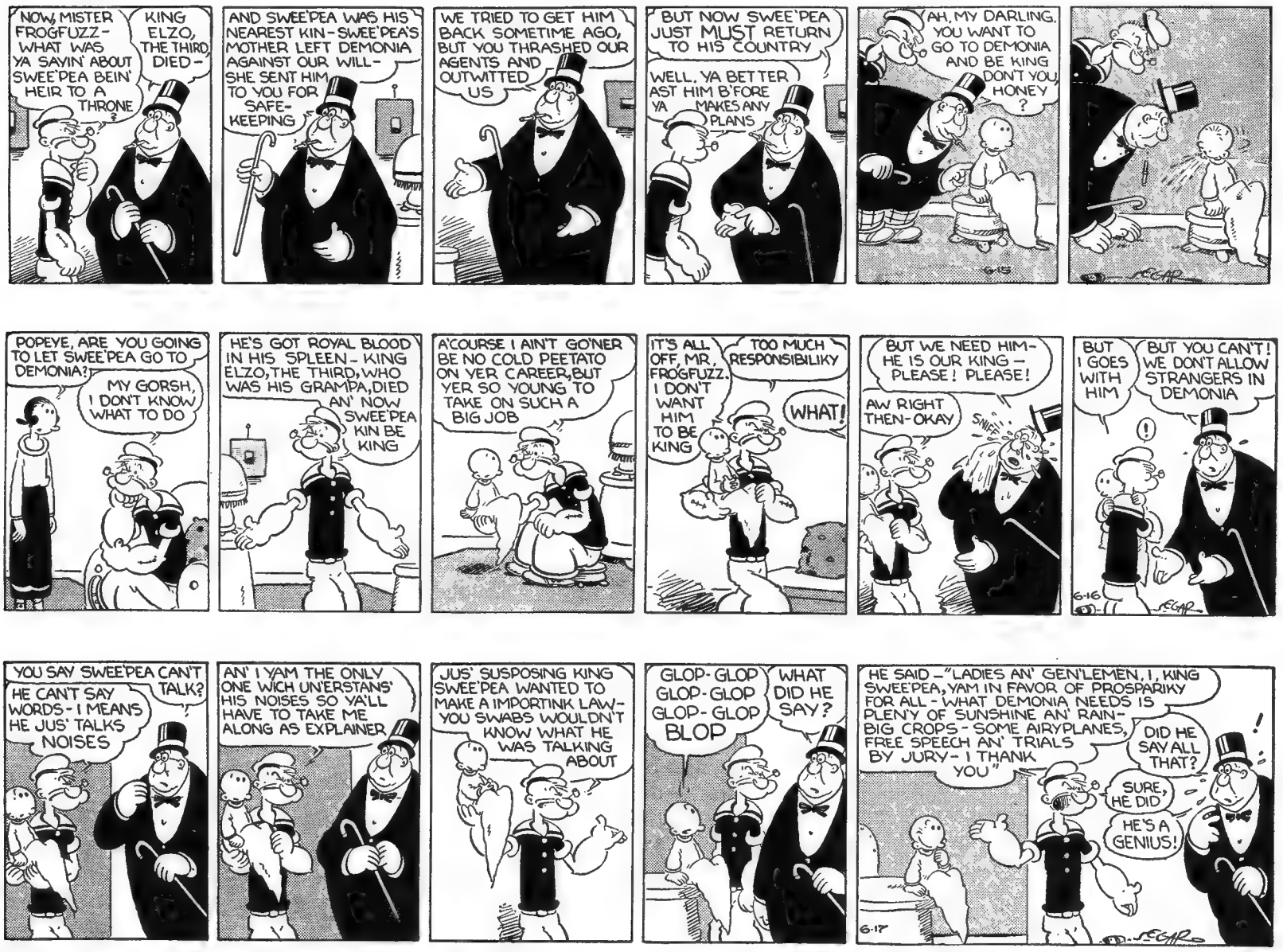

POPEYE, I WISH YOU HADN'T TRIED TO UNTIE ME- YOU GOT ME IN A WORSE KNOT
CONGRATULATIONS, MISS OYL- THAT IS QUITE AN ACHIEVEMENT
I'M NOT TRYING TO DO THIS
THEN YOU'VE BEEN EATING TOO MANY PRETZELS?
AW SHUT UP!
OH, I'LL BET I KNOW— YOU WERE TURNING FLIP FLOPS AND HAD A BACKLASH
AW, SHUT UP !!!
WELL, FOR— SAY, WHO ARE YOU? HOW'D YOU GET IN?
6-7

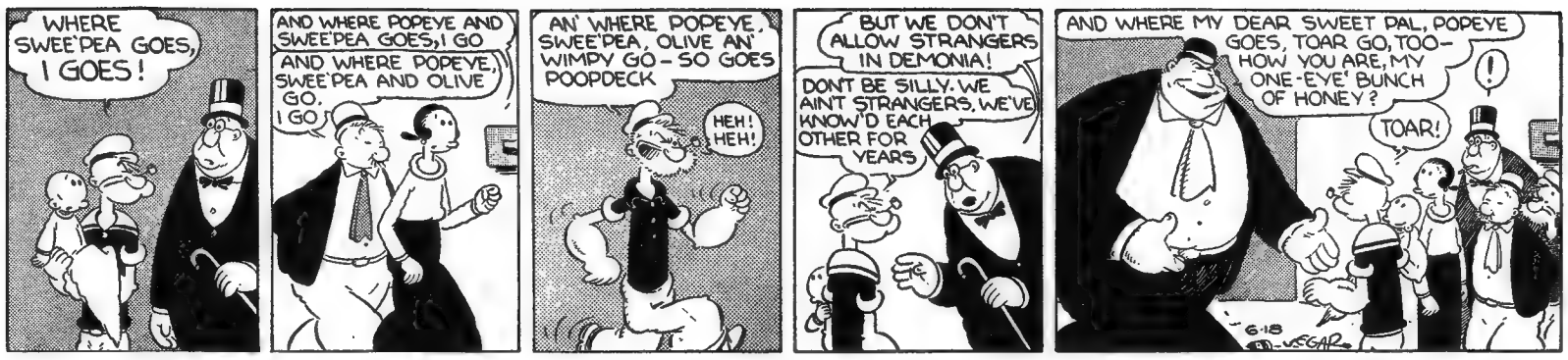

BUT REALLY, MISS OYL, HOW DID YOU GET THAT WAY?
A BIG BRUTE TIED ME IN A KNOT- THEN POPEYE TRIED TO UNTIE ME, BUT MADE ME WORSE
WHY, THE IDEAR— A STRANGER WALKIN' IN HERE WITHOUT EVEN KNOCKIN'
WHO ARE YA?
I AM-
F.G.-
FROGFUZZ ESQ-
I HAVE A LARGE IDEA, MISS OYL
6-8

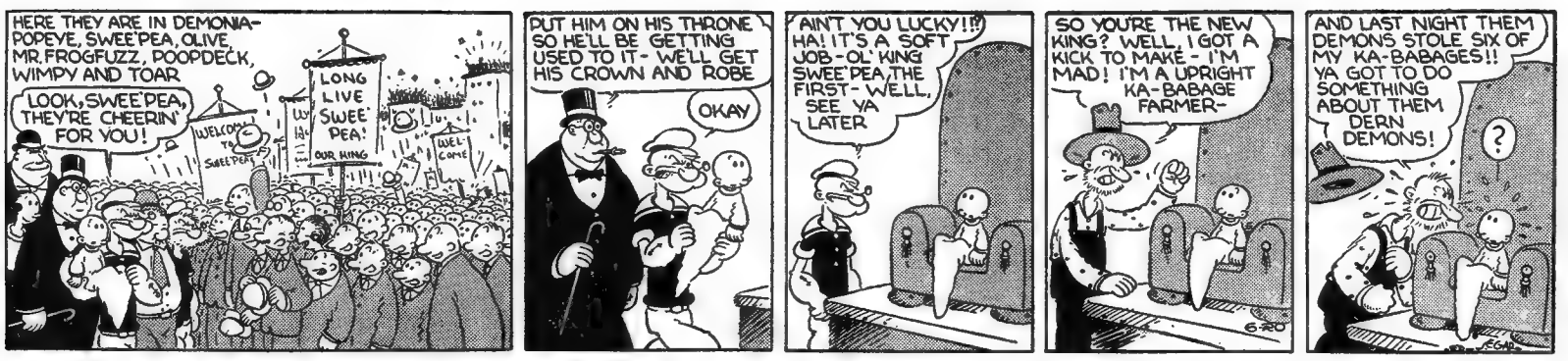

HEAR YE, BOYS AND GIRLS!! BIG SHOW!! ADMISSION ONE CENT" RIGHT THIS WAY !!
H-M-M, GOOD BUSINESS- I HAVE THE PRICE OF ONE HAMBURGER FOLLOWING ME
AND NOW, MY FRIENDS, YOU SHALL SEE THE STRANGE PRETZEL WOMAN FROM BORNEO
BIG SHOW 1 CENT
BEHOLD!"
YES, I AM F.G. FROGFUZZ— WHATCHA SALUTIN' ME FOR?
I SALUTE!
I WASN'T SALUTING YOU
6-9

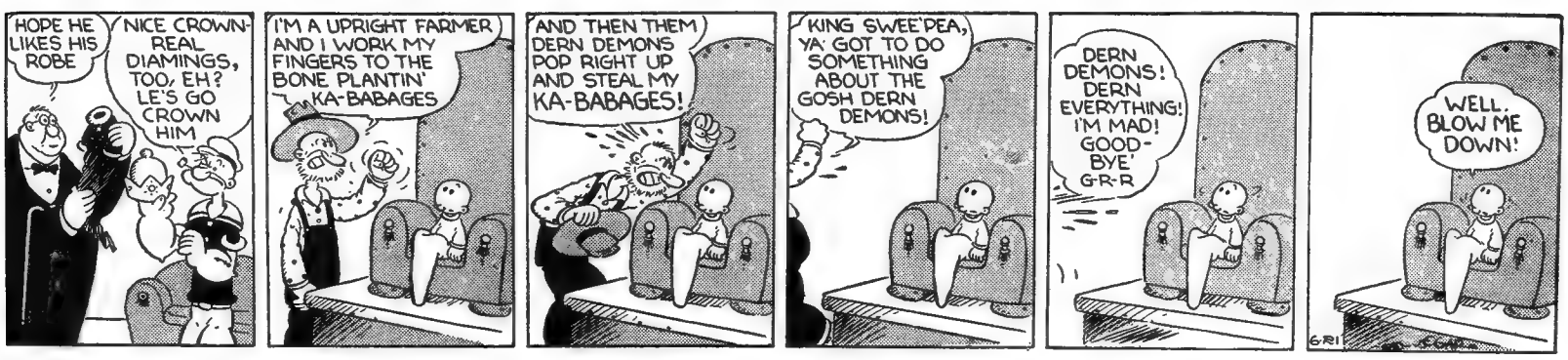

YOU CAN'T GO THROUGH LIFE LIKE THIS- I'LL UNTIE YOU
GO EASY!
WILL YA PLEASE BE QUIET WHILE I YAM TALKIN' TO THIS GEN'LEMAN? !!
OUCH
CRACK
STOP IT
UGH
HEAVENS, MISS OYL!" I BELIEVE I'VE MADE THE KNOT WORSE
I'M SURE YOU DID, YOU FATHEAD!
I SEZ- EXPLAIN YERSELF- WHO ARE YOU?- WHAT DO YA WANT AN' WHY ARE YA SALUTIN' LIKE THAT?
BUT I SHALL HAVE ANOTHER TRY AT IT
STOP!! LET ME ALONE!
I AM CHIEF MINISTER— I SALUTE SWEE'PEA, THE NEW KING OF DEMONIA
YA MUS' BE CRAZY!
6-10

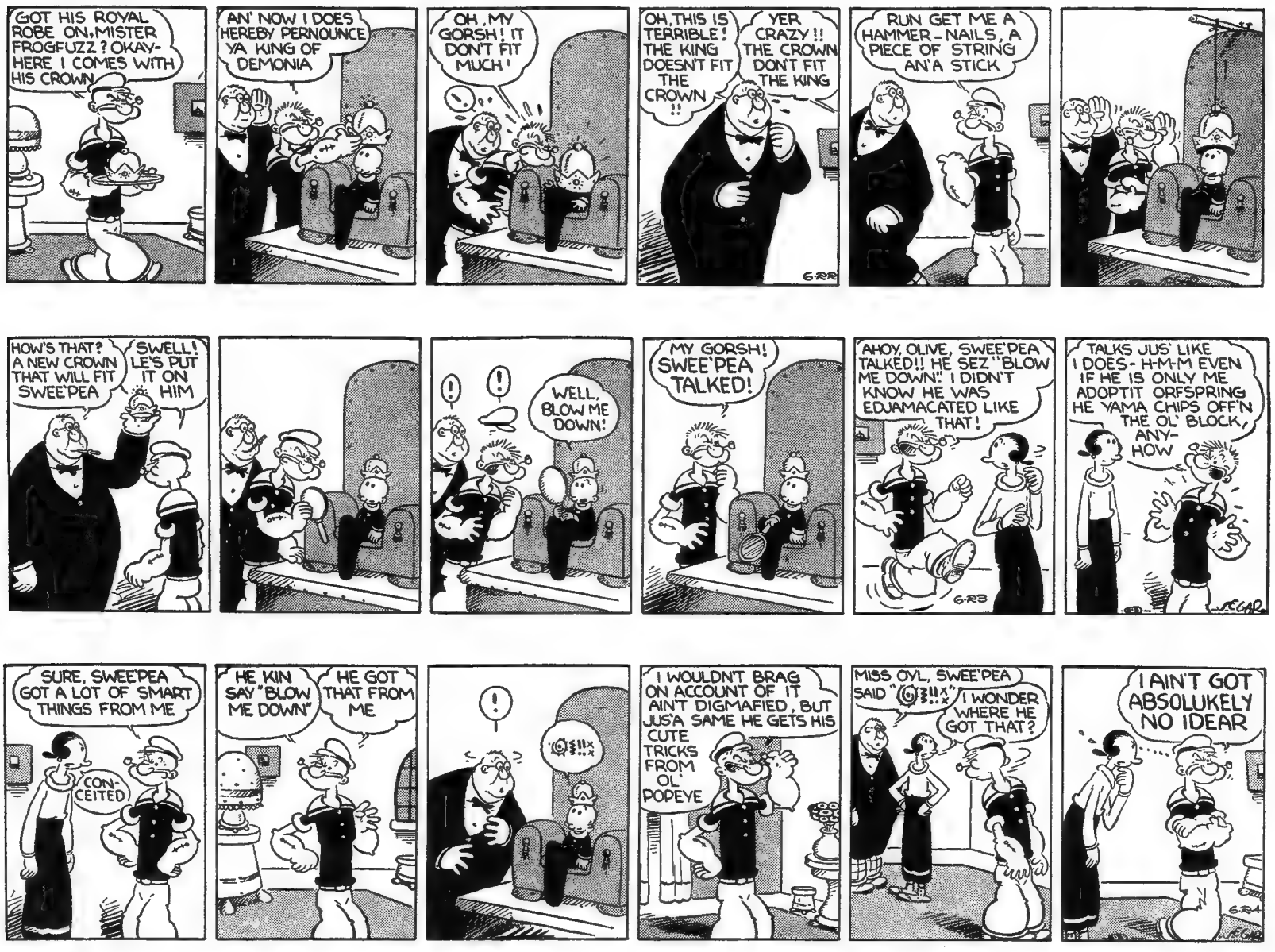

MISS OYL, I SHALL UNTIE YOU! I SHALL! I SHALL!
QUIET! QUIET! HOW KIN I TALK TO THIS GEN'LEMAN?
OUCH!
WIMPY—STOP IT!
YOU'VE MADE THE KNOT STILL WORSE!
H-M-M-
YA SEE, A BIG BRUTE TIED ME SWEETIE IN A KNOT—WE WON'T BE ABLE TO TALK TILL SHE GETS UNTIED—WILL YA HELP US?
SURELY
OUCH!
WE BEEN WORKIN' FOR A HOUR! POOEY! I YAM DISGUSTIPATED !!!
HOLD HER LEF' FOOT, MR. FROGFUZZ
GRAB HER NECK, WIMPY
PUFF-PUFF PUFF-PUFF PUFF
MR. POPEYE, WOULDN'T IT BE EASIER TO GET ANOTHER SWEETIE?
6-11
ESCUSE ME A MINUTE, MR. FROGFUZZ
COME ON, WIMPY
TURN DOWN THE COVERS AN' WE'LL PUT 'ER IN BED
AYE, SIR
SHE'S HAD A HARD DAY
HER MAW AN' DAD WILL TAKE CARE OF HER WHEN THEY GETS HOME FROM THE MOVIES—THEY AIN'T SEEN HER LIKE THAT YET
MR. FROGFUZZ, I CAN'T SORTA HARDLY MAKE ALMOST NO SENSE OUTTA WHAT YER TALKIN'
ARE YOU DUMB?
WELL, FOR—!
OLIVE STOP DOING THAT!
6-13
I KNOW HOW TO GET OLIVE UNTIED—GO UP TO HER ROOM AN' TELL HER SHE LOOKS LIKE SUMPIN' THE CAT DRUGGED IN
VERY WELL
MISS OYL, YOU LOOK LIKE SOMETHING THE CAT DRUG IN
!
!
!
G-R-R
G-R-R
!
G-R-R
POPEYE, IT WORKED PERFECTLY—YOU ARE, INDEED, A VERY SMART PERSON
YER TELLIN' ME?
?
6-14


NOW, MISTER FROGFUZZ—WHAT WAS YA SAYIN' ABOUT SWEE'PEA BEIN' HEIR TO A THRONE?
KING ELZO, THE THIRD, DIED—
AND SWEE'PEA WAS HIS NEAREST KIN—SWEE'PEA'S MOTHER LEFT DEMONIA AGAINST OUR WILL—SHE SENT HIM TO YOU FOR SAFE-KEEPING
WE TRIED TO GET HIM BACK SOMETIME AGO, BUT YOU THRASHED OUR AGENTS AND OUTWITTED US
BUT NOW SWEE'PEA JUST MUST RETURN TO HIS COUNTRY
WELL, YA BETTER AST HIM B'FORE YA MAKES ANY PLANS
AH, MY DARLING, YOU WANT TO GO TO DEMONIA AND BE KING DON'T YOU, HONEY?
6-15
POPEYE, ARE YOU GOING TO LET SWEE'PEA GO TO DEMONIA?
MY GORSH, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO
HE'S GOT ROYAL BLOOD IN HIS SPLEEN—KING ELZO, THE THIRD, WHO WAS HIS GRAMPA, DIED AN' NOW SWEE'PEA KIN BE KING
A'COURSE I AIN'T GO'NER BE NO COLD PEETATO ON YER CAREER, BUT YER SO YOUNG TO TAKE ON SUCH A BIG JOB
IT'S ALL OFF, MR. FROGFUZZ. I DON'T WANT HIM TO BE KING
TOO MUCH RESPONSIBILIKY
WHAT!
BUT WE NEED HIM—HE IS OUR KING—PLEASE! PLEASE!
AW RIGHT THEN—OKAY
SNIFF
BUT I GOES WITH HIM
BUT YOU CAN'T! WE DON'T ALLOW STRANGERS IN DEMONIA
!
6-16
YOU SAY SWEE'PEA CAN'T TALK?
HE CAN'T SAY WORDS—I MEANS HE JUS' TALKS NOISES
AN' I YAM THE ONLY ONE WICH UN'ERSTANS' HIS NOISES SO YA'LL HAVE TO TAKE ME ALONG AS EXPLAINER
JUS' SUSPOSING KING SWEE'PEA WANTED TO MAKE A IMPORTINK LAW—YOU SWABS WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS TALKING ABOUT
GLOP-GLOP GLOP-GLOP GLOP-GLOP BLOP
WHAT DID HE SAY?
HE SAID—"LADIES AN' GEN'LEMEN, I, KING SWEE'PEA, YAM IN FAVOR OF PROSPARIKY FOR ALL—WHAT DEMONIA NEEDS IS PLEN'Y OF SUNSHINE AN' RAIN—BIG CROPS—SOME AIRYPLANES, FREE SPEECH AN' TRIALS BY JURY—I THANK YOU"
DID HE SAY ALL THAT?
SURE, HE DID
HE'S A GENIUS!
6-17


WHERE SWEE'PEA GOES, I GOES!
AND WHERE POPEYE AND SWEE'PEA GOES, I GO
AND WHERE POPEYE, SWEE'PEA AND OLIVE GO, I GO
AN' WHERE POPEYE, SWEE'PEA, OLIVE AN' WIMPY GO - SO GOES POOPDECK
HEH! HEH!
BUT WE DON'T ALLOW STRANGERS IN DEMONIA!
DON'T BE SILLY. WE AIN'T STRANGERS, WE'VE KNOW'D EACH OTHER FOR YEARS
AND WHERE MY DEAR SWEET PAL, POPEYE GOES, TOAR GO, TOO - HOW YOU ARE, MY ONE-EYE' BUNCH OF HONEY?
!
TOAR!
6-18
EGAR


HERE THEY ARE IN DEMONIA - POPEYE, SWEE'PEA, OLIVE, MR. FROGFUZZ, POOPDECK, WIMPY AND TOAR
LOOK, SWEE'PEA, THEY'RE CHEERIN' FOR YOU!
WELCOME TO SWEEPEA
LONG LIVE SWEE' PEA!
OUR KING
WEL-COME
PUT HIM ON HIS THRONE SO HE'LL BE GETTING USED TO IT - WE'LL GET HIS CROWN AND ROBE
OKAY
AIN'T YOU LUCKY!!! HA! IT'S A SOFT JOB - OL' KING SWEE'PEA, THE FIRST - WELL, SEE YA LATER
SO YOU'RE THE NEW KING? WELL, I GOT A KICK TO MAKE - I'M MAD! I'M A UPRIGHT KA-BABAGE FARMER-
6-20
AND LAST NIGHT THEM DEMONS STOLE SIX OF MY KA-BABAGES!! YA GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THEM DERN DEMONS!
?
EGAR


HOPE HE LIKES HIS ROBE
NICE CROWN - REAL DIAMINGS, TOO, EH? LE'S GO CROWN HIM
I'M A UPRIGHT FARMER AND I WORK MY FINGERS TO THE BONE PLANTIN' KA-BABAGES
AND THEN THEM DERN DEMONS POP RIGHT UP AND STEAL MY KA-BABAGES!
KING SWEE'PEA, YA GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE GOSH DERN DEMONS!
DERN DEMONS! DERN EVERYTHING! I'M MAD! GOOD-BYE' G-R-R
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
6-21


GOT HIS ROYAL ROBE ON, MISTER FROGFUZZ? OKAY - HERE I COMES WITH HIS CROWN
AN' NOW I DOES HEREBY PERNOUNCE YA KING OF DEMONIA
OH, MY GORSH! IT DON'T FIT MUCH!
OH, THIS IS TERRIBLE! THE KING DOESN'T FIT THE CROWN!!
YER CRAZY!! THE CROWN DON'T FIT THE KING
RUN GET ME A HAMMER - NAILS, A PIECE OF STRING AN'A STICK
6-22
HOW'S THAT? A NEW CROWN THAT WILL FIT SWEE'PEA
SWELL! LE'S PUT IT ON HIM
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
MY GORSH! SWEE'PEA TALKED!
AHOY, OLIVE, SWEE'PEA TALKED!! HE SEZ "BLOW ME DOWN"! I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS EDJAMACATED LIKE THAT!
6-23
TALKS JUS' LIKE I DOES - H-M-M EVEN IF HE IS ONLY ME ADOPTIT ORFSPRING HE YAMA CHIPS OFF'N THE OL' BLOCK, ANY-HOW
EGAR
SURE, SWEE'PEA GOT A LOT OF SMART THINGS FROM ME
CON-CEITED
HE KIN SAY "BLOW ME DOWN"
HE GOT THAT FROM ME
@$!!x
I WOULDN'T BRAG ON ACCOUNT OF IT AIN'T DIGMAFIED, BUT JUS'A SAME HE GETS HIS CUTE TRICKS FROM OL' POPEYE
MISS OYL, SWEE'PEA SAID "@$!!x"
I WONDER WHERE HE GOT THAT?
I AIN'T GOT ABSOLUKELY NO IDEAR
6-24

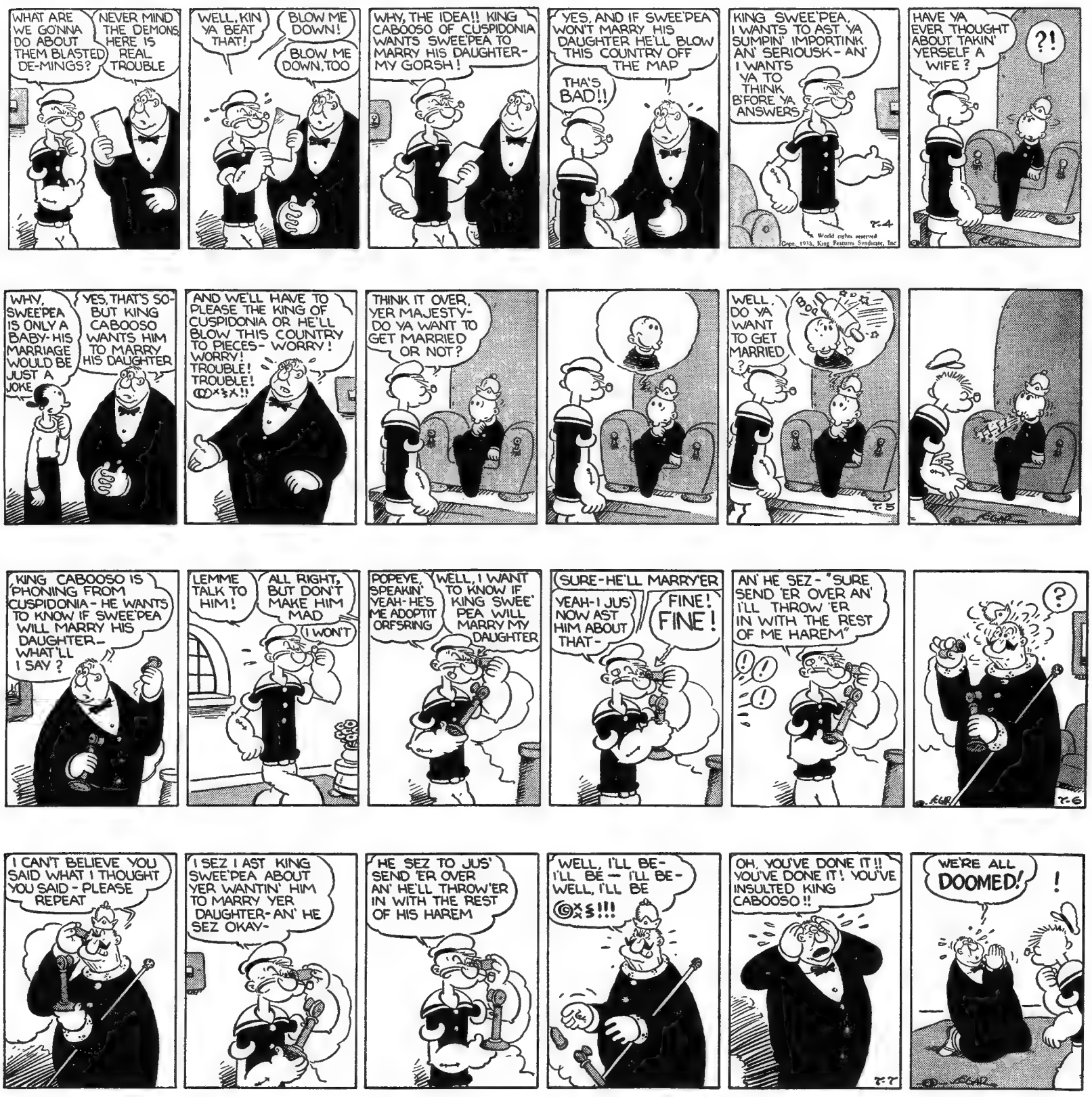
POPEYE SURE IS HAPPY BECAUSE SWEE'PEA CAN SPEAK A FEW WORDS
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
HEAVENS WHY ARE YOU LOOKING SO SAD?
I YAM SAD ON ACCOUNT OF SWEE'PEA BEGININ' TO TALK
WHY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE GLAD ABOUT THAT
I WAS, BUT I JUS' HAPPINGED TO THINK, IT MEANS HE'S GROWIN' UP
PERTY SOON I WON'T HAVE NO LITTLE SWEE'PEA ON ACCOUNT OF HE'LL BE GROWD UP
HE'LL MARRY SOME DAME AN' I'LL BE JUS' A LONESOME POPPA WITHOUT NO BABY KID- THEN HE'LL BE A POPPA
AN' PERTY SOON HE'LL BE A GRAN'POPPA - WITH GRAY HAIRS - THEN HE'LL DIE OF OL' AGE AN' THEY WON'T BE NO MORE LITTLE SWEE'PEA - AIN'T IT ARFUL ? SNIFF
YER BEGINNIN' TO TALK, SO I SUSPOSE I MAY AS WELL TRY TO TEACH YA A FEW SENTENENCES - SAY, "AW"
AW
NOW SAY, "PIPE"
PIPE
NOW SAY, "DOWN"
DOWN
DIDJA HEAR THAT, OLIVE ?! HOT DORG!! AIN'T HE SMART!!? WHOOPEE! WHEE!! OH BOY! WHEE
AW, PIPE DOWN!
WONDER WHAT THE NEW KING WILL DO ABOUT THEM DERN DEMONS ?
HE CAN'T DO NOTHIN' ABOUT THEM DERN DEMONS - NO-BODY CAN!
WELL, KISS ME AGAIN!! THERE'S THE NEW KING!! I'LL HAVE A CHAT WITH HIM
POOR LITTLE FELLER, I'M GLAD I'M NOT IN YOUR SHOES, POOR LITTLE KING ?
PERTY SOON PEOPLE WILL COME TO YA AND SAY- "WHAT ARE YA GONNA DO ABOUT THEM DEMONS WHICH STEALS OUR CROPS?"
AND THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' YA CAN DO ABOUT THEM DEMONS. YA GOT LOTSA WORRY COMIN' UP - YOU'RE GONNA HAVE A HARD TIME - UGH!
MEE-YEOW
?
THAT BILL MUST BE PASSED BEFORE NOON
I'LL TAKE IT IN AND GET THE KING TO SIGN IT
SWEE'PEA, WE GOT SUMPIN IMPORTINK FOR YA TO MAKE YER MARK ON
! !
MEE YOWER
HE PUT HIS CROWN ON THE CAT AN' THEN RUN AWAY - AHOY! WHERE ARE YA, KING SWEE'PEA ?
HIS MAJESTY!!
JUNK YARD
JEGAR
6-29
THE IDEAR, RUNNIN' AWAY AN' PLAYIN' IN A MUD PUDDLE IN THE STREET - YA BEEN A BAD BOY AN' I GOT TO SPANK YA
STOP!!
YOU CAN'T SPANK OUR KING!!
THE HECK I CAN'T!!
ARMY !!!
ARMY !!
6-30
YOU OR NOBODY ELSE CAN SPANK OUR KING!!
ERF! ERF! ERF! ERF! ERF! ERF
HE AIN'T ON HIS THRONE - BLAST IT, WHERE KIN HE BE? I GOT TO FIND HIM
KING SWEE'PEA, I YAM SUSPRIZED AN' DISGUSTIPATED WITCHA - THE IDEAR, STEALIN' A JAR OF JAM
AN' TO TEACH YA A LESSON I YAM GO'NER GIVE YA A LITTLE SPANKIN'
?
ARMY!
7-1
JEGAR

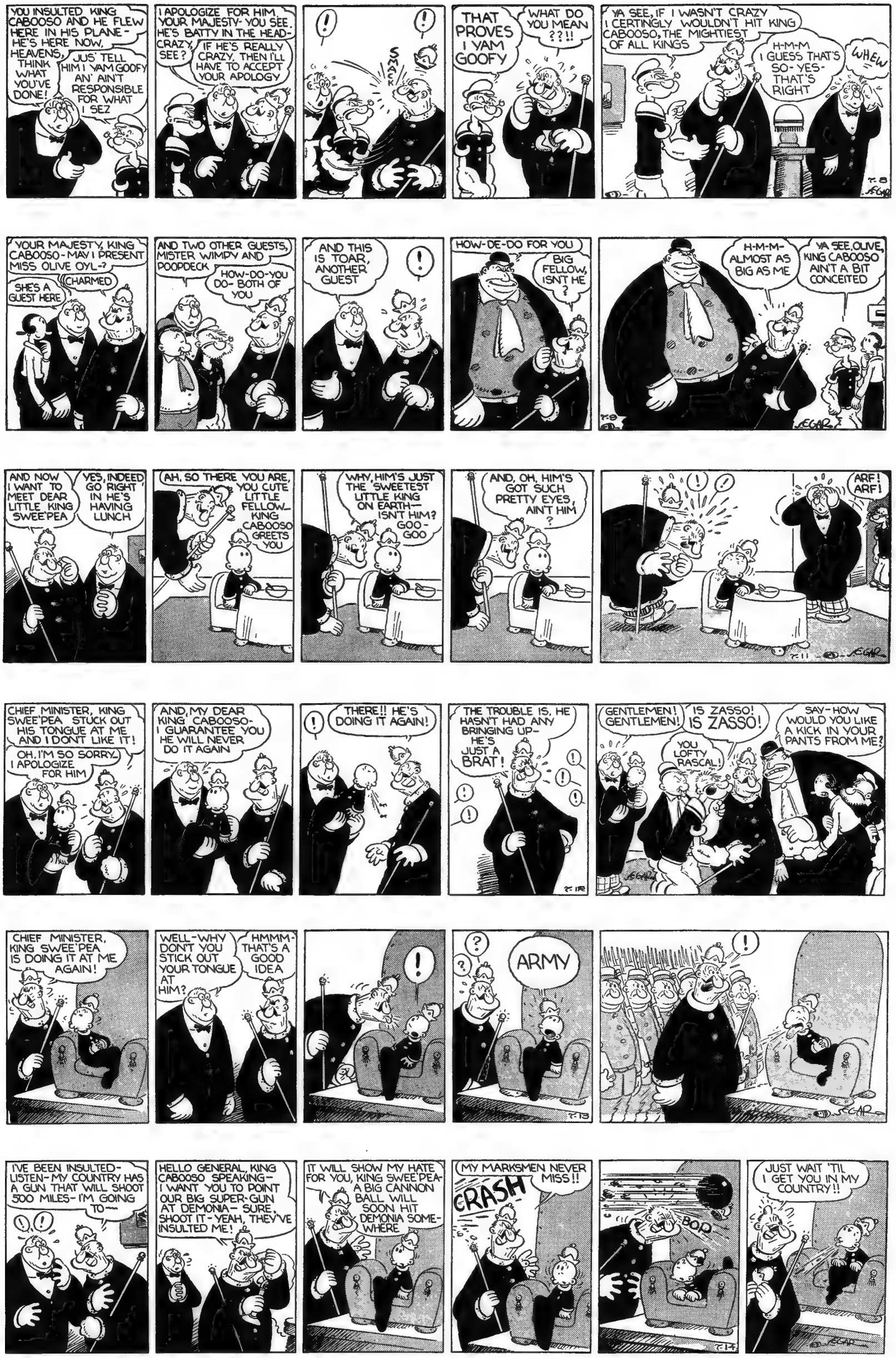


CHAPTER XII:

RISE OF THE DE-MINGS






YOU INSULTED KING CABOOSO AND HE FLEW HERE IN HIS PLANE - HE'S HERE NOW, HEAVENS, THINK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
JUS' TELL HIM I YAM GOOFY AN' AIN'T RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT I SEZ
I APOLOGIZE FOR HIM, YOUR MAJESTY- YOU SEE, HE'S BATTY IN THE HEAD- CRAZY, SEE?
IF HE'S REALLY CRAZY, THEN I'LL HAVE TO ACCEPT YOUR APOLOGY
SOCK
THAT PROVES I YAM GOOFY
WHAT DO YOU MEAN ??!!
YA SEE, IF I WASN'T CRAZY I CERTINGLY WOULDN'T HIT KING CABOOSO, THE MIGHTIEST OF ALL KINGS
H-M-M I GUESS THAT'S SO- YES- THAT'S RIGHT
WHEW
YOUR MAJESTY, KING CABOOSO - MAY I PRESENT MISS OLIVE OYL -?
SHE'S A GUEST HERE
CHARMED
AND TWO OTHER GUESTS, MISTER WIMPY AND POOPDECK
HOW-DO-YOU DO- BOTH OF YOU
AND THIS IS TOAR, ANOTHER GUEST
HOW-DE-DO FOR YOU
BIG FELLOW, ISN'T HE ?
H-M-M- ALMOST AS BIG AS ME
YA SEE, OLIVE, KING CABOOSO AIN'T A BIT CONCEITED
AND NOW I WANT TO MEET DEAR LITTLE KING SWEE'PEA
YES, INDEED GO RIGHT IN HE'S HAVING LUNCH
AH, SO THERE YOU ARE, YOU CUTE LITTLE FELLOW- KING CABOOSO GREETS YOU
WHY, HIM'S JUST THE 'SWEETEST LITTLE KING ON EARTH— ISN'T HIM? GOO-GOO
AND, OH, HIM'S GOT SUCH PRETTY EYES, AIN'T HIM ?
ARF! ARF!
CHIEF MINISTER, KING SWEE'PEA STUCK OUT HIS TONGUE AT ME AND I DON'T LIKE IT!
OH, I'M SO SORRY. I APOLOGIZE FOR HIM
AND, MY DEAR KING CABOOSO- I GUARANTEE YOU HE WILL NEVER DO IT AGAIN
THERE!! HE'S DOING IT AGAIN!
THE TROUBLE IS, HE HASN'T HAD ANY BRINGING UP- HE'S JUST A BRAT!
GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN!
IS ZASSO! IS ZASSO!
YOU LOFTY RASCAL!
SAY- HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A KICK IN YOUR PANTS FROM ME?
CHIEF MINISTER, KING SWEE'PEA IS DOING IT AT ME AGAIN!
WELL- WHY DON'T YOU STICK OUT YOUR TONGUE AT HIM?
HMMM- THAT'S A GOOD IDEA
ARMY
I'VE BEEN INSULTED- LISTEN- MY COUNTRY HAS A GUN THAT WILL SHOOT 500 MILES- I'M GOING TO—
HELLO GENERAL, KING CABOOSO SPEAKING— I WANT YOU TO POINT OUR BIG SUPER-GUN AT DEMONIA— SURE, SHOOT IT- YEAH, THEY'VE INSULTED ME!
IT WILL SHOW MY HATE FOR YOU, KING SWEE'PEA- A BIG CANNON BALL WILL SOON HIT DEMONIA SOMEWHERE
MY MARKSMEN NEVER MISS!!
CRASH
BOP
JUST WAIT 'TIL I GET YOU IN MY COUNTRY!!

YOU WON'T STICK OUT YOUR TONGUE AT ME ANYMORE, WILL YOU? LET'S BE FRIENDS

SURE, LET'S BE FRIENDS - THAT'S RIGHT, GIVE US A SMILE

YESSIR - FRIENDS TO THE LAST DITCH

HEY, CHIEF MINISTER - KING SWEE'PEA AND I MADE UP - WE'RE FRIENDS NOW

GOOD! FINE!

!

?

YES, IT WAS SILLY OF ME TO LOSE MY TEMPER - LET'S BE FRIENDS

FINE - WE HATE TROUBLE

FROGFUZZ, OL' MAN, I LIKE YOU - I WANT YOU AND THE OTHERS TO VISIT ME AT MY PALACE

THAT WILL BE SPLENDID, YOUR MAJESTY

AND I WANT YOU TO VISIT ME AT MY ROYAL PALACE, TOO

NO TRICKS?

TRICKS? OF COURSE NOT

WHAT I MEAN IS - YA WON'T GET US OVER THERE AN' THEN TREAT US LIKE WE TREATED YOU

OH, MY NO!

I WOULDN'T TREAT A DOG LIKE THAT

SAY - THA'SA INSULK!

HAH! JUST WAIT TILL I GET THEM OVER IN MY COUNTRY

THAT NEW KING AIN'T DONE A THING ABOUT THEM DEMONS WHICH STEAL OUR KA-BABAGES

LET'S GO TELL HIM SOMETHING

HE CAN'T DO US LIKE THAT!!

PEOPLE GOING TRY TO MAKE TROUBLE FOR LITTLE SWEE'PEA KING. HA! POOEY FOR THEM!

YOU SET UP HERE ON TOAR'S CHEST WE PULL MY COAT UP AROUND YOUR NECK - TOAR FIX

WELL, WHAT FOR YOU PEOPLE WANT?

OH, MIGHTY KING, WE DON'T WANT NOTHIN'

YES, POPEYE, RUNNING THIS COUNTRY IS A BIG JOB - JUST WORRY AND TROUBLE

NOTHING EVER RUNS SMOOTHLY - THOSE DARN DEMONS - WELL, I'M GLAD I'M NOT KING - I COULDN'T STAND THE RESPONSIBILITY

THA'S JUS' IT - POOR LITTLE SWEE'PEA HAS TO CARRY THE LOAD

WHAT I YAM ASCARED OF IS HE MIGHT GET HURT PHYSICKLY

YES, IT'S AWFUL

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! I CAN TAKE CARE FOR MYSELF

SOON I GO BACK TO CUSPIDONIA AND I'M WARNING YOU, CHIEF MINISTER - IF YOUR COUNTRY ISN'T CARFUL I'LL BLOW IT OFF THE EARTH

I'LL BLOW DEMONIA INTO TWENTY BILLION LITTLE TEENSY WEENSY PIECES - BAH!

HEY THERE, FROGFUZZ - WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO ABOUT THEM DEMONS WHICH TAKES OUR KA-BABAGES ?

WORRY! WORRY! TROUBLE! WORRY! WHERE IS HIS MAJESTY?!

HE'S OUT IN THE BACK-YARD

TROUBLE AND DISASTER ARE NEAR AT HAND - CALAMITY AND RUIN KNOCKING AT OUR VERY DOOR - AND YOU OUT HERE MAKING MUD PIES!!

GLOP

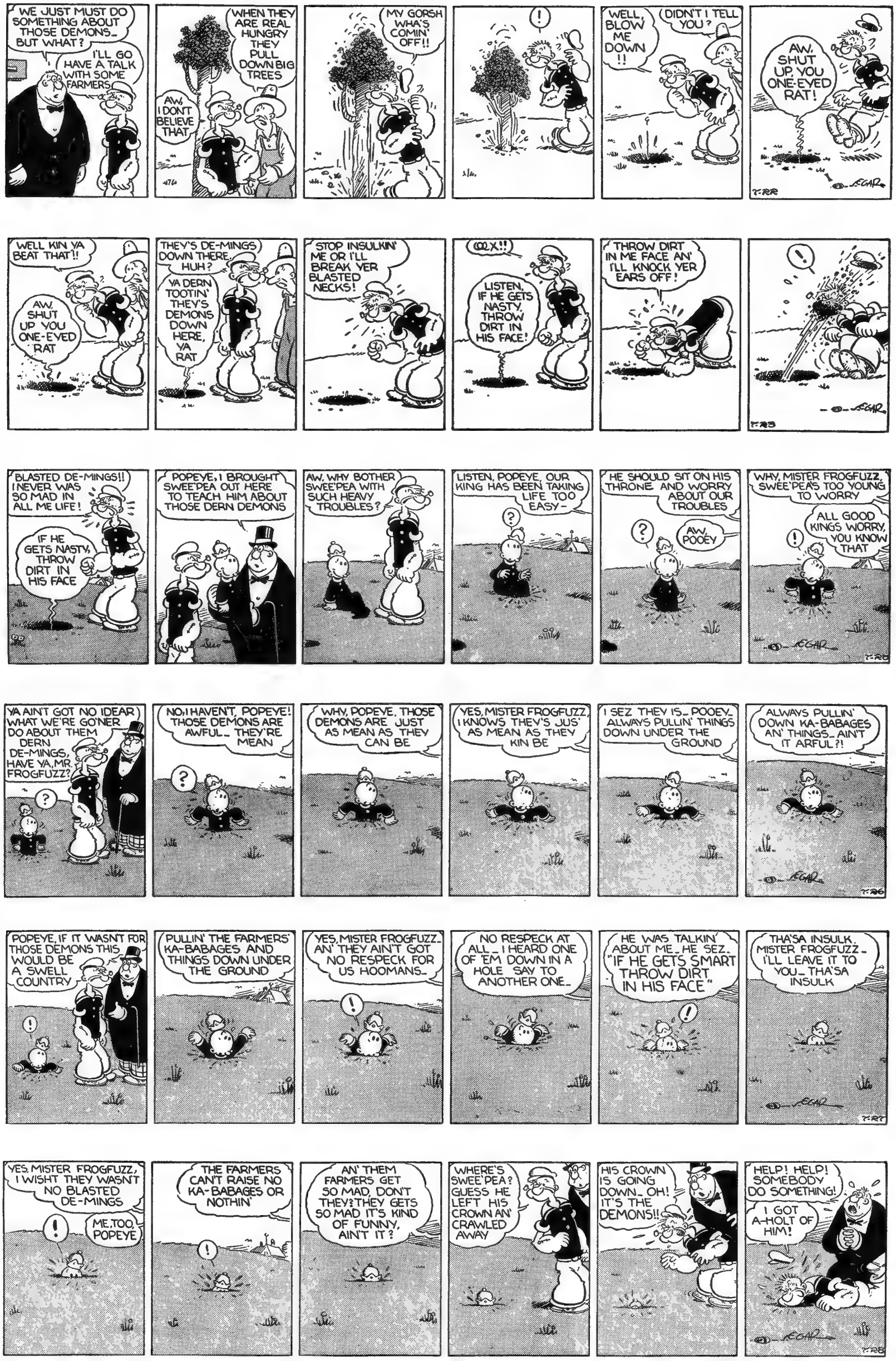
I GO NOW TO MY OWN COUNTRY - WHERE IS KING SWEE'PEA? I WANT TO TELL HIM GOOD-BYE

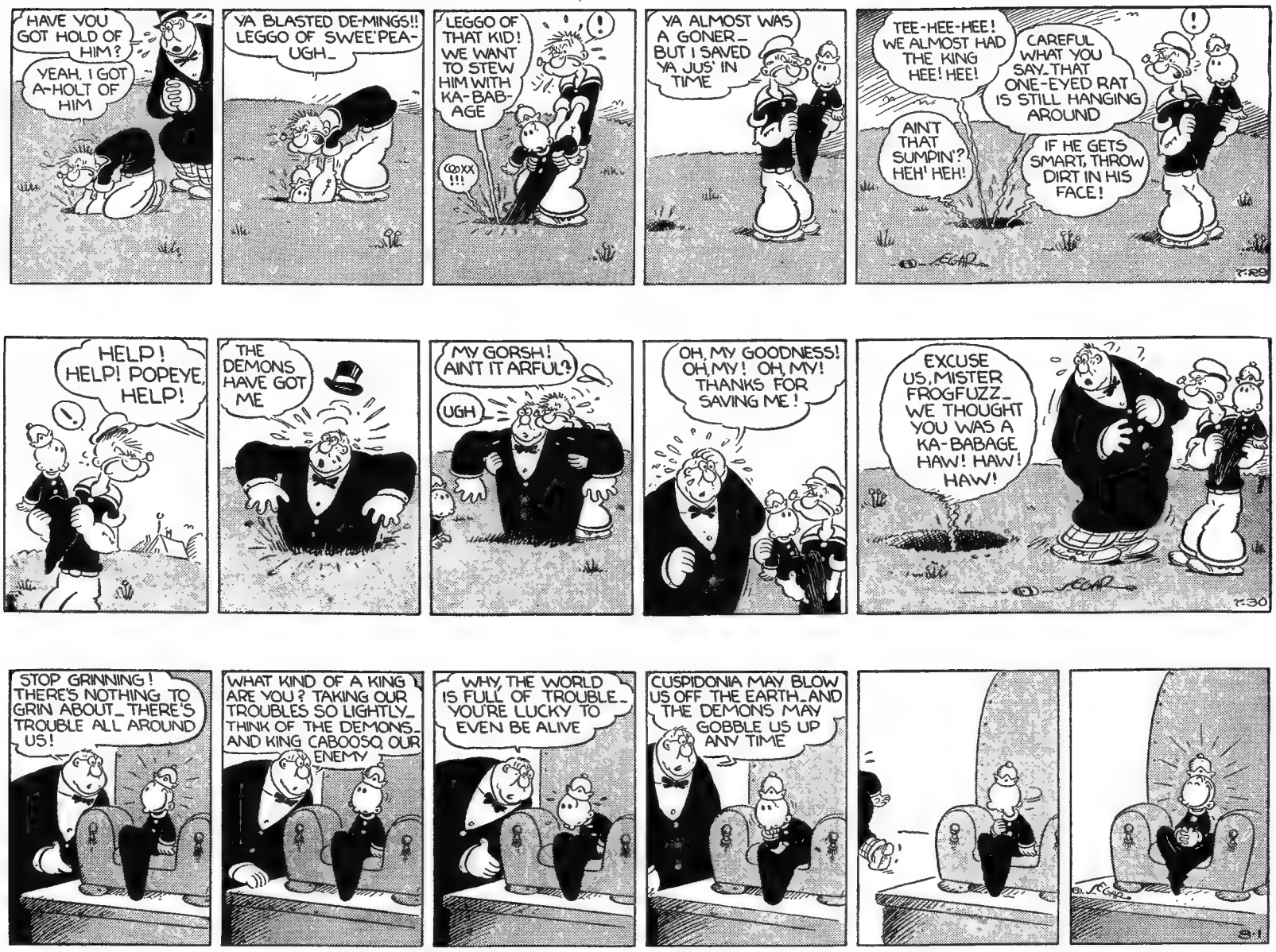
HE'S IN THE BLUE ROOM, YOUR MAJESTY

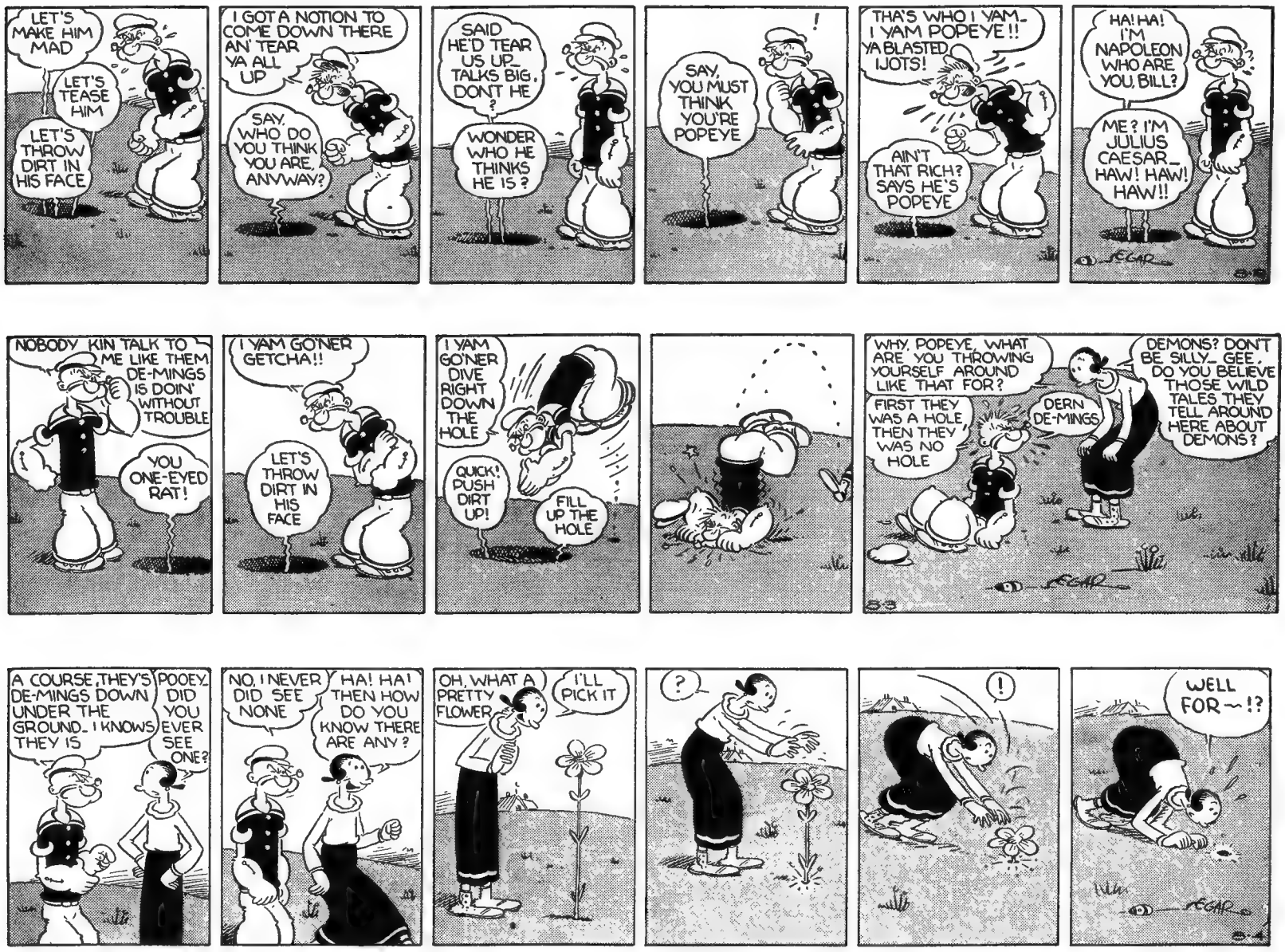
I'LL SLIP IN AND PUNISH THAT BRAT FOR STICKING OUT HIS TONGUE AT ME

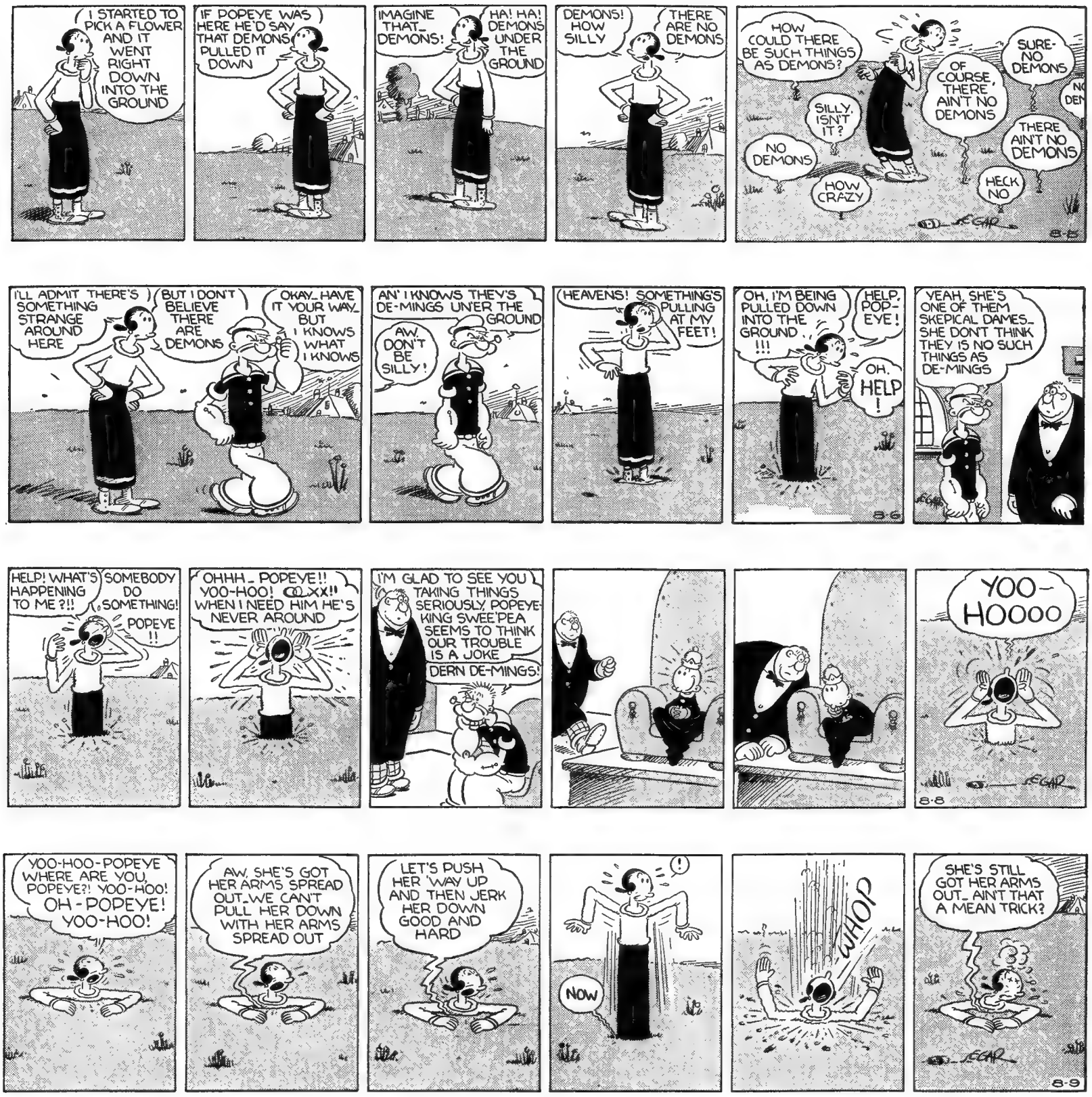
CLIMB UP, HONEY BOY - I HEAR TROUBLE COMING

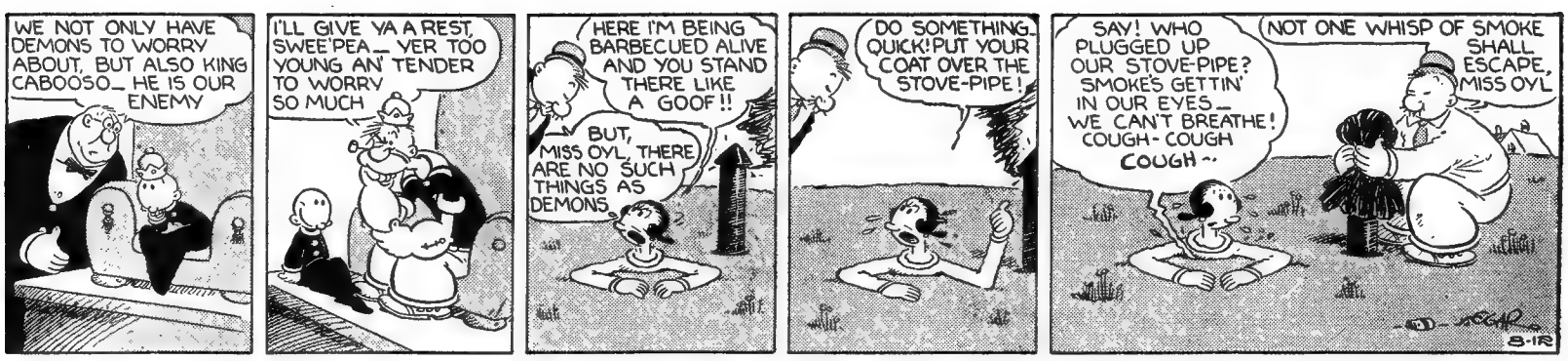
YEP - I'LL GO IN THERE AND SPANK THE HECK OUT OF THAT ROYAL BABY

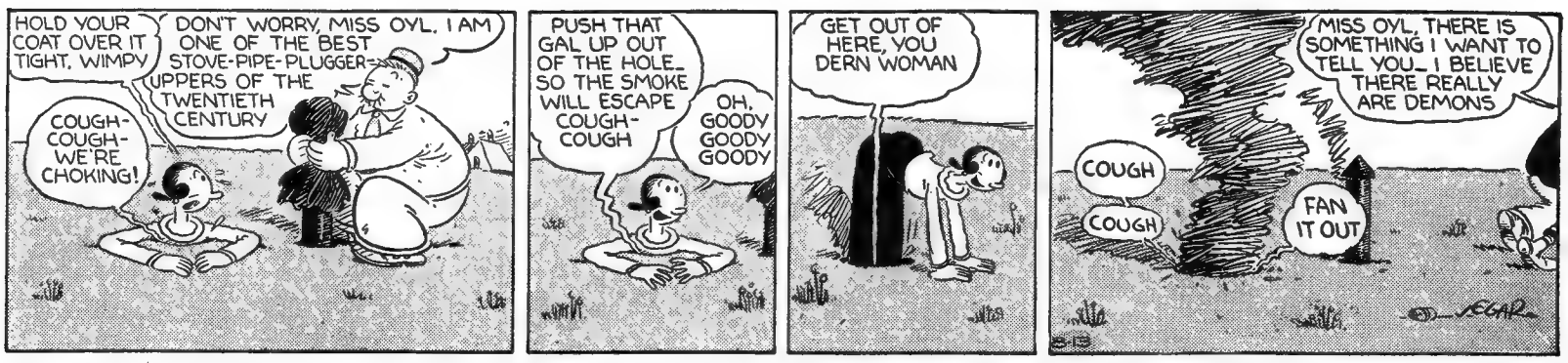

WE JUST MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE DEMONS_ BUT WHAT?
I'LL GO HAVE A TALK WITH SOME FARMERS
AW, I DON'T BELIEVE THAT
WHEN THEY ARE REAL HUNGRY THEY PULL DOWN BIG TREES
MY GORSH WHA'S COMIN' OFF!!
!
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN !!
DIDN'T I TELL YOU?
AW, SHUT UP, YOU ONE-EYED RAT!
EGAR
WELL KIN YA BEAT THAT!!
AW, SHUT UP YOU ONE-EYED RAT
THEY'S DE-MINGS DOWN THERE, HUH?
YA DERN TOOTIN' THEY'S DEMONS DOWN HERE, YA RAT
STOP INSULKIN' ME OR I'LL BREAK YER BLASTED NECKS!
OOLX!!
LISTEN, IF HE GETS NASTY, THROW DIRT IN HIS FACE!
THROW DIRT IN ME FACE AN' I'LL KNOCK YER EARS OFF!
!
EGAR
BLASTED DE-MINGS!! I NEVER WAS SO MAD IN ALL ME LIFE!
IF HE GETS NASTY, THROW DIRT IN HIS FACE
POPEYE, I BROUGHT SWEE'PEA OUT HERE TO TEACH HIM ABOUT THOSE DERN DEMONS
AW, WHY BOTHER SWEE'PEA WITH SUCH HEAVY TROUBLES?
LISTEN, POPEYE, OUR KING HAS BEEN TAKING LIFE TOO EASY-
?
HE SHOULD SIT ON HIS THRONE AND WORRY ABOUT OUR TROUBLES
?
AW, POOEY
WHY, MISTER FROGFUZZ, SWEE'PEA'S TOO YOUNG TO WORRY
!
ALL GOOD KINGS WORRY, YOU KNOW THAT
YA AIN'T GOT NO IDEAR WHAT WE'RE GO'NER DO ABOUT THEM DERN DE-MINGS, HAVE YA, MR. FROGFUZZ?
?
NO, I HAVEN'T, POPEYE! THOSE DEMONS ARE AWFUL_ THEY'RE MEAN
?
WHY, POPEYE, THOSE DEMONS ARE JUST AS MEAN AS THEY CAN BE
YES, MISTER FROGFUZZ, I KNOWS THEY'S JUS' AS MEAN AS THEY KIN BE
I SEZ THEY IS_ POOEY_ ALWAYS PULLIN' THINGS DOWN UNDER THE GROUND
ALWAYS PULLIN' DOWN KA-BABAGES AN' THINGS_ AIN'T IT ARFUL?!
EGAR
POPEYE, IF IT WASN'T FOR THOSE DEMONS THIS WOULD BE A SWELL COUNTRY
!
PULLIN' THE FARMERS' KA-BABAGES AND THINGS DOWN UNDER THE GROUND
YES, MISTER FROGFUZZ_ AN' THEY AIN'T GOT NO RESPECK FOR US HOOMANS_
!
NO RESPECK AT ALL_ I HEARD ONE OF 'EM DOWN IN A HOLE SAY TO ANOTHER ONE_
HE WAS TALKIN' ABOUT ME_ HE SEZ_ "IF HE GETS SMART THROW DIRT IN HIS FACE"
!
THA'SA INSULK, MISTER FROGFUZZ_ I'LL LEAVE IT TO YOU_ THA'SA INSULK
EGAR
YES, MISTER FROGFUZZ, I WISHT THEY WASN'T NO BLASTED DE-MINGS
!
ME, TOO, POPEYE
THE FARMERS CAN'T RAISE NO KA-BABAGES OR NOTHIN'
!
AN' THEM FARMERS GET SO MAD, DON'T THEY? THEY GETS SO MAD IT'S KIND OF FUNNY, AIN'T IT?
WHERE'S SWEE'PEA? GUESS HE LEFT HIS CROWN AN' CRAWLED AWAY
HIS CROWN IS GOING DOWN_ OH! IT'S THE DEMONS!!
HELP! HELP! SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING!
I GOT A-HOLT OF HIM!
EGAR


HAVE YOU GOT HOLD OF HIM?
YEAH, I GOT A-HOLT OF HIM
YA BLASTED DE-MINGS!! LEGGO OF SWEE'PEA- UGH_
LEGGO OF THAT KID! WE WANT TO STEW HIM WITH KA-BAB-AGE
OOXX !!!
YA ALMOST WAS A GONER_ BUT I SAVED YA JUS' IN TIME
TEE-HEE-HEE! WE ALMOST HAD THE KING HEE! HEE!
AINT THAT SUMPIN'? HEH' HEH!
CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY_THAT ONE-EYED RAT IS STILL HANGING AROUND
IF HE GETS SMART, THROW DIRT IN HIS FACE!
HELP! HELP! POPEYE, HELP!
THE DEMONS HAVE GOT ME
MY GORSH! AINT IT ARFUL?
UGH
OH, MY GOODNESS! OH, MY! OH, MY! THANKS FOR SAVING ME!
EXCUSE US, MISTER FROGFUZZ_ WE THOUGHT YOU WAS A KA-BABAGE HAW! HAW! HAW!
STOP GRINNING! THERE'S NOTHING TO GRIN ABOUT_ THERE'S TROUBLE ALL AROUND US!
WHAT KIND OF A KING ARE YOU? TAKING OUR TROUBLES SO LIGHTLY_ THINK OF THE DEMONS_ AND KING CABOOSO, OUR ENEMY
WHY, THE WORLD IS FULL OF TROUBLE_ YOU'RE LUCKY TO EVEN BE ALIVE
CUSPIDONIA MAY BLOW US OFF THE EARTH_AND THE DEMONS MAY GOBBLE US UP ANY TIME

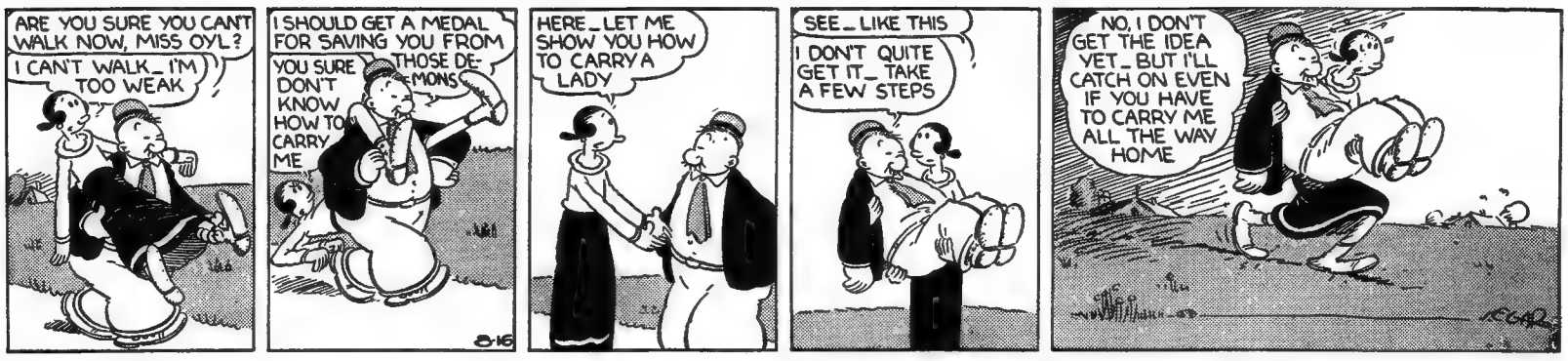

LET'S MAKE HIM MAD
LET'S TEASE HIM
LET'S THROW DIRT IN HIS FACE
I GOT A NOTION TO COME DOWN THERE AN' TEAR YA ALL UP
SAY, WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, ANYWAY?
SAID HE'D TEAR US UP_ TALKS BIG, DON'T HE?
WONDER WHO HE THINKS HE IS?
SAY, YOU MUST THINK YOU'RE POPEYE
THA'S WHO I YAM_ I YAM POPEYE!!
YA BLASTED IJOTS!
AIN'T THAT RICH? SAYS HE'S POPEYE
HA! HA! I'M NAPOLEON WHO ARE YOU, BILL?
ME? I'M JULIUS CAESAR_ HAW! HAW! HAW!!
NOBODY KIN TALK TO ME LIKE THEM DE-MINGS IS DOIN' WITHOUT TROUBLE
YOU ONE-EYED RAT!
I YAM GO'NER GETCHA!!
LET'S THROW DIRT IN HIS FACE
I YAM GO'NER DIVE RIGHT DOWN THE HOLE
QUICK! PUSH DIRT UP!
FILL UP THE HOLE
WHY, POPEYE, WHAT ARE YOU THROWING YOURSELF AROUND LIKE THAT FOR?
FIRST THEY WAS A HOLE, THEN THEY WAS NO HOLE
DERN DE-MINGS
DEMONS? DON'T BE SILLY_ GEE, DO YOU BELIEVE THOSE WILD TALES THEY TELL AROUND HERE ABOUT DEMONS?
A COURSE, THEY'S DE-MINGS DOWN UNDER THE GROUND_ I KNOWS THEY IS
POOEY, DID YOU EVER SEE ONE?
NO, I NEVER DID SEE NONE
HA! HA! THEN HOW DO YOU KNOW THERE ARE ANY?
OH, WHAT A PRETTY FLOWER
I'LL PICK IT
WELL FOR~!?

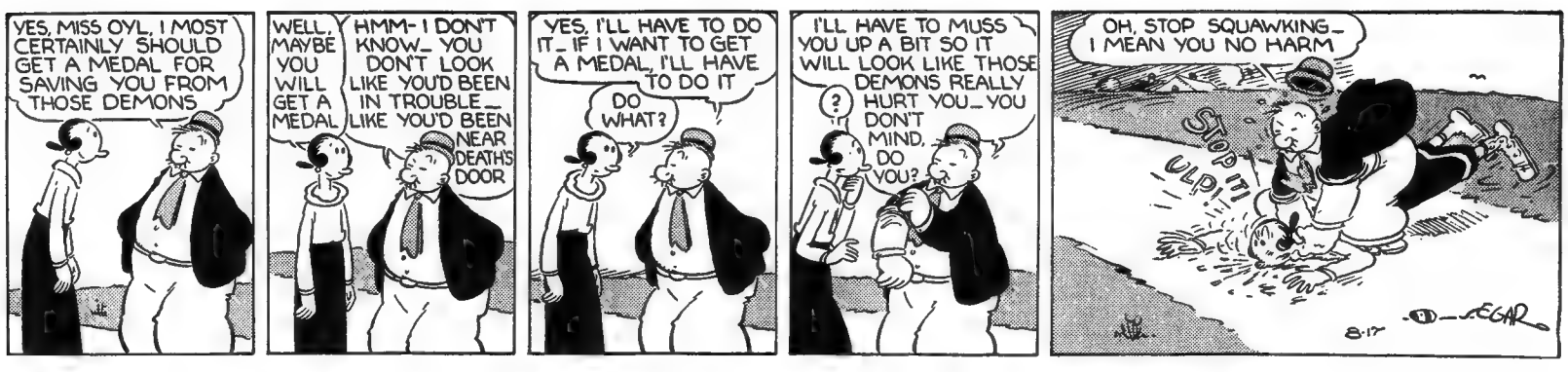

I STARTED TO PICK A FLOWER AND IT WENT RIGHT DOWN INTO THE GROUND
IF POPEYE WAS HERE HE'D SAY THAT DEMONS PULLED IT DOWN
IMAGINE THAT_ DEMONS!
HA! HA! DEMONS UNDER THE GROUND
DEMONS! HOW SILLY
THERE ARE NO DEMONS
HOW COULD THERE BE SUCH THINGS AS DEMONS?
SILLY, ISN'T IT?
NO DEMONS
HOW CRAZY
OF COURSE, THERE AIN'T NO DEMONS
SURE- NO DEMONS
THERE AIN'T NO DEMONS
HECK NO
8-5
I'LL ADMIT THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE AROUND HERE
BUT I DON'T BELIEVE THERE ARE DEMONS
OKAY_ HAVE IT YOUR WAY_ BUT I KNOWS WHAT I KNOWS
AN' I KNOWS THEY'S DE-MINGS UN'ER THE GROUND
AW, DON'T BE SILLY!
HEAVENS! SOMETHING'S PULLING AT MY FEET!
OH, I'M BEING PULLED DOWN INTO THE GROUND . . !!!
HELP, POP-EYE!
OH, HELP!
8-6
YEAH, SHE'S ONE OF THEM SKEPICAL DAMES_ SHE DON'T THINK THEY IS NO SUCH THINGS AS DE-MINGS
HELP! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?!!
SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING!
POPEYE !!
OHHH_ POPEYE!! YOO-HOO! XX!! WHEN I NEED HIM HE'S NEVER AROUND
I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU TAKING THINGS SERIOUSLY, POPEYE- KING SWEE'PEA SEEMS TO THINK OUR TROUBLE IS A JOKE
DERN DE-MINGS!
YOO- HOOOO
8-8
YOO-HOO-POPEYE WHERE ARE YOU, POPEYE?! YOO-HOO! OH-POPEYE! YOO-HOO!
AW, SHE'S GOT HER ARMS SPREAD OUT_ WE CAN'T PULL HER DOWN WITH HER ARMS SPREAD OUT
LET'S PUSH HER 'WAY UP AND THEN JERK HER DOWN GOOD AND HARD
NOW
WHOP
SHE'S STILL GOT HER ARMS OUT_ AIN'T THAT A MEAN TRICK?
8-9
WE CAN'T GET HER DOWN WHILE SHE HAS HER ARMS OUT
HELP!
WE CAN'T GET HER DOWN_ BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT WE CAN DO, BILL, WE CAN BARBECUE HALF OF HER
AT'SA GOOD IDEA_ SHOVE UP A STOVE-PIPE
8-10
WELL, WE'VE GOT THE STOVE-PIPE SHOVED UP AND THE FIRE GOING
WELL, BLESS MY SOUL_ WHAT GOES ON HERE ?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MISS OYL?
I'M COOKING
COOKING WHAT?
I MEAN I'M BEING COOKED
THE DEMONS PULLED ME DOWN AND THEY ARE BARBECUING HALF OF ME
SURELY, MISS OYL, YOU JEST
PULL ME OUT!
NOW IN THE FIRST PLACE_ THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS AS DEMONS
YEAH_ THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT!! OUITCH! OUUUW!
ARE YOU I LL, MISS OYL ?
8-11

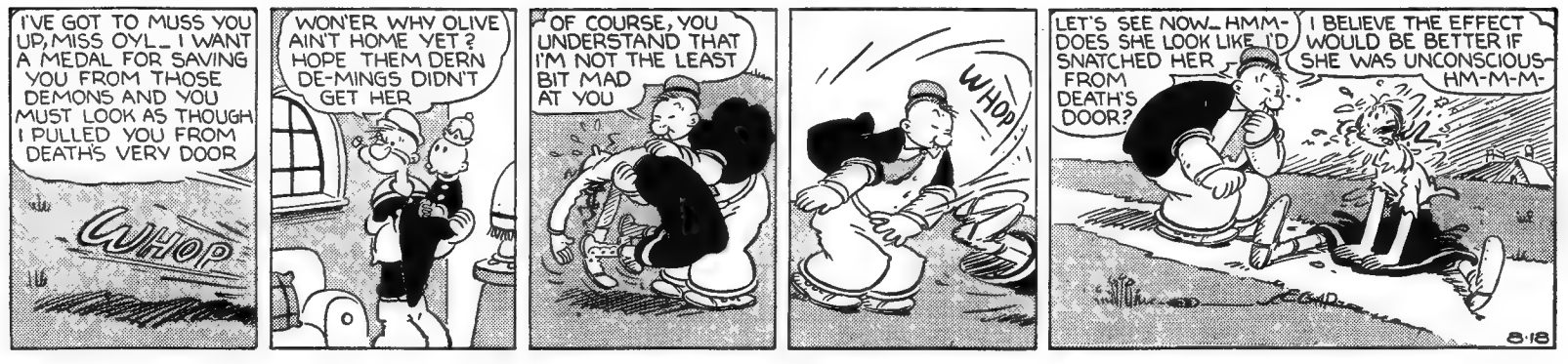

WE NOT ONLY HAVE DEMONS TO WORRY ABOUT, BUT ALSO KING CABOOSO— HE IS OUR ENEMY
I'LL GIVE YA A REST, SWEE'PEA— YER TOO YOUNG AN' TENDER TO WORRY SO MUCH
HERE I'M BEING BARBECUED ALIVE AND YOU STAND THERE LIKE A GOOF!!
BUT, MISS OYL, THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS AS DEMONS
DO SOMETHING QUICK! PUT YOUR COAT OVER THE STOVE-PIPE!
SAY! WHO PLUGGED UP OUR STOVE-PIPE? SMOKE'S GETTIN' IN OUR EYES— WE CAN'T BREATHE! COUGH-COUGH COUGH--
NOT ONE WHISP OF SMOKE SHALL ESCAPE, MISS OYL
8-12

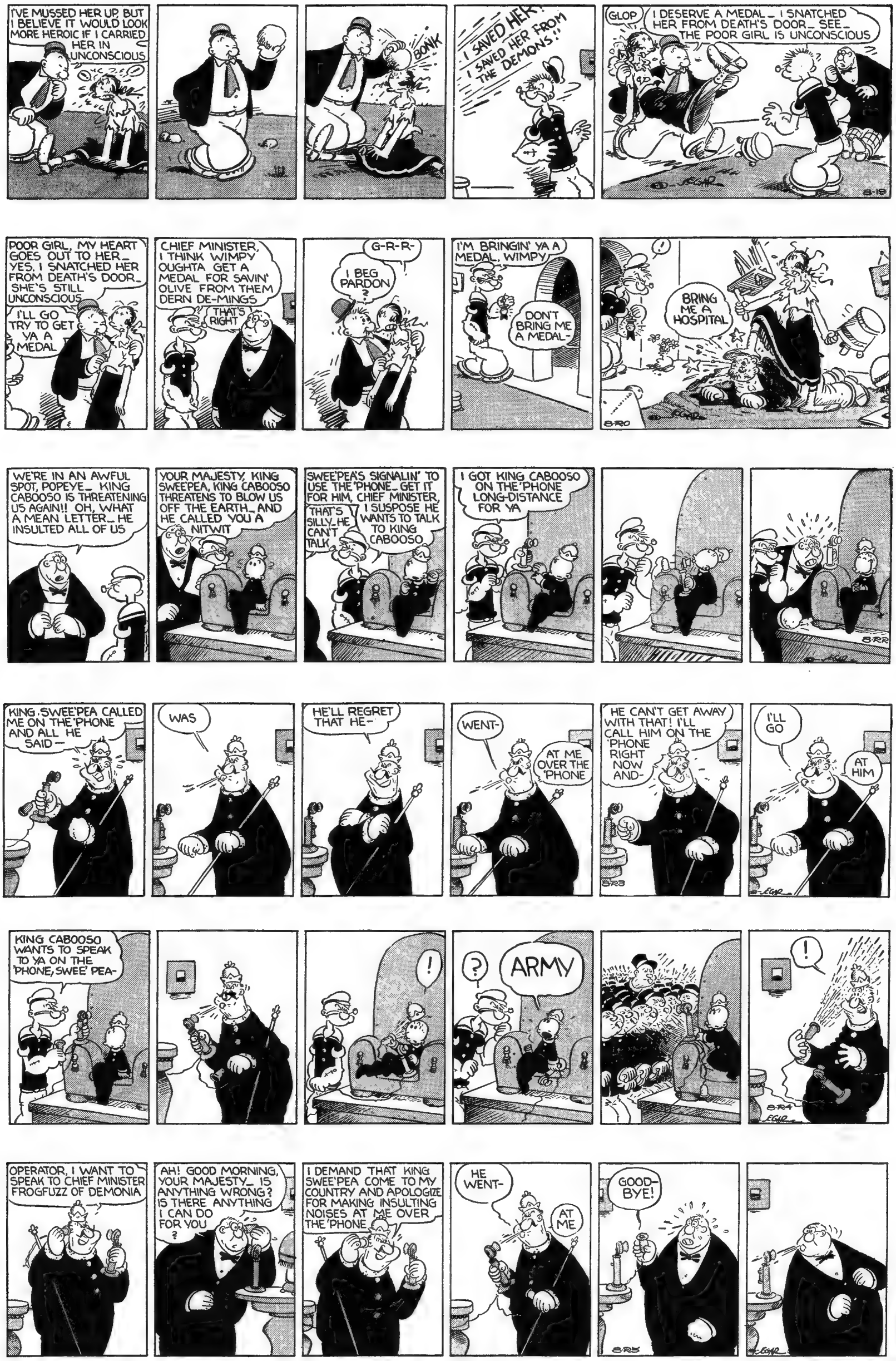

HOLD YOUR COAT OVER IT TIGHT, WIMPY
DON'T WORRY, MISS OYL. I AM ONE OF THE BEST STOVE-PIPE-PLUGGER-UPPERS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
COUGH-COUGH- WE'RE CHOKING!
PUSH THAT GAL UP OUT OF THE HOLE— SO THE SMOKE WILL ESCAPE COUGH-COUGH
OH, GOODY GOODY GOODY
GET OUT OF HERE, YOU DERN WOMAN
MISS OYL, THERE IS SOMETHING I WANT TO TELL YOU— I BELIEVE THERE REALLY ARE DEMONS
COUGH
COUGH
FAN IT OUT
8-13

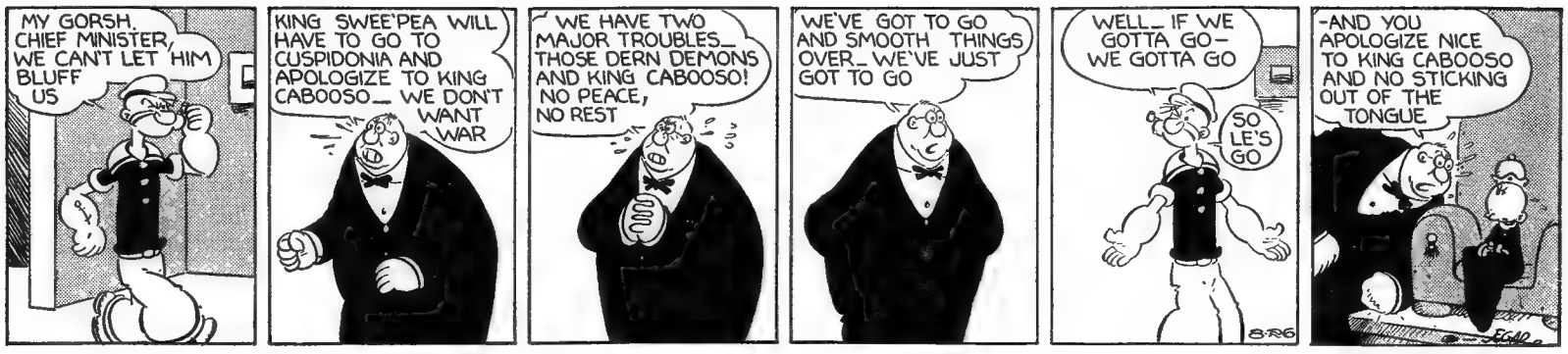

OLIVE OUGHT TO BE HOME BY NOW— WON'ER IF THEM DERN DE-MINGS GOT HER?
YOU NEVER CAN TELL
AFTER MY EXPERIENCE WITH THE DEMONS I'M AFRAID I WON'T BE ABLE TO WALK HOME— I'M ALL JITTERY
VERY WELL THEN, MISS OYL, WITH YOUR PERMISSION I'LL CARRY YOU HOME
ALL READY, MISS OYL, WE WILL NOW START HOMEWARD.
EVEN THOUGH I KNOW VERY LITTLE ABOUT CARRYING WOMEN—
I SHALL CARRY YOU HOME, ANYWAY
8-15

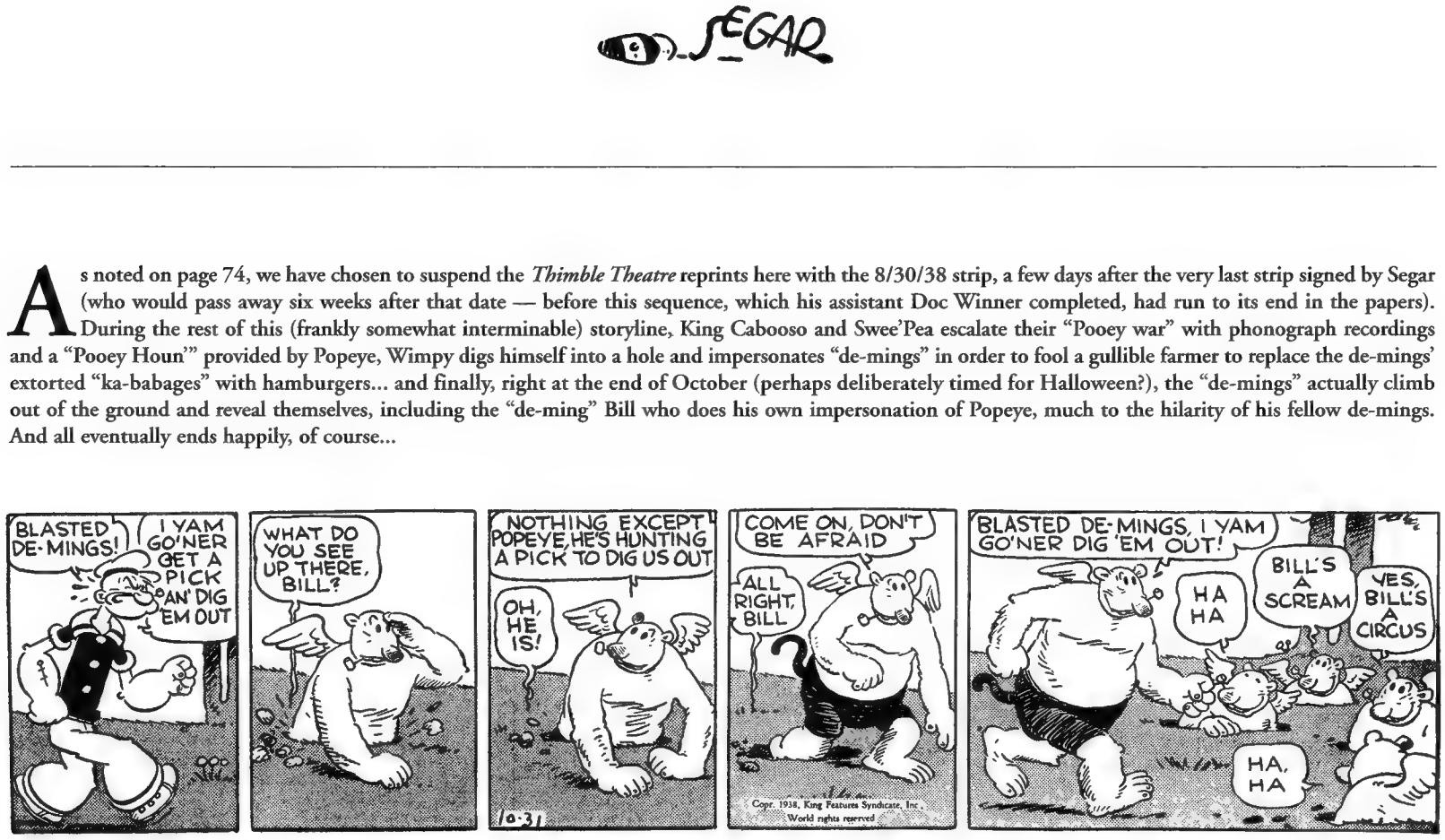

ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN'T WALK NOW, MISS OYL?
I CAN'T WALK— I'M TOO WEAK
I SHOULD GET A MEDAL FOR SAVING YOU FROM THOSE DE-MONS
YOU SURE DON'T KNOW HOW TO CARRY ME
8-16
HERE— LET ME SHOW YOU HOW TO CARRY A LADY
SEE— LIKE THIS
I DON'T QUITE GET IT— TAKE A FEW STEPS
NO, I DON'T GET THE IDEA YET— BUT I'LL CATCH ON EVEN IF YOU HAVE TO CARRY ME ALL THE WAY HOME


YES, MISS OYL, I MOST CERTAINLY SHOULD GET A MEDAL FOR SAVING YOU FROM THOSE DEMONS
WELL, MAYBE YOU WILL GET A MEDAL
HMM- I DON'T KNOW— YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE YOU'D BEEN IN TROUBLE— LIKE YOU'D BEEN NEAR DEATH'S DOOR
YES, I'LL HAVE TO DO IT— IF I WANT TO GET A MEDAL, I'LL HAVE TO DO IT
DO WHAT?
I'LL HAVE TO MUSS YOU UP A BIT SO IT WILL LOOK LIKE THOSE DEMONS REALLY HURT YOU— YOU DON'T MIND, DO YOU?
?
OH, STOP SQUAWKING— I MEAN YOU NO HARM
STOP IT! ULP!
8-17

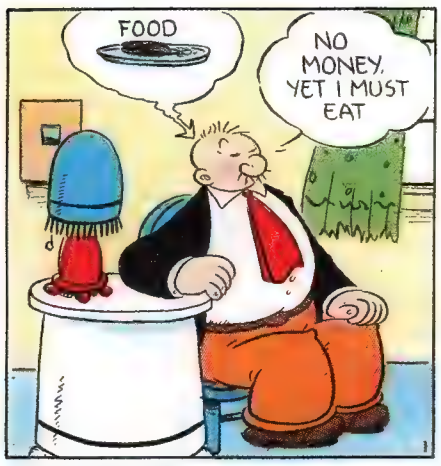

I'VE GOT TO MUSS YOU UP, MISS OYL— I WANT A MEDAL FOR SAVING YOU FROM THOSE DEMONS AND YOU MUST LOOK AS THOUGH I PULLED YOU FROM DEATH'S VERY DOOR
WHOP
WON'ER WHY OLIVE AIN'T HOME YET? HOPE THEM DERN DE-MINGS DIDN'T GET HER
OF COURSE, YOU UNDERSTAND THAT I'M NOT THE LEAST BIT MAD AT YOU
WHOP!
LET'S SEE NOW— HMM- DOES SHE LOOK LIKE I'D SNATCHED HER FROM DEATH'S DOOR?
I BELIEVE THE EFFECT WOULD BE BETTER IF SHE WAS UNCONSCIOUS- HM-M-M-
8-18

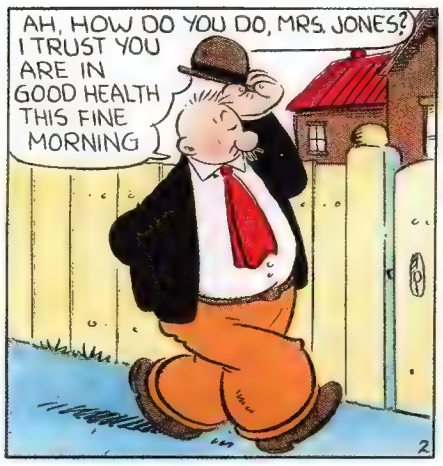

I'VE MUSSED HER UP, BUT I BELIEVE IT WOULD LOOK MORE HEROIC IF I CARRIED HER IN UNCONSCIOUS
BONK
I SAVED HER! I SAVED HER FROM THE DEMONS!!
GLOP
I DESERVE A MEDAL_ I SNATCHED HER FROM DEATH'S DOOR_ SEE_ THE POOR GIRL IS UNCONSCIOUS
8-19
POOR GIRL, MY HEART GOES OUT TO HER_ YES, I SNATCHED HER FROM DEATH'S DOOR_ SHE'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS
I'LL GO TRY TO GET YA A MEDAL
CHIEF MINISTER, I THINK WIMPY OUGHTA GET A MEDAL FOR SAVIN' OLIVE FROM THEM DERN DE-MINGS
THAT'S RIGHT
G-R-R-
I BEG PARDON
?
I'M BRINGIN' YA A MEDAL, WIMPY
DON'T BRING ME A MEDAL-
BRING ME A HOSPITAL
8-20
WE'RE IN AN AWFUL SPOT, POPEYE_ KING CABOOSO IS THREATENING US AGAIN!! OH, WHAT A MEAN LETTER_ HE INSULTED ALL OF US
YOUR MAJESTY, KING SWEE'PEA, KING CABOOSO THREATENS TO BLOW US OFF THE EARTH_ AND HE CALLED YOU A NITWIT
SWEE'PEA'S SIGNALIN' TO USE THE 'PHONE_ GET IT FOR HIM, CHIEF MINISTER,
THAT'S SILLY_ HE CAN'T TALK
I SUSPOSE HE WANTS TO TALK TO KING CABOOSO
I GOT KING CABOOSO ON THE 'PHONE LONG-DISTANCE FOR YA
8-22
KING SWEE'PEA CALLED ME ON THE 'PHONE AND ALL HE SAID—
WAS
HE'LL REGRET THAT HE-
WENT-
AT ME OVER THE 'PHONE
HE CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THAT! I'LL CALL HIM ON THE 'PHONE RIGHT NOW AND-
I'LL GO
AT HIM
8-23
KING CABOOSO WANTS TO SPEAK TO YA ON THE 'PHONE, SWEE' PEA-
!
?
ARMY
8-24
OPERATOR, I WANT TO SPEAK TO CHIEF MINISTER FROGFUZZ OF DEMONIA
AH! GOOD MORNING, YOUR MAJESTY_ IS ANYTHING WRONG? IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU ?
I DEMAND THAT KING SWEE'PEA COME TO MY COUNTRY AND APOLOGIZE FOR MAKING INSULTING NOISES AT ME OVER THE 'PHONE
HE WENT-
AT ME
GOOD-BYE!
8-25

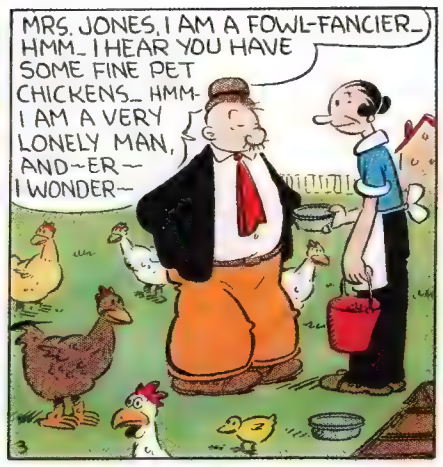


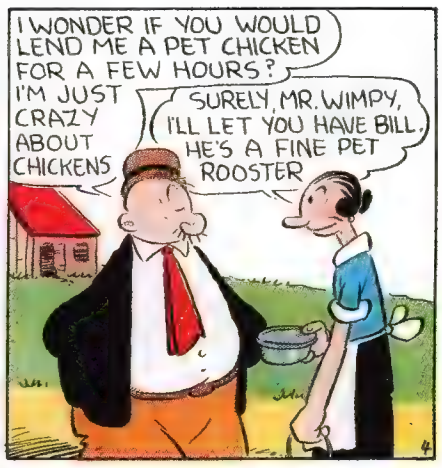


As noted on page 74, we have chosen to suspend the *Thimble Theatre* reprints here with the 8/30/38 strip, a few days after the very last strip signed by Segar (who would pass away six weeks after that date — before this sequence, which his assistant Doc Winner completed, had run to its end in the papers). During the rest of this (frankly somewhat interminable) storyline, King Cabooso and Swee'Pea escalate their "Pooey war" with phonograph recordings and a "Pooey Houn'" provided by Popeye, Wimpy digs himself into a hole and impersonates "de-mings" in order to fool a gullible farmer to replace the de-mings' extorted "ka-babages" with hamburgers... and finally, right at the end of October (perhaps deliberately timed for Halloween?), the "de-mings" actually climb out of the ground and reveal themselves, including the "de-ming" Bill who does his own impersonation of Popeye, much to the hilarity of his fellow de-mings. And all eventually ends happily, of course...


FOOD
NO MONEY, YET I MUST EAT
1


AH, HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. JONES? I TRUST YOU ARE IN GOOD HEALTH THIS FINE MORNING
2


MRS. JONES, I AM A FOWL-FANCIER— HMM— I HEAR YOU HAVE SOME FINE PET CHICKENS— HMM— I AM A VERY LONELY MAN, AND—ER— I WONDER—
3

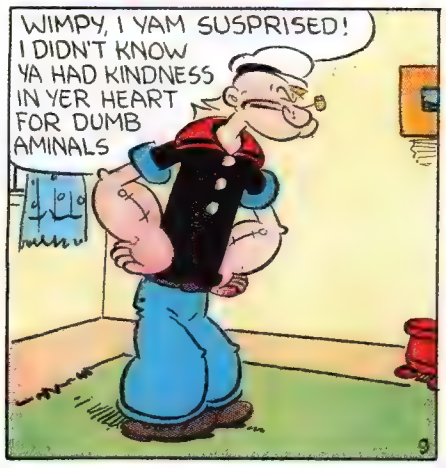

I WONDER IF YOU WOULD LEND ME A PET CHICKEN FOR A FEW HOURS? I'M JUST CRAZY ABOUT CHICKENS
SURELY, MR. WIMPY, I'LL LET YOU HAVE BILL. HE'S A FINE PET ROOSTER
4


WELL, NOW, MRS. JONES, IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, I'D RATHER BORROW A PET HEN— ROOSTERS ARE SO UNRULY—
WELL, THEN, I'LL LET YOU HAVE BETTY
5


THANKS VERY MUCH, MRS. JONES— SHE CERTAINLY IS A LOVELY CREATURE
TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER
I WILL
6

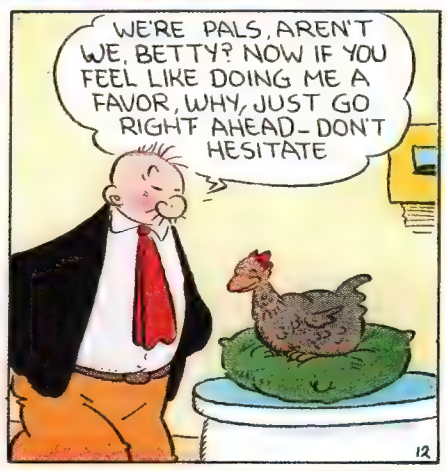

AHOY, WIMPY, WHATCHA DOIN'?
NICE CHICKY
7

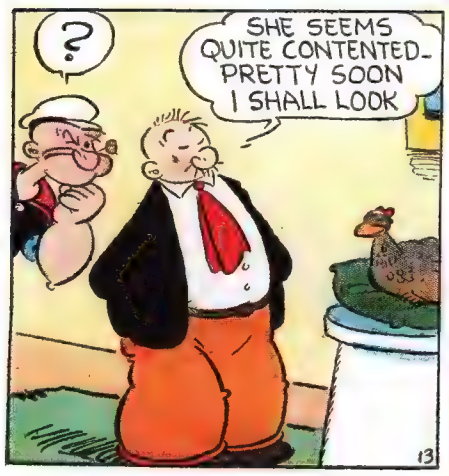

MY GORSH !!
YES, BETTY, JUST MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE ON THE SOFT PILLOW
PAT PAT
8


WIMPY, I YAM SUSPRISED! I DIDN'T KNOW YA HAD KINDNESS IN YER HEART FOR DUMB AMINALS
9

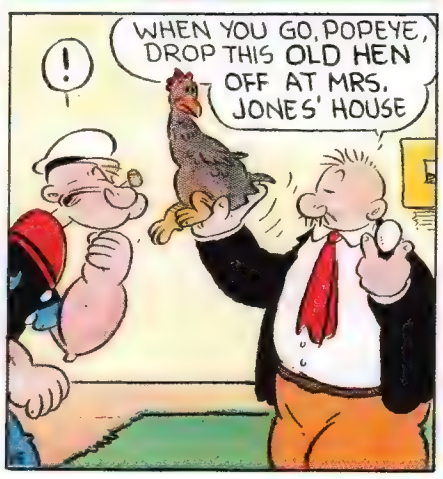

THA'S SWELL!
JUST RELAX, BETTY, DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING
PAT PAT
10

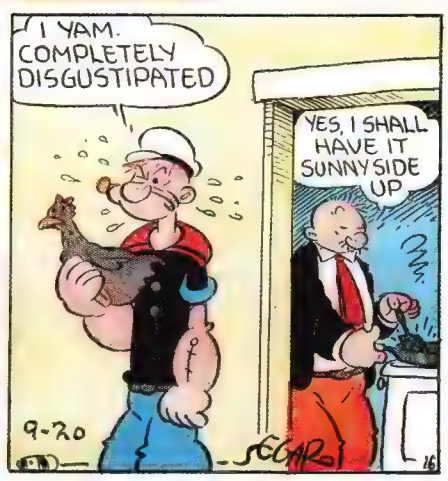

BLOW ME DOWN! ANYBODY WICH IS KIND TO DUMB AMINALS IS OKAY
11

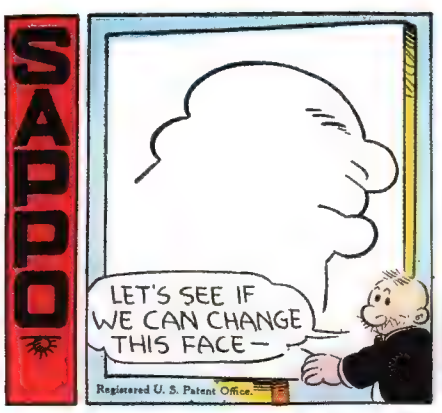

WE'RE PALS, AREN'T WE, BETTY? NOW IF YOU FEEL LIKE DOING ME A FAVOR, WHY, JUST GO RIGHT AHEAD— DON'T HESITATE
12

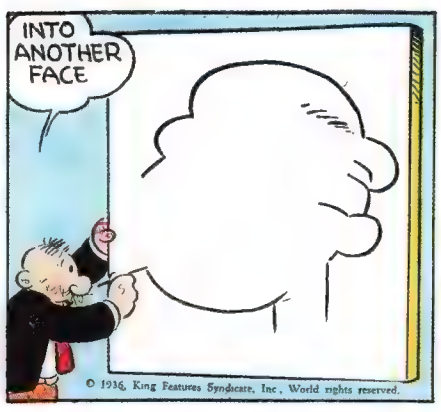

?
SHE SEEMS QUITE CONTENTED— PRETTY SOON I SHALL LOOK
13


AH, SUCCESS!
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14


!
WHEN YOU GO, POPEYE, DROP THIS OLD HEN OFF AT MRS. JONES' HOUSE

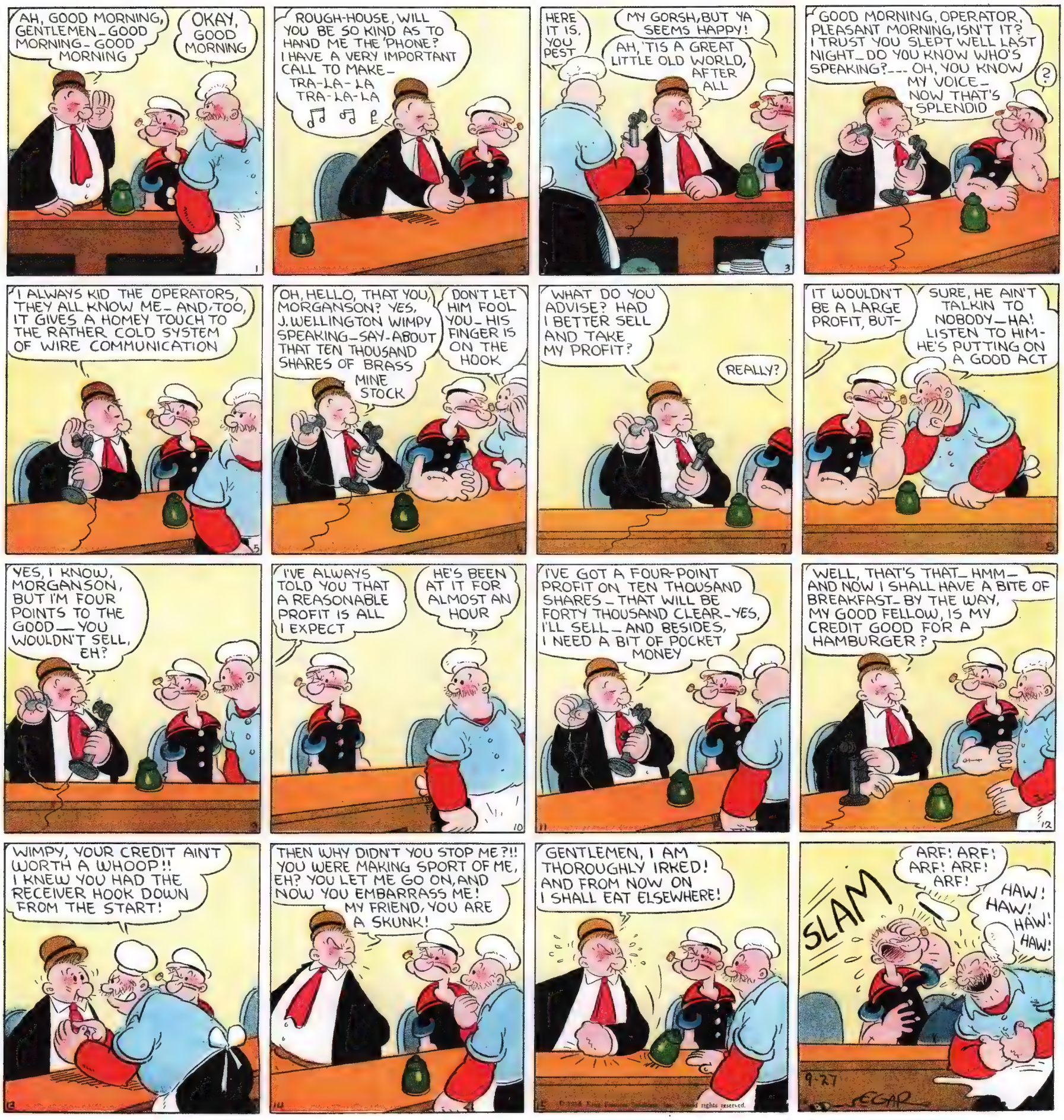

I YAM. COMPLETELY DISGUSTIPATED
YES, I SHALL HAVE IT SUNNY SIDE UP
9-20
-SEGAR
16


SADDO
LET'S SEE IF WE CAN CHANGE THIS FACE—
Registered U. S. Patent Office.

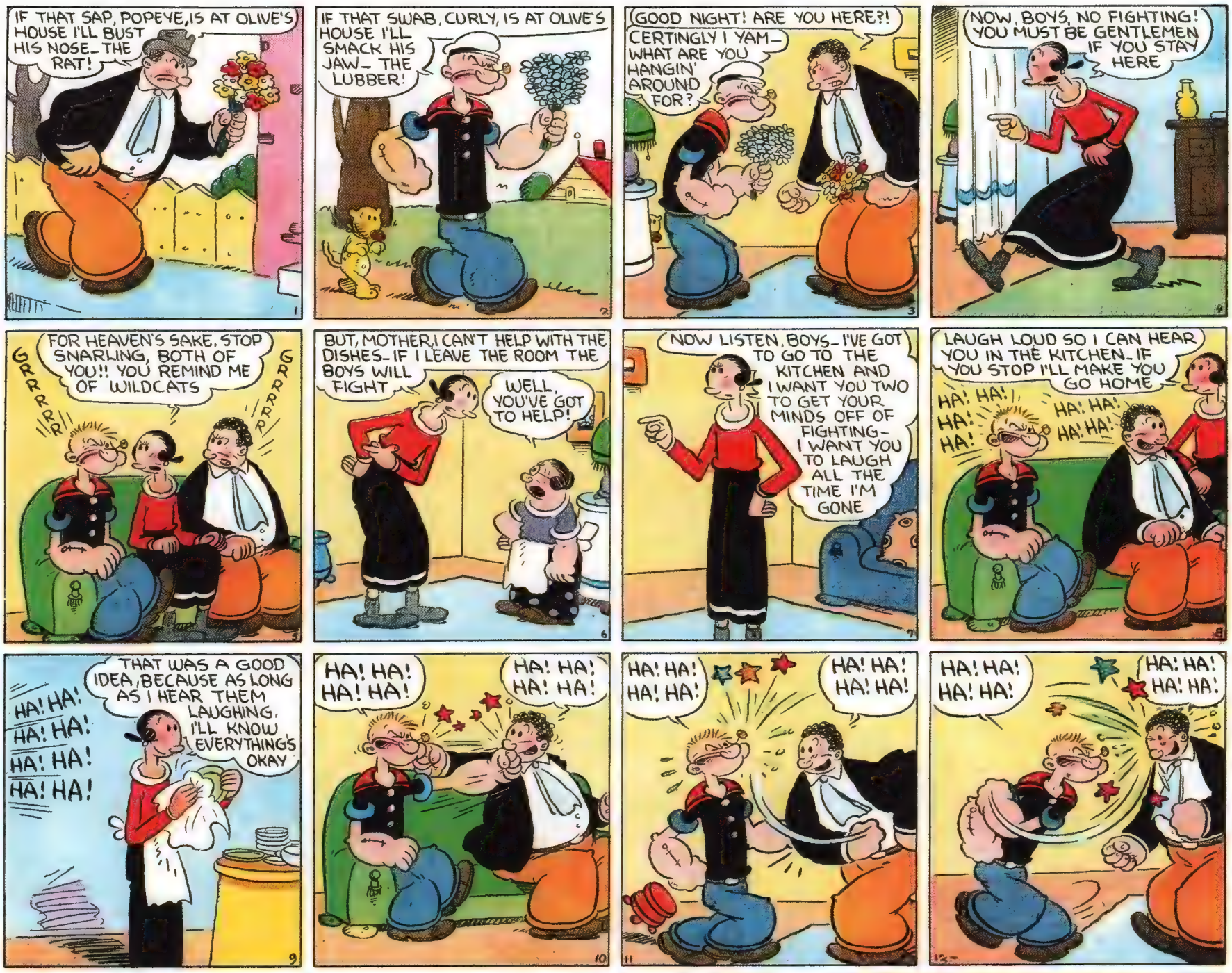

INTO ANOTHER FACE
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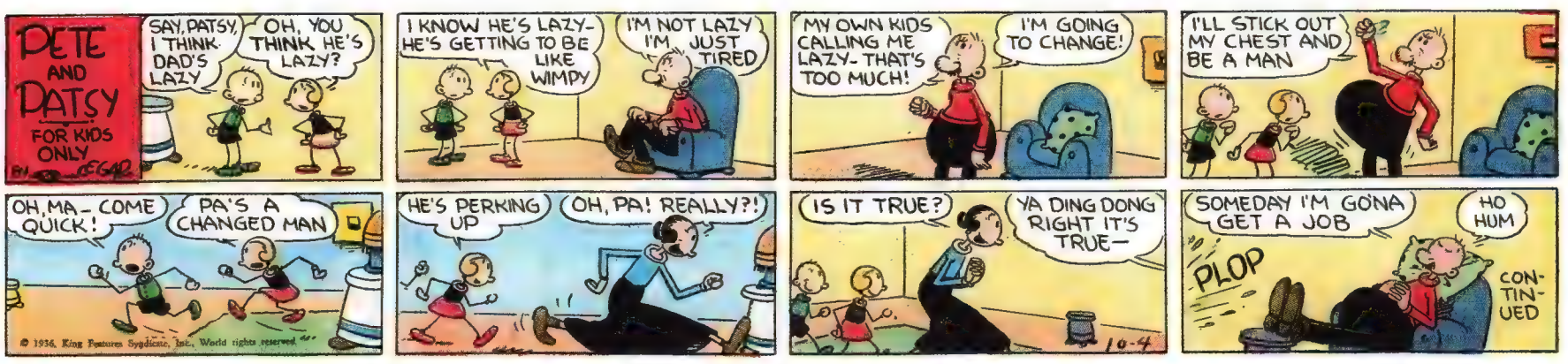

9-7-20


WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
-SEGAR


AH, GOOD MORNING, GENTLEMEN - GOOD MORNING - GOOD MORNING
OKAY, GOOD MORNING
ROUGH-HOUSE, WILL YOU BE SO KIND AS TO HAND ME THE 'PHONE? I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT CALL TO MAKE - TRA-LA-LA TRA-LA-LA
HERE IT IS, YOU PEST
MY GORSH, BUT YA SEEMS HAPPY!
AH, 'TIS A GREAT LITTLE OLD WORLD, AFTER ALL
GOOD MORNING, OPERATOR, PLEASANT MORNING, ISN'T IT? I TRUST YOU SLEPT WELL LAST NIGHT - DO YOU KNOW WHO'S SPEAKING? --- OH, YOU KNOW MY VOICE - NOW THAT'S SPLENDID
?
I ALWAYS KID THE OPERATORS, THEY ALL KNOW ME - AND, TOO, IT GIVES A HOMEY TOUCH TO THE RATHER COLD SYSTEM OF WIRE COMMUNICATION
OH, HELLO, THAT YOU, MORGANSON? YES, J. WELLINGTON WIMPY SPEAKING - SAY - ABOUT THAT TEN THOUSAND SHARES OF BRASS MINE STOCK
DON'T LET HIM FOOL YOU - HIS FINGER IS ON THE HOOK
WHAT DO YOU ADVISE? HAD I BETTER SELL AND TAKE MY PROFIT?
REALLY?
IT WOULDN'T BE A LARGE PROFIT, BUT -
SURE, HE AIN'T TALKIN TO NOBODY - HA! LISTEN TO HIM - HE'S PUTTING ON A GOOD ACT
YES, I KNOW, MORGANSON, BUT I'M FOUR POINTS TO THE GOOD — YOU WOULDN'T SELL, EH?
I'VE ALWAYS TOLD YOU THAT A REASONABLE PROFIT IS ALL I EXPECT
HE'S BEEN AT IT FOR ALMOST AN HOUR
I'VE GOT A FOUR-POINT PROFIT ON TEN THOUSAND SHARES - THAT WILL BE FORTY THOUSAND CLEAR - YES, I'LL SELL - AND BESIDES, I NEED A BIT OF POCKET MONEY
WELL, THAT'S THAT - HMM - AND NOW I SHALL HAVE A BITE OF BREAKFAST - BY THE WAY, MY GOOD FELLOW, IS MY CREDIT GOOD FOR A HAMBURGER?
WIMPY, YOUR CREDIT AIN'T WORTH A WHOOP!! I KNEW YOU HAD THE RECEIVER HOOK DOWN FROM THE START!
THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP ME?!! YOU WERE MAKING SPORT OF ME, EH? YOU LET ME GO ON, AND NOW YOU EMBARRASS ME! MY FRIEND, YOU ARE A SKUNK!
GENTLEMEN, I AM THOROUGHLY IRKED! AND FROM NOW ON I SHALL EAT ELSEWHERE!
SLAM
ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF!
HAW! HAW! HAW! HAW!
9-27
EGAR

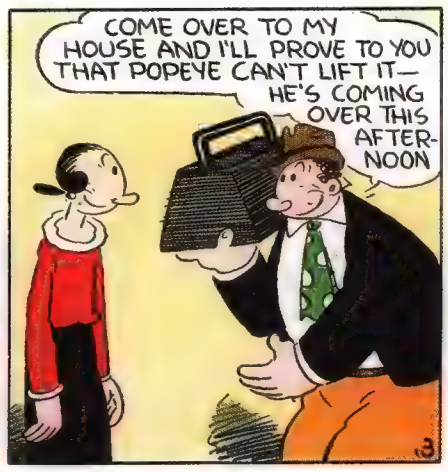

PETE AND PATSY FOR KIDS ONLY
SAPPO IS ON A VACATION, SO PETE AND PATSY WILL TAKE HIS PLACE
DEAR CHILDREN, THERE IS NO FOOD TO EAT - WE'LL STARVE!
PATSY, ARE YOU CRAZY?!
HA! HA! WE HAVE NO FOOD TO EAT
PATSY, DON'T YOU DARE LAUGH! DON'T YOU KNOW WE HAVE NOTHING TO EAT?
HAW! HAW!
STOP LAUGHING
MIGHT AS WELL DIE HAPPY, MIGHTN'T WE NOT?
AND BESIDES, I'M TO YOUNG TO WORRY, SO, POOEY!
JUST LOOK AT FATHER WORRYING
© 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.
NO FOOD! OH, MY! NO FOOD!
AND NO WORK -
9-27
THANK HEAVEN!
TO BE CON-TIN-UED
EGAR

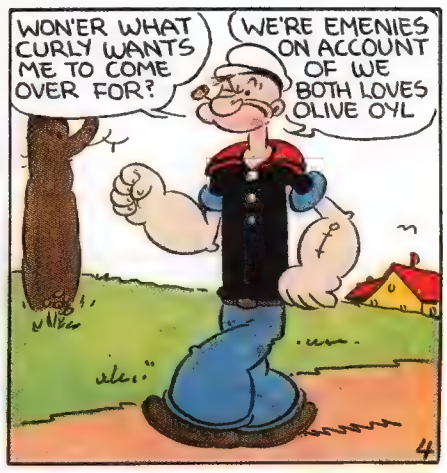

IF THAT SAP, POPEYE, IS AT OLIVE'S HOUSE I'LL BUST HIS NOSE- THE RAT!
IF THAT SWAB, CURLY, IS AT OLIVE'S HOUSE I'LL SMACK HIS JAW- THE LUBBER!
GOOD NIGHT! ARE YOU HERE?!
CERTINGLY I YAM- WHAT ARE YOU HANGIN' AROUND FOR?
NOW, BOYS, NO FIGHTING! YOU MUST BE GENTLEMEN IF YOU STAY HERE
GRRRRR
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, STOP SNARLING, BOTH OF YOU!! YOU REMIND ME OF WILDCATS
RRRRR
BUT, MOTHER, I CAN'T HELP WITH THE DISHES- IF I LEAVE THE ROOM THE BOYS WILL FIGHT
WELL, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP!
NOW LISTEN, BOYS- I'VE GOT TO GO TO THE KITCHEN AND I WANT YOU TWO TO GET YOUR MINDS OFF OF FIGHTING- I WANT YOU TO LAUGH ALL THE TIME I'M GONE
LAUGH LOUD SO I CAN HEAR YOU IN THE KITCHEN- IF YOU STOP I'LL MAKE YOU GO HOME
HA! HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
THAT WAS A GOOD IDEA, BECAUSE AS LONG AS I HEAR THEM LAUGHING, I'LL KNOW EVERYTHING'S OKAY
HA! HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
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SEGAR


PETE AND PATSY FOR KIDS ONLY
SEGAR
SAY, PATSY, I THINK DAD'S LAZY
OH, YOU THINK HE'S LAZY?
I KNOW HE'S LAZY- HE'S GETTING TO BE LIKE WIMPY
I'M NOT LAZY I'M JUST TIRED
MY OWN KIDS CALLING ME LAZY- THAT'S TOO MUCH!
I'M GOING TO CHANGE!
I'LL STICK OUT MY CHEST AND BE A MAN
OH, MA- COME QUICK!
PA'S A CHANGED MAN
HE'S PERKING UP
OH, PA! REALLY?!
IS IT TRUE?
YA DING DONG RIGHT IT'S TRUE-
SOMEDAY I'M GONA GET A JOB
HO HUM
PLOP
CON-TIN-UED
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CURLY, DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT POPEYE COULDN'T LIFT THAT WEIGHT?
1

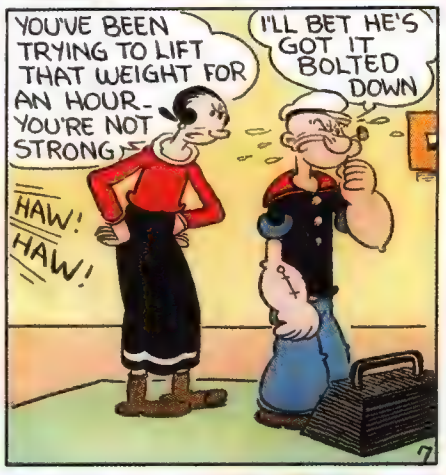

OF COURSE, POPEYE COULDN'T LIFT THIS WEIGHT- I'M STRONGER THAN HE IS
REALLY?
SURE
2


COME OVER TO MY HOUSE AND I'LL PROVE TO YOU THAT POPEYE CAN'T LIFT IT— HE'S COMING OVER THIS AFTER-NOON
3


WON'ER WHAT CURLY WANTS ME TO COME OVER FOR?
WE'RE EMENIES ON ACCOUNT OF WE BOTH LOVES OLIVE OYL
4

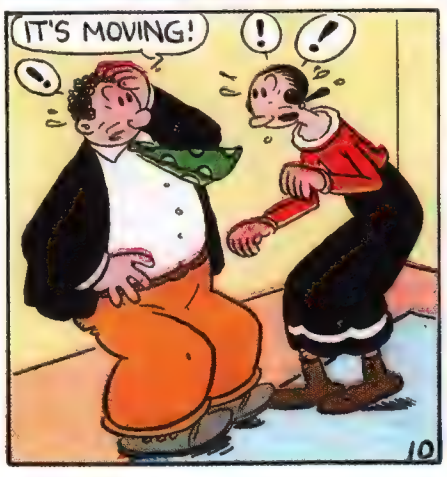

WELL, THAT'S THAT- I'VE GOT BIG BOLTS THROUGH THE FLOOR AND INTO THE BOTTOM OF IT- NOBODY COULD LIFT THIS WEIGHT
5

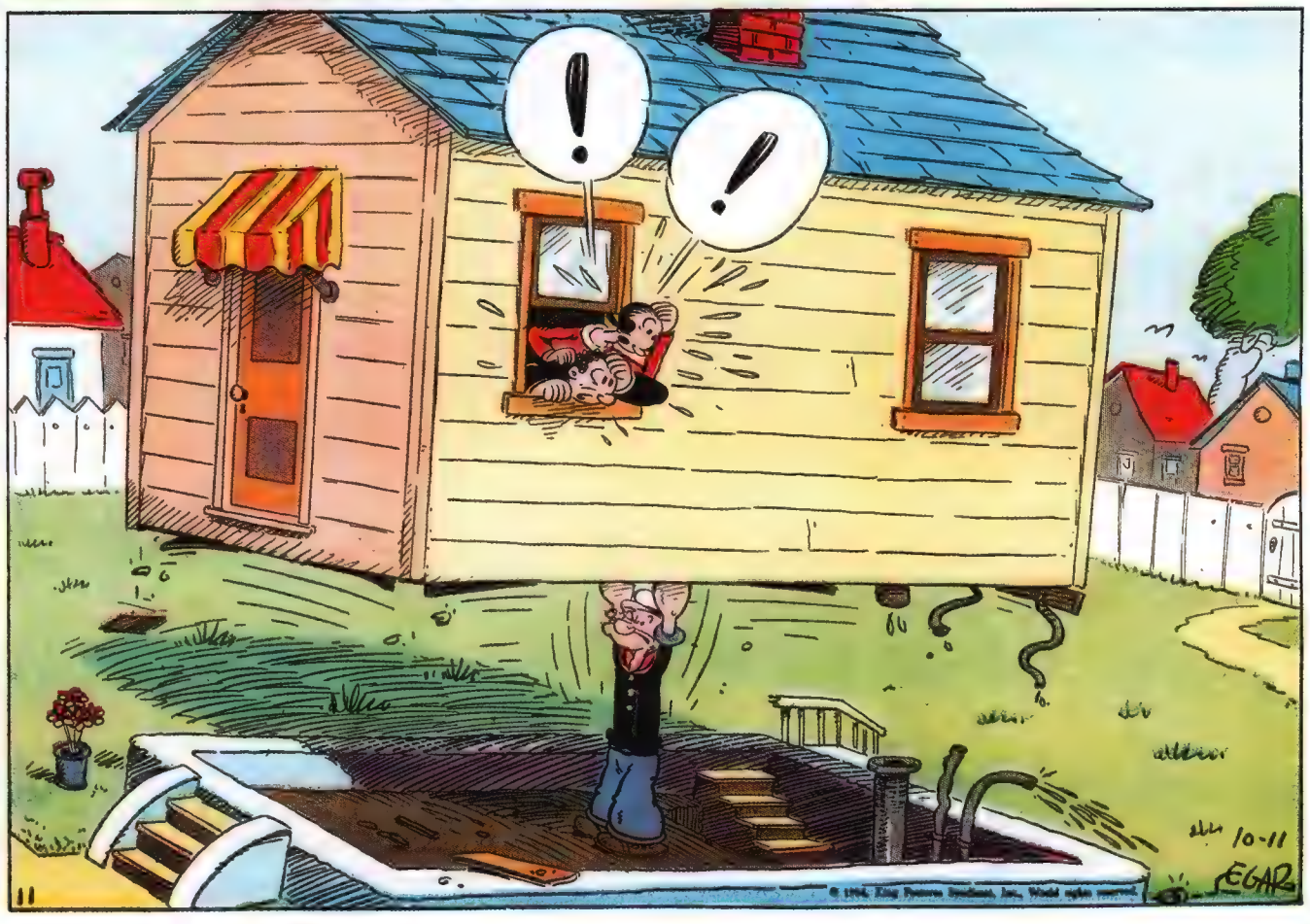

!
HAW! HAW!
MY GORSH! I KIN-NOT LIFT IT!!
6


YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO LIFT THAT WEIGHT FOR AN HOUR- YOU'RE NOT STRONG
I'LL BET HE'S GOT IT BOLTED DOWN
HAW! HAW!
7


ESCUSE ME A MINUTET- I YAM GOIN' DOWN INTO THE BASEMENT
8


CURLY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS HOUSE?
9


IT'S MOVING!
!
!
10

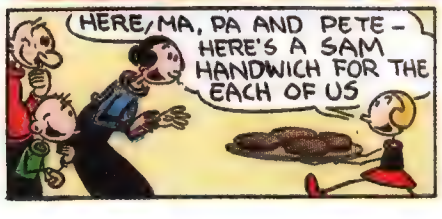

10-11
EGAR
11


PETE AND PATSY FOR KIDS ONLY
A TRAGEDY ENTITLED, "NO FOOD"
PETE
PATSY


NOBODY HAS ANY BRAINS AROUND HERE BUT ME

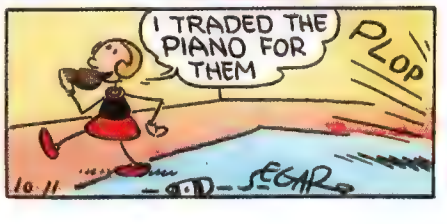

NOBODY BUT DUMBHEADS STARVE- FOOD, HA! IT'S A CINCH!
I'LL GET FOOD


YES- BRING UP FOUR HAM SANDWICHES AND IT'S YOURS- YEAH - OKEE DOKE


HERE, MA, PA AND PETE - HERE'S A SAM HANDWICH FOR THE EACH OF US


HOO-RAY FOR PATSY! HOO-RAY! HOO RAY!
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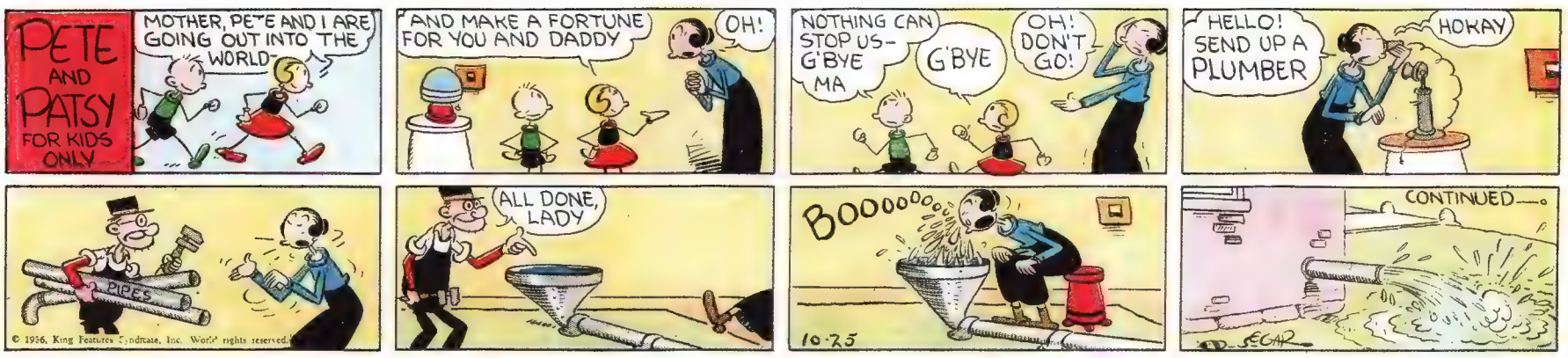

YA DERN TOOTIN' HOO-RAY FOR ME!
SAY, PATSY, HOW DID YOU GET THESE SANDWICHES?


I TRADED THE PIANO FOR THEM
PLOP
10 11
EGAR

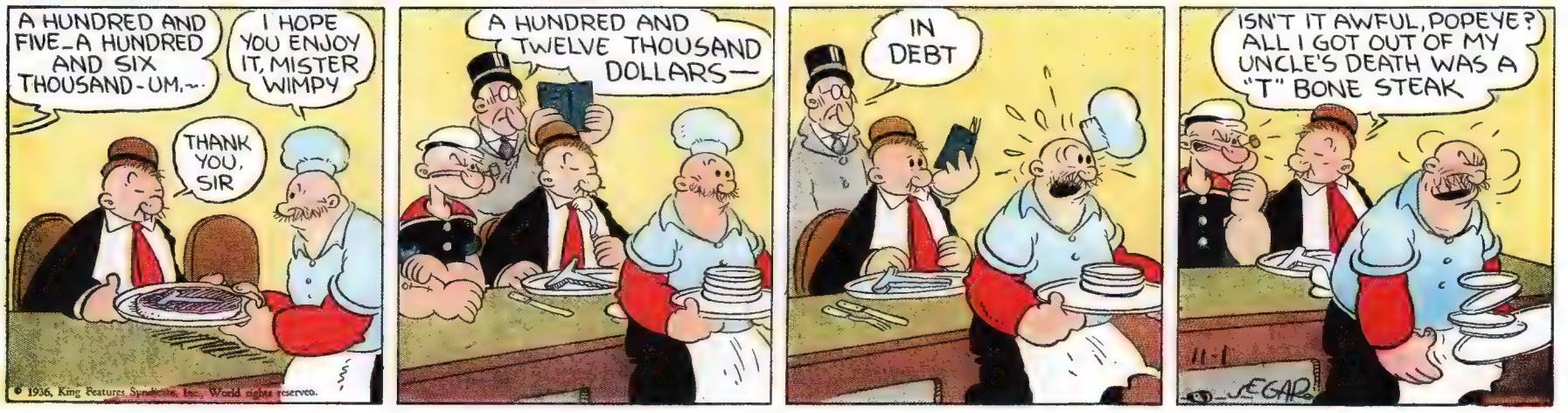
IN GOOD TIMES OR BAD THERE ARE ALWAYS PLENTY OF SUCKERS
HMM- I'LL DROP IN HERE FOR A BITE TO EAT
SAY, ROUGH-HOUSE, AIN'T THAT BILL BUNKO, THE WORST CROOK AN' CONFIDENCE MAN ON EART'?
IT SURE IS! WHAT'S HE COMING IN HERE FOR? THAT GUY COULD WORK A PERSON OUT OF HIS SHIRT
!
LOOK, HE SET DOWN RIGHT BY WIMPY- WIMPY'S REACHIN' FOR THE 'PHONE
I GUESS HE JUST CAME IN FOR SOMETHING TO EAT- I HOPE HE DON'T TRY TO SWINDLE ME - THEY DON'T COME TOO SMART FOR BUNKO TO TRIM
HELLO, MORGANSON, THIS IS MR. JONES- ABOUT THAT TEN THOUSAND CASH I HAVE AT HOME, HOW WOULD YOU INVEST IT? I HAVE NO BUSINESS HEAD, MYSELF- I'LL DROP OVER SOON - GOOD-BYE
!
MEMO
JONES! WELL, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO BE ONE OF THE JONES BOYS!
YES, I AM, SIR, AND I'M QUITE PROUD OF IT
WHY, I KNEW YOUR FATHER !!!
J.P. PINEAPPLEBERRY IS MY NAME- NOW LISTEN, JONESY, I'LL SELL YOU A HALF-INTEREST IN MY GOLD MINE FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS
I NEVER TALK BUSINESS ON AN EMPTY STOMACH- IT'S A RULE WITH ME
WELL, IF YOU INSIST
YOU BET I INSIST- ORDER ANYTHING, I'M PAYING
I'LL HAVE A T-BONE STEAK TWO INCHES THICK
WELL, POPEYE, HERE'S ONE MEAL WIMPY WILL GET THAT WON'T BE ON ME- CAN YOU IMAGINE WIMPY HOOKING THAT SWINDLER FOR A FOUR-BUCK MEAL? HE'S AN ARTIST
I SEZ HE IS- ARF -ARF!
I THINK I'LL TAKE YOU UP ON THAT MINE PROPOSITION
THAT'S FINE, MR. JONES- YOU'LL NEVER BE SORRY YOU MET ME
I'M SURE I WON'T
HERE'S FIVE- I BELIEVE THAT WILL COVER MY BILL
JUST RIGHT, THANK YOU
MEET ME AT MAIN AND GRAND STREETS- EIGHT O'CLOCK- BRING THE PAPERS- I'LL HAVE MY CASH-
I'LL BE THERE AT EIGHT
HAW! HAW! THAT WAS A GOOD JOKE ON THAT SWINDLER!
SAY!
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THAT LOOKS LIKE A PHONY FIVE TO ME-
MY GOSH! IT'S COUNTERFEIT!
10-18
WELL, BLESS MY SOUL! THANKS, ROUGH-HOUSE, FOR THE LOVELY STEAK
!
EGAR

PETE AND PATSY
FOR KIDS ONLY
DEAR CHILDREN, THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST TELL YOU
BUT, OH- OH, HOW I HATE TO TELL YOU
WHAT IS IT, MOTHER?
YOUR FATHER IS LAZY
HAW! HAW! ARE YOU TELLING US?
MY GOSH- JUST LISTEN TO DAD!
OH, GEE. BUT I'M HUNGRY
OH, I WISH MY HUSBAND WOULD WORK! WE'RE ALL STARVING
OH, BUT I AM HUNGRY!
10-18
SAY, DAD, I BORROWED A TURKEY SANDWICH FROM MRS. SMITH AND PUT IT ON THE TABLE FOR YOU-
WHY DON'T YOU EAT IT?
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PLOP
I CAN'T REACH IT
EGAR


I DON'T KNOW WHY I YAM TAKIN' YA DUCK HUNTIN'— YER SUCH A ARFUL PESK
I DON'T MIND YA HUNTIN' WITH ME IF YA BEHAVES— BUT YA BETTER NOT TRY TO CLAIM ANY DUCKS WICH I SHOOTS
HAH! A DUCK APPROACHES !!
BOOM
BOOM
MY DUCK! MY DUCK! MY DUCK!
HEY!! THA'S MY DUCK!
MY DUCK!
I SEZ IT'S MY DUCK!
MY DUCK! MY DUCK! MY DUCK! MY DUCK! MY DUCK! MY DUCK! MY DUCK! MY DUCK! MY DUCK! MY DUCK! MY DUCK! MY DUCK! MY DUCK! MY DUCK! MY DUCK! MY DUCK!
MY DUCK!
WE'LL SEE WHO KILLED IT— YOU'RE SHOOTIN' NUMBER "SIX" SHOT AN' I YAM SHOOTIN' NUMBER "FOUR" GEE, IT'S A SWELL DUCK
AN' THE ONE WHO PUT THE MOST SHOT INTO HIM GETS HIM— THERE'S A NUMBER "FOUR" THA'S MY SHOT— GET BUSY WITH YER KNIFE
AH!— SEE, MY FRIEND— I HAVE PICKED FROM HIS CARCASS A NUMBER "SIX" SHOT— A SHOT FROM MY OWN GUN—A NUMBER "SIX", SIR—
THERE'S FIVE MORE NUMBER "FOURS" THA'S ELEVEN SO FAR HMM—THA'S ENOUGH TO KILL ANY DUCK
CURSES!!
HEY, JUS'A MINUTE! DON'T GET SO EXCITIPATED!
YOU'RE AHEAD, BUT I'LL FIND MORE "SIX" SHOT— I'M NOT GIVING UP! A WIMPY NEVER GIVES UP!
LEMME GET IN THERE TOO! DON'T HOG THE WHOLE DUCK— YA BLASTED LUMAKICK!
I'M POSITIVE I KILLED HIM
MY DUCK!
MY DUCK !!
I FOUND "FIFTEEN" NUMBER "FOURS" AN' YOU FOUND ONLY "TEN" NUMBER "SIXES"— SO NOW WHAT YA GOT TO SAY?
MY DUCK!
YES BUT MY SHOT LODGED IN THE MORE VITAL PARTS SO I KILLED THE DUCK AND I SHALL TAKE IT
!
SPLAT
VERY WELL THEN, IT'S YOUR DUCK
YA DING DONG RIGHT IT'S MY DUCK!
SEGAR
10·25
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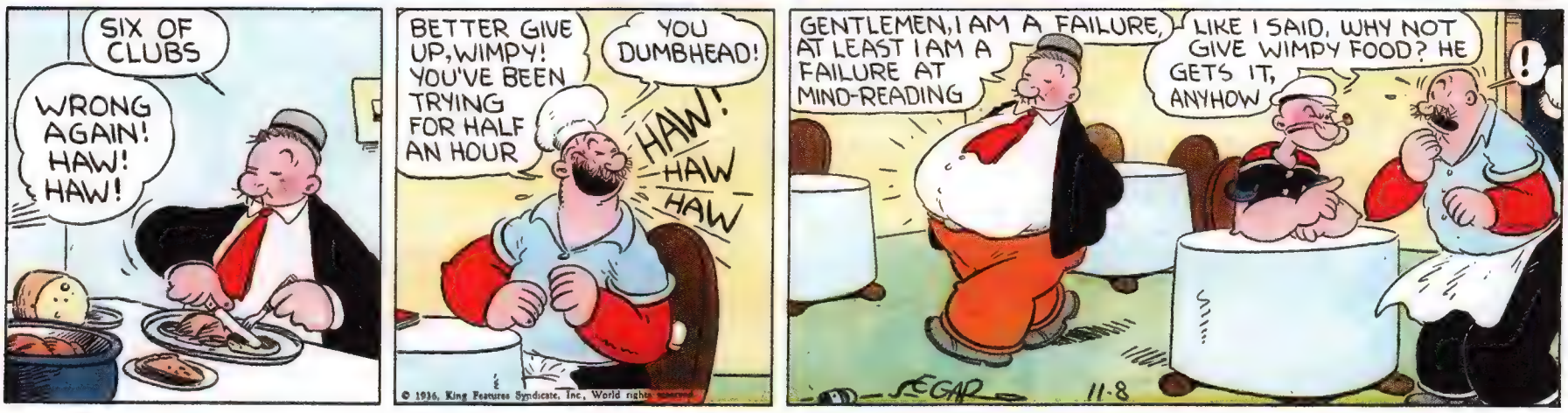

PETE AND PATSY FOR KIDS ONLY
MOTHER, PETE AND I ARE GOING OUT INTO THE WORLD—
AND MAKE A FORTUNE FOR YOU AND DADDY
OH!
NOTHING CAN STOP US— G'BYE MA
G'BYE
OH! DON'T GO!
HELLO! SEND UP A PLUMBER
HOKAY
PIPES
ALL DONE, LADY
BOOOOOOOO
10·25
CONTINUED
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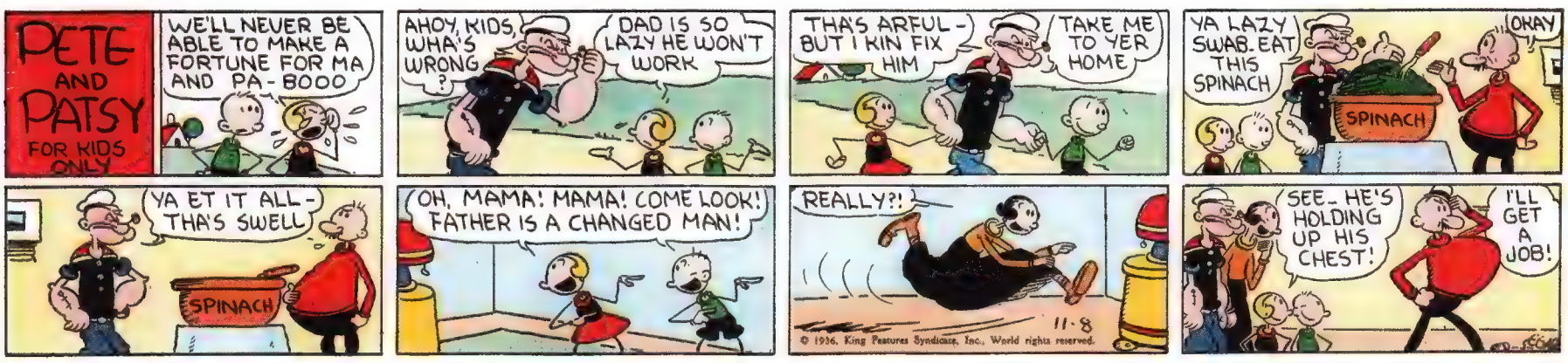

GOOD MORNING, GENTLEMEN, GOOD MORNING— MORNING, CAPTAIN
GOOD MORNING, GENTLEMEN
YOU, TOO, ROUGH-HOUSE
BY THE WAY, MY GOOD FELLOW, HAS ANYONE SET 'EM UP DURING MY ABSENCE?
WHAT WILL YOU HAVE ON YOUR HAMBURGER?
I'LL HAVE PICKLE, ONION AND LETTUCE, BOTH
I WASN'T TALKING TO YOU, YOU PEST
OH, PARDON ME
ONION
I'LL HAVE ONION ON MINE ALSO
YOU AIN'T GETTIN' NO HAMBURGER! GUTTER RUBBISH!
GUTTER RUBBISH?
YES, GUTTER RUBBISH
MENU
SIR, I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT THERE WAS A DAY WHEN—
-WHEN I WOULDN'T ENTER A DUMP LIKE THIS!
I SAID, KEEP OFF THE COUNTER!
SIR, DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT MY CREDIT ISN'T GOOD HERE?
PIPE DOWN! HERE'S A GENT TO SEE YA, WIMPY
IT IS NOT!
MR. WIMPY, IT IS MY PAINFUL DUTY TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR UNCLE ELZERA HAS PASSED ON
OH, THIS IS TERRIBLE - QUICK, POPEYE, LEND ME YOUR HANDKERCHIEF!
YOU WAS HIS NEAREST RELATIVE
POOR UNCLE ELZERA, HE WAS THE PRIDE OF GOPHER JUNCTION
ER-UM- MAY I ASK AS TO MY UNCLE'S FINANCIAL STANDING AT THE TIME OF HIS PASSING?
ABOUT A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS— UM- LET'S SEE—
ROUGH-HOUSE. BRING ME A LARGE "T" BONE STEAK.
YES, MISTER WIMPY
I'LL TELL YOU EXACTLY IN A MOMENT— 100.000- 102,000-
THE PRIDE OF GOPHER JUNCTION
MAKE IT RARE, ROUGH-HOUSE

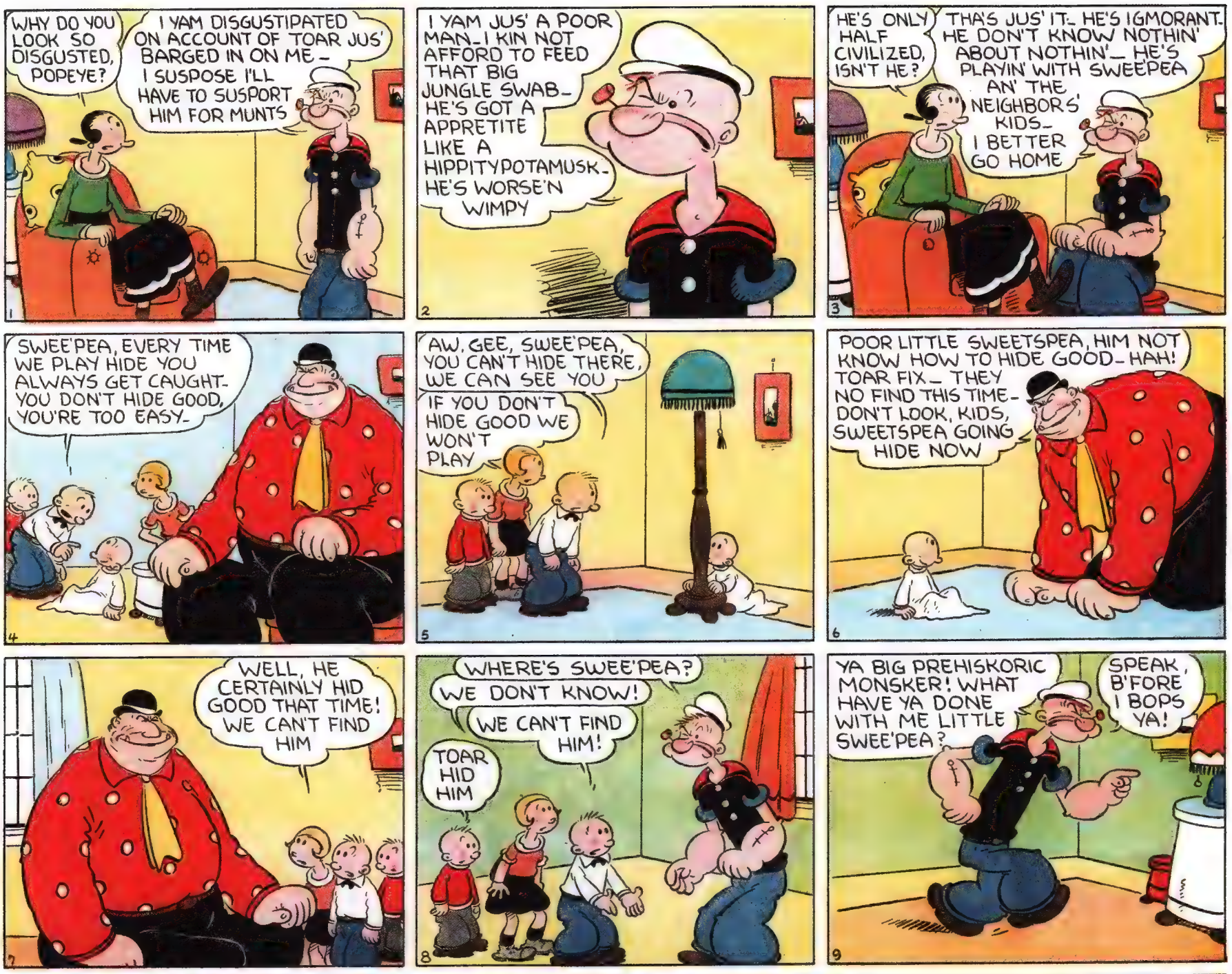

A HUNDRED AND FIVE - A HUNDRED AND SIX THOUSAND - UM, ~
I HOPE YOU ENJOY IT, MISTER WIMPY
THANK YOU, SIR
A HUNDRED AND TWELVE THOUSAND DOLLARS—
IN DEBT
ISN'T IT AWFUL, POPEYE? ALL I GOT OUT OF MY UNCLE'S DEATH WAS A "T" BONE STEAK
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EGAR

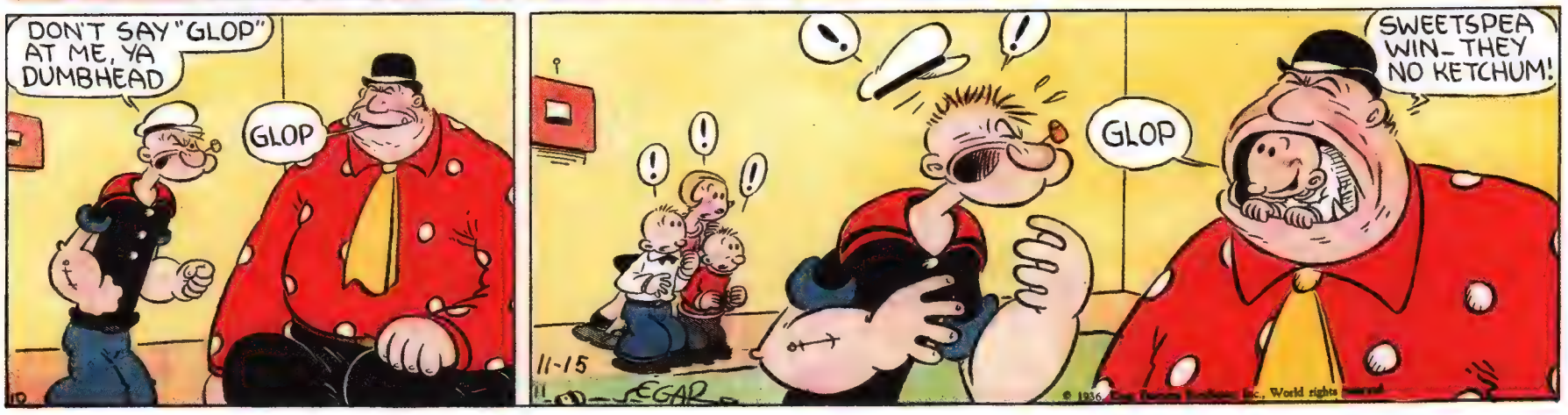

PETE AND PATSY FOR KIDS ONLY
MY CHILDREN HAVE GONE OUT IN THE CRUEL, COLD WORLD—
TO MAKE A FORTUNE FOR DADDY AND ME I WONDER WHERE THEY ARE TO-DAY?
HERE THEY ARE - TRUDGING ALONG FAR-FAR FROM HOME
I'M HUNGRY
ME, TOO
KNOCK KNOCK
WHO'S THERE?
"IRISH"
IRISH?
YES, IRISH
IRISH WHAT?
IRISH I HAD SOMETHING TO EAT
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HAW! HAW!
PLOP
11-1
EGAR


BUSINESS IS PUNK TO-DAY. GUESS I'LL LOAFA WHILE- EVEN WIMPY HASN'T BEEN IN
ZASSO?
LISTEN, ROUGH-HOUSE, WHEN WIMPY COMES IN WHY DON'T YA GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO EAT? HE ALWAYS WORKS YA OUT OF IT, ANYWAY
I WILL NOT!!
NEVER AGAIN WILL HE EVER GYP ME OUT OF A BITE OF FOOD
NEVER! NEVER! NEVER!
AHOY, WIMPY, HELLO!
I SEZ, HELLO!
DON'T BOTHER ME- I'M STUDYING TO BE A MIND-READER AND I AM A SUCCESS
POOEY!
WELL, I'M GLAD YOU'VE GOT YOUR MIND ON MIND-READING INSTEAD OF FOOD
FOOD, BAH! MIND-READING IS MORE INTEREST-ING
IF YOU'LL PRODUCE A DECK OF CARDS I'LL PROVE TO YOU THAT I CAN LEAVE THE ROOM AND TELL YOU THE CARD YOU TURN UP
YOU LIE!
ALL RIGHT, JUST TURN UP ANY CARD AND CONCENTRATE ON IT- I'LL GO INTO THE KITCHEN AND NAME IT
OKAY, BUT YOU CAN'T DO IT
ARE YOU READY, WIMPY ?
KITCHEN
YES
WHAT CARD AM I LOOKING AT ?
ACE OF HEARTS
WRONG! HAW!! HAW!! HAW!!
GIVE ME ANOTHER TRIAL- I WAS A BIT CONFUSED
JACK OF SPADES
NO!
HAW! HAW!

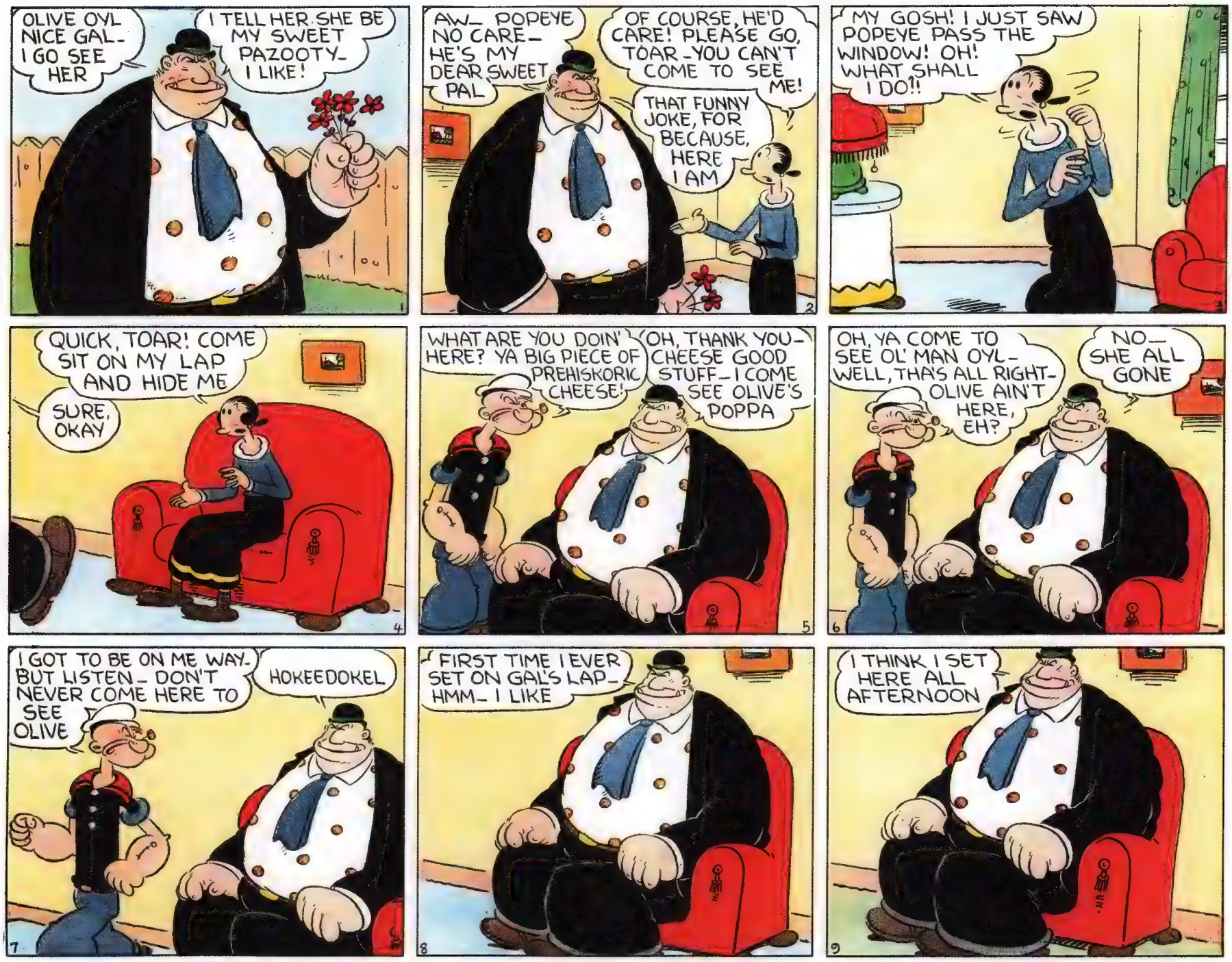

SIX OF CLUBS
WRONG AGAIN! HAW! HAW!
BETTER GIVE UP, WIMPY! YOU'VE BEEN TRYING FOR HALF AN HOUR
YOU DUMBHEAD!
HAW! HAW HAW
GENTLEMEN, I AM A FAILURE, AT LEAST I AM A FAILURE AT MIND-READING
LIKE I SAID, WHY NOT GIVE WIMPY FOOD? HE GETS IT, ANYHOW
!
SEGAR
11-8

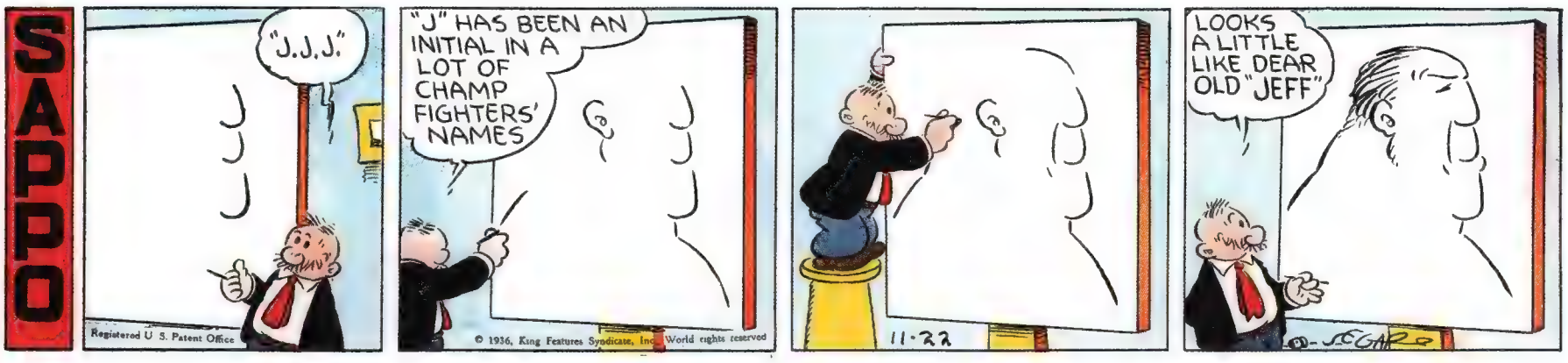

PETE AND PATSY FOR KIDS ONLY
WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO MAKE A FORTUNE FOR MA AND PA- BOOO
AHOY, KIDS, WHA'S WRONG ?
DAD IS SO LAZY HE WON'T WORK
THA'S ARFUL - BUT I KIN FIX HIM
TAKE ME TO YER HOME
YA LAZY SWAB. EAT THIS SPINACH
OKAY
SPINACH
YA ET IT ALL - THA'S SWELL
SPINACH
OH, MAMA! MAMA! COME LOOK! FATHER IS A CHANGED MAN!
REALLY?!
11-8
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SEE- HE'S HOLDING UP HIS CHEST!
I'LL GET A JOB!


WHY DO YOU LOOK SO DISGUSTED, POPEYE?
I YAM DISGUSTIPATED ON ACCOUNT OF TOAR JUS' BARGED IN ON ME - I SUSPOSE I'LL HAVE TO SUSPORT HIM FOR MUNTS
1
I YAM JUS' A POOR MAN-I KIN NOT AFFORD TO FEED THAT BIG JUNGLE SWAB- HE'S GOT A APPRETITE LIKE A HIPPITYPOTAMUSK- HE'S WORSE'N WIMPY
2
HE'S ONLY HALF CIVILIZED, ISN'T HE?
THA'S JUS' IT- HE'S IGMORANT. HE DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT NOTHIN'- HE'S PLAYIN' WITH SWEEPEA AN' THE NEIGHBOR'S KIDS- I BETTER GO HOME
3
SWEE'PEA, EVERY TIME WE PLAY HIDE YOU ALWAYS GET CAUGHT- YOU DON'T HIDE GOOD, YOU'RE TOO EASY-
4
AW, GEE, SWEE'PEA, YOU CAN'T HIDE THERE, WE CAN SEE YOU
IF YOU DON'T HIDE GOOD WE WON'T PLAY
5
POOR LITTLE SWEETSPEA, HIM NOT KNOW HOW TO HIDE GOOD- HAH! TOAR FIX- THEY NO FIND THIS TIME- DON'T LOOK, KIDS, SWEETSPEA GOING HIDE NOW
6
WELL, HE CERTAINLY HID GOOD THAT TIME! WE CAN'T FIND HIM
7
WHERE'S SWEE'PEA?
WE DON'T KNOW!
WE CAN'T FIND HIM!
TOAR HID HIM
8
YA BIG PREHISKORIC MONSKER! WHAT HAVE YA DONE WITH ME LITTLE SWEE'PEA?
SPEAK, B'FORE I BOPS YA!
9


DON'T SAY "GLOP" AT ME, YA DUMBHEAD
GLOP
10
GLOP
SWEETSPEA WIN- THEY NO KETCHUM!
11-15
EGAR
11
© 1936


SAPOO
I ONCE KNEW A FELLOW NAMED DINK,
D I N K
11-15
A CRABBY OLD SORT OF A GINK,
G I N K
'TWOULD NOT BE AMISS, TO DRAW HIM LIKE THIS
THE WORLD'S WORST CYNIC, I THINK
EGAR


OLIVE OYL NICE GAL- I GO SEE HER
I TELL HER SHE BE MY SWEET PAZOOTY- I LIKE!
1
AW- POPEYE NO CARE- HE'S MY DEAR SWEET PAL
OF COURSE, HE'D CARE! PLEASE GO, TOAR - YOU CAN'T COME TO SEE ME!
THAT FUNNY JOKE, FOR BECAUSE, HERE I AM
2
MY GOSH! I JUST SAW POPEYE PASS THE WINDOW! OH! WHAT SHALL I DO?!
QUICK, TOAR! COME SIT ON MY LAP AND HIDE ME
SURE, OKAY
4
WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE? YA BIG PIECE OF PREHISKORIC CHEESE!
OH, THANK YOU- CHEESE GOOD STUFF- I COME SEE OLIVE'S POPPA
5
OH, YA COME TO SEE OL' MAN OYL- WELL, THA'S ALL RIGHT- OLIVE AIN'T HERE, EH?
NO- SHE ALL GONE
6
I GOT TO BE ON ME WAY- BUT LISTEN - DON'T NEVER COME HERE TO SEE OLIVE
HOKEEDOKEL
7
FIRST TIME I EVER SET ON GAL'S LAP- HMM- I LIKE
8
I THINK I SET HERE ALL AFTERNOON
9
WELL, GOT TO GO NOW
GOOD-BYE, SWEET PAZOOTY
10
11-22
SEGAR
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11


SAPPO
"J.J.J."
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"J" HAS BEEN AN INITIAL IN A LOT OF CHAMP FIGHTERS' NAMES
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11-22
LOOKS A LITTLE LIKE DEAR OLD "JEFF"
SEGAR

OLIVE'S SURE GOT A BAD CASE OF HICCUPS-CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING FOR HER, MA?
I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING I KNOW- I THINK I'D BETTER CALL A DOCTOR
HIC-
HIC
1
I'VE SEEN 'EM GO ON LIKE THAT FOR DAYS-I'LL GIVE HER SOME MEDICINE
HIC-
HIC
M.D.
2
GEE, BUT SHE'S A SWELL GAL- BLOW ME DOWN! I'LL GO VISIK HER AN' TAKE HER SOME FLOWERS
3
TAKE A DRINK OUT OF THIS BOTTLE EVERY FEW MINUTES AND SOONER OR LATER YOUR HICCUPS WILL STOP
HIC
4
YESSIR, BY GOLLY! SHE'S JUS' THE KIND OF A GAL I'D LIKE FOR A WIFE
5
WHY DON'T YOU TRY TO GET YOUR MIND OFF OF YOUR HICCUPS? IT MIGHT HELP- WHY DON'T YOU SING?
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, MOTHER, I'LL SING
HIC
6
LET'S SEE-WHAT'LL I SING-HMM- THE OLD SONGS ARE THE BEST
HIC-
?
SWEEEET ADELINE- MY ADELINE-
HIC
GLUG-GLUG
SWEEEET ADELINE-
HIC
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YOU'RE THE FLOWER OF MY-HIC- SWEET ADELINE -HIC-
11·29
I CERTINGLY AM SUSPRISED !!!
-SEGAR

SADDO
"ROY"
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11·29
-SEGAR


WIMPY, I WANTS TO HELP YA— I YAM GO'NER GIVE YA SOME GOOD ADVICE— YA'VE JUS' ABOUT LOST YER SELF-RESPECK
AN' WHEN A MAN LOSES HIS SELF-RESPECK HE LOSES EVER'THING— EVEN HIS FREN'S
THAT'S JUST IT, POPEYE, I HAVE NO FRIENDS
NO FRENS, EH?— CERTINGLY YA HAVE— I YAM YER FREN'—
YOU, MY FRIEND? REALLY?
YA DING-DONG RIGHT I YAM! NOW BRACE UP AN' BE A MAN
YEAH, JUS' REMEMBER I YAM YER FREN'
THANKS, OLD PAL, YOU DO ME SO MUCH GOOD!
AH, AT LAST, A FRIEND! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED ONE, BUT TILL NOW I HAVE BEEN LONELY—
YOU'LL NOT SLEEP IN THIS ROOM TO-NIGHT UNLESS YOU PAY YOUR RENT!!
GET OUT!
POOEY TO YOU FROM ME, MY GOOD WOMAN— WHAT DO I CARE? I HAVE A FRIEND!
COMETH THE NIGHT—
BUT THE DARKENED HOURS HOLD NO FEAR FOR ME— FOR— I HAVE A FRIEND
Z-Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z-Z
OLD PAL OF MINE
12-C
© 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.
12-EGAR


SADDO
"CHICK"
C H I C K
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12-G
LOOKS LIKE CHICK YOUNG— AHOY! "BLONDIE"

TOAR, LE'S TAKE A STROLL OUT IN THE COUNTRY— I LIKES MOTHER NATURE

ME, TOO, SHE NICE GAL

WHA'S WRONG, SON, GOT TROUBLE OR SUMPIN'?

I HAVE TO WALK A MILE TO AND FROM SCHOOL

THA'S THE TROUBLE WITH COUNTRY SCHOOLS, THE KIDS HAS TO WALK TOO FAR— AN' YER A CRIPPLE

YES, IF I WASN'T A CRIPPLE I WOULDN'T CARE

OH, TOO SAD-

I CRY!

BOOOO

AW, PIPE DOWN, YA BIG SAP! CRYIN' WON'T HELP NONE

OH, I GOT BIG IDEA!!

FINE! WHAT IS IT?

YOU SET DOWN AND THINK UP SOME WAY TO HELP POOR KID

!

BY GOLLY, I HAVE GOT A BIG IDEA! WAIT FOR US THERE IN YOUR YARD, SON— COME ON, TOAR

SURE, YOU WAIT, KID, WE GOT BIG IDEA WHATEVER IT IS

YOU TAKE THIS CORNER AN' I'LL TAKE THAT'N

OKAY KEE DOKEY

GOOD HEAVENS! AN EARTHQUAKE!

! !

?

! ! !

SCHOOL IN BACK YARD PERTY FINE, HAH, KID?

?

!

THANKS, POPEYE

OKAY, SON

EGAR

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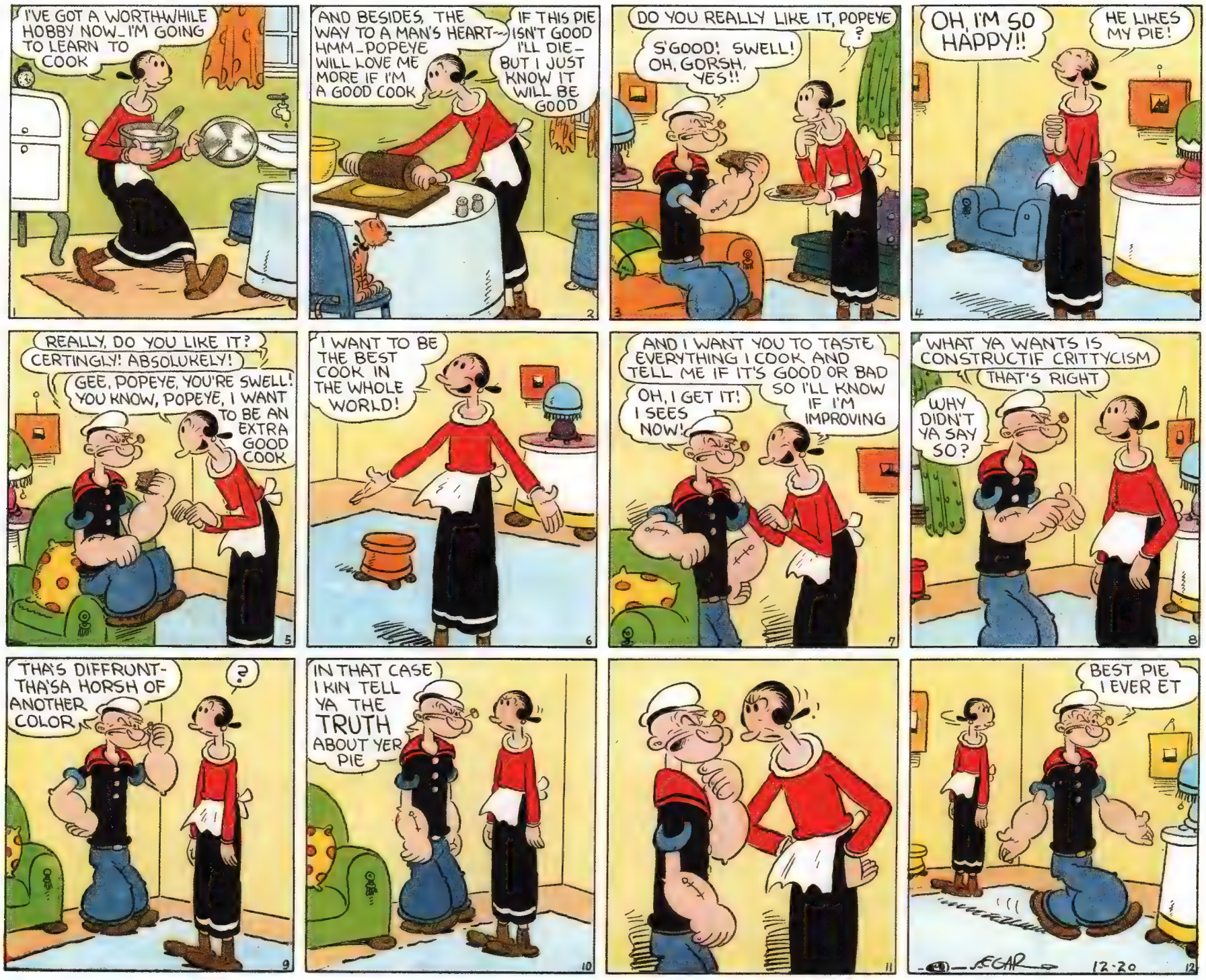
SADDO

"BUD"

BUD

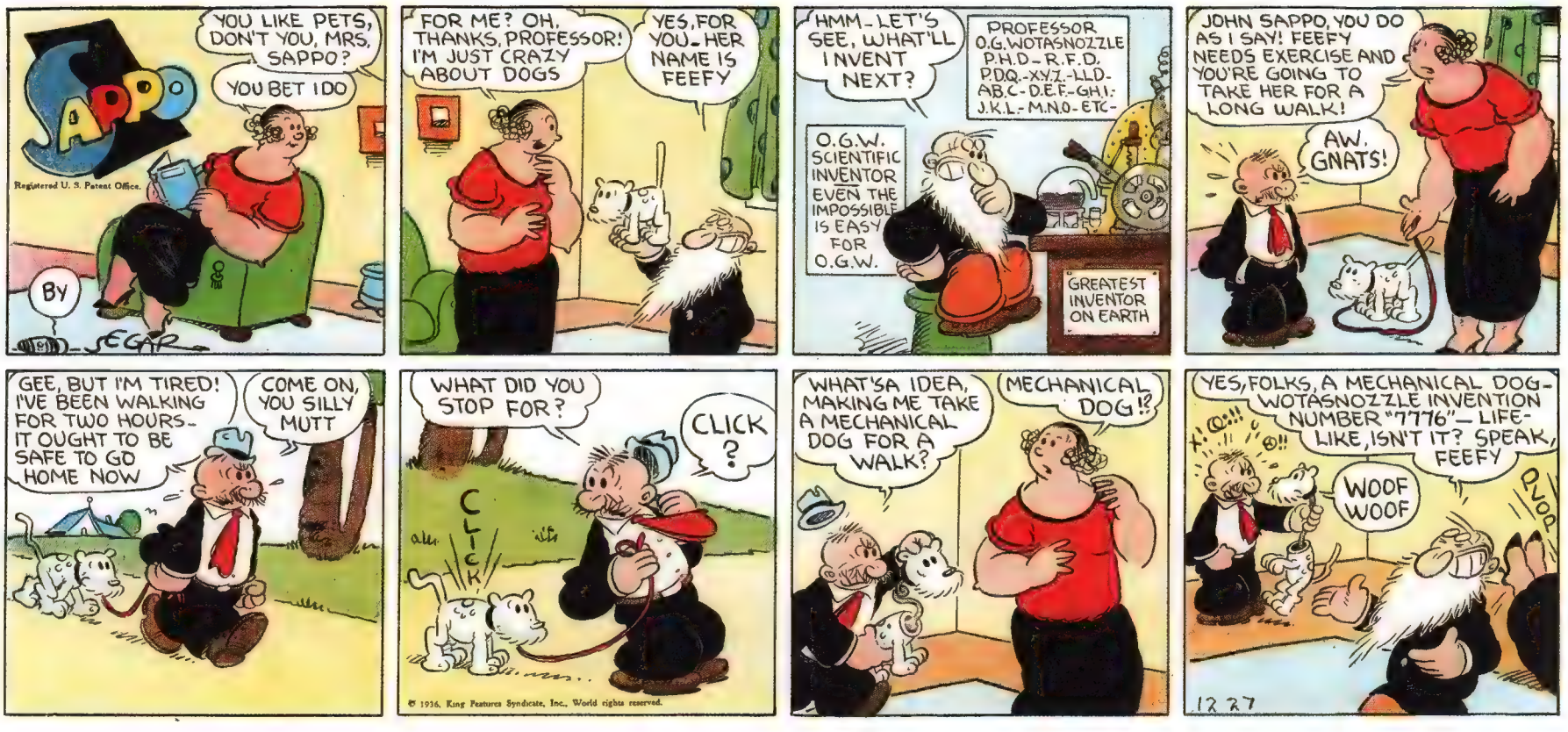
BUD

12-13

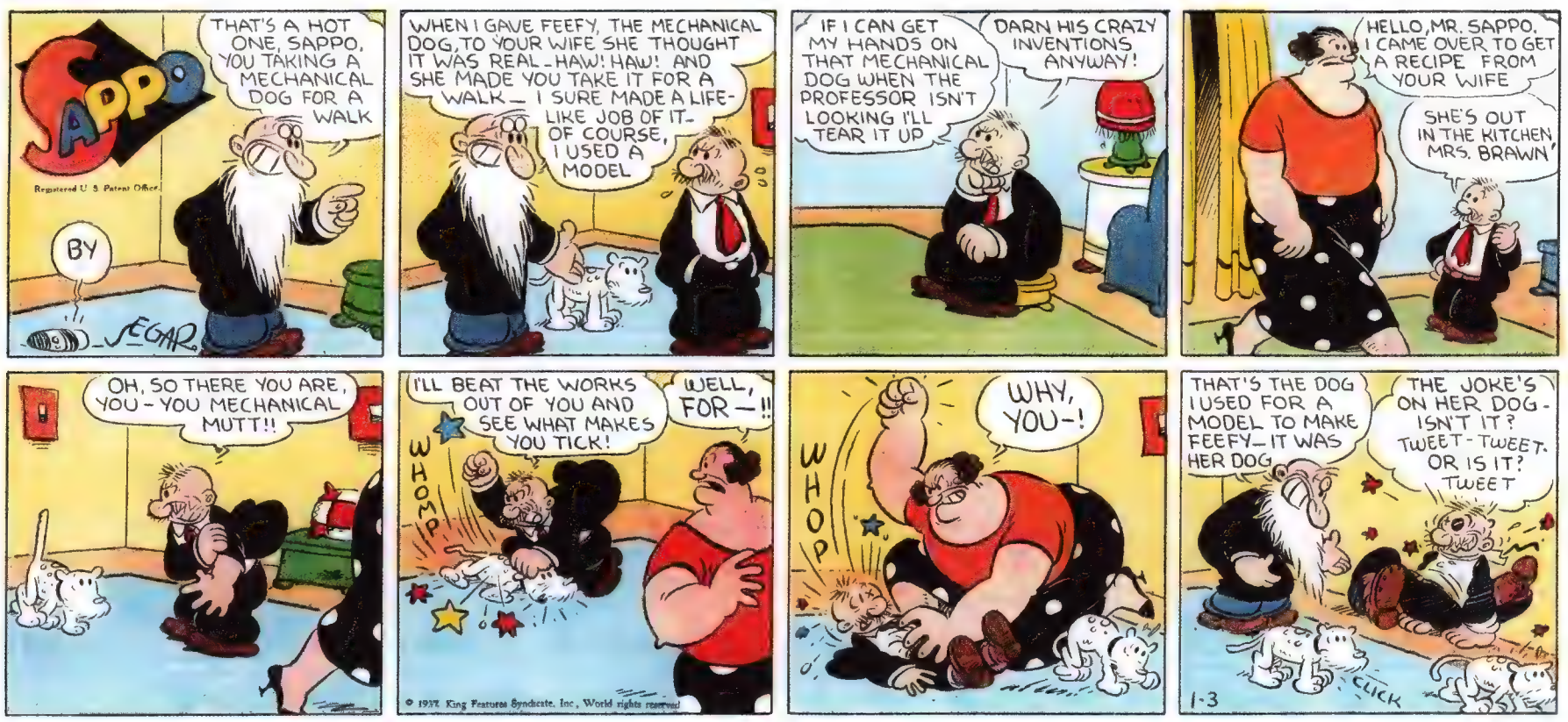

I'VE GOT A WORTHWHILE HOBBY NOW-I'M GOING TO LEARN TO COOK
AND BESIDES, THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART--HMM-POPEYE WILL LOVE ME MORE IF I'M A GOOD COOK
IF THIS PIE ISN'T GOOD I'LL DIE-BUT I JUST KNOW IT WILL BE GOOD
DO YOU REALLY LIKE IT, POPEYE ?
S'GOOD! SWELL! OH, GORSH, YES!!
OH, I'M SO HAPPY!!
HE LIKES MY PIE!
REALLY, DO YOU LIKE IT?
CERTINGLY! ABSOLUKELY!
GEE, POPEYE, YOU'RE SWELL! YOU KNOW, POPEYE, I WANT TO BE AN EXTRA GOOD COOK
I WANT TO BE THE BEST COOK IN THE WHOLE WORLD!
AND I WANT YOU TO TASTE EVERYTHING I COOK AND TELL ME IF IT'S GOOD OR BAD SO I'LL KNOW IF I'M IMPROVING
OH, I GET IT! I SEES NOW!
WHAT YA WANTS IS CONSTRUCTIF CRITTYCISM
THAT'S RIGHT
WHY DIDN'T YA SAY SO?
THA'S DIFFRUNT-THA'SA HORSH OF ANOTHER COLOR
?
IN THAT CASE I KIN TELL YA THE TRUTH ABOUT YER PIE
BEST PIE I EVER ET
SEGAR
12-20


SAPPO
Registered U. S Patent Office
HEY, WOTASNOZZLE, COME HERE-I WANT TO SHOW YOU MY NEW TRICK PICTURE
BY
SEGAR
YOU THINK YOU'RE CLEVER, EH? POOEY— I'VE INVENTED A MECHANICAL MAN THAT CAN DRAW-HE CAN DO YOUR STUNTS
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!!
YOU CAN'T INVENT A MACHINE THAT WILL PRODUCE ART!
I CAN, BECAUSE I DID! MENTION ANY NAME AND HE'LL MAKE A PICTURE OUT OF IT
LET'S SEE YOU MAKE A PICTURE OUT OF THE NAME "OLIVE"
GO ON, DO IT OR I'LL TAKE YOU APART!
HE CAN'T DO IT AND YOU KNOW HE CAN'T
O L I V E
I ADMIT YOU'RE SMART AND A GOOD INVENTOR, BUT—
12-20
YOU'RE NOT THAT GOOD!
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WELL, I'LL BE~!


-AND YOU'RE WILLING TO SIGN UP FOR A RING MATCH WITH KID MUSTARD WITHOUT EVEN SEEING HIM?
I FEARS NO MAN ON EART'
I FEARS NO MAN BECAUSE I EATS ME SPINACH
BLOW ME DOWN! LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY GOT KNOCKED OUT
2
MY GORSH! THA'S FOUR SWABS I'VE SEEN KNOCKED OUT COLDER'N A REFRIGIMATOR- WON'ER WHO DONE IT?
3
THE FARTHER I WALKS THE WORSTER IT GETS
TWEET
TWEET
4
TWEET
TWEET
TWEET
TWEET
WELL, SLAP ME DOWN A HATCH!
5
AHOY, MISTER, DID A WAR PASS THROUGH HERE THIS MORN-ING?
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD??
KID MUSTARD'S IN TOWN!! HE'S BAD! KNOCKS OUT EVERY BIG GUY HE SEES- THAT'S WHY I'M GOING HOME- BUT YOU'RE SAFE. HE DON'T HIT RUNTS
7
WHO'S A RUNT?
!
8
KID MUSTARD, EH? HMMMuu-
PMOTU
9
HAH! SO I YAM SIGNED UP TO FIGHT A MAN-KILLER, EH? ARF! ARF!
POOEY! IT DON'T BOTHER ME NONE
12-27
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10
HE KIN NOT POSSIBLY LICK' ME BECAUSE-
I EATS ME SPINACH !!
11
MY NAME'S KID MUSTARD AND I CAN LICK ANYBODY ON EARTH BECAUSE I EAT SPINACH!
!
SPINACH
CONTINUED- SEGAR
12


YOU LIKE PETS, DON'T YOU, MRS. SAPPO?
YOU BET I DO
SAPPO
Registered U. S. Patent Office.
BY
SEGAR
FOR ME? OH, THANKS, PROFESSOR! I'M JUST CRAZY ABOUT DOGS
YES, FOR YOU- HER NAME IS FEEFY
HMM- LET'S SEE, WHAT'LL I INVENT NEXT?
PROFESSOR O.G.WOTASNOZZLE P.H.D- R.F.D. P.D.Q.-X.Y.Z.-L.L.D- A.B.C- D.E.F.-G.H.I- J.K.L.-M.N.O.-ETC-
O.G.W. SCIENTIFIC INVENTOR EVEN THE IMPOSSIBLE IS EASY FOR O.G.W.
GREATEST INVENTOR ON EARTH
JOHN SAPPO, YOU DO AS I SAY! FEEFY NEEDS EXERCISE AND YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE HER FOR A LONG WALK!
AW, GNATS!
GEE, BUT I'M TIRED! I'VE BEEN WALKING FOR TWO HOURS- IT OUGHT TO BE SAFE TO GO HOME NOW
COME ON, YOU SILLY MUTT
WHAT DID YOU STOP FOR?
CLICK ?
CLICK
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WHAT'SA IDEA, MAKING ME TAKE A MECHANICAL DOG FOR A WALK?
MECHANICAL DOG!?
YES, FOLKS, A MECHANICAL DOG- WOTASNOZZLE INVENTION NUMBER "7776"— LIFE-LIKE, ISN'T IT? SPEAK, FEEFY
WOOF WOOF
12 27


HAH! ANOTHER SPINACH-EATER!!— THE TERRIBLE "KID MUSTARD" — CAN POPEYE TAKE HIM ???
I DON'T MIND GETTIN' LICKED IN THE RING IF IT'S A FAIR FIGHT
WHAT I YAM ASCARED OF IS—IF KID MUSTARD LICKS ME I YAM AFRAID YA WON'T BE ME SWEETY ANYMORE
BUT YOU MUST WIN
IF YOU DON'T LICK HIM I'LL GIVE YOU THE AIR! I DON'T LIKE FAILURES
OH, MY GORSH !!!
AND YOU'D BETTER BE CAREFUL BECAUSE I HEAR THAT KID MUSTARD EATS SPINACH
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I HEARS, TOO
HMM-I SUSPOSE HE'S GOT A RIGHT TO EAT SPINACH-I AIN'T GOT NO CONTROL ON IT-
SURE, HE'S GOT A RIGHT TO
HEY, WAITER! MY NAME'S KID MUSTARD! BRING ME ANOTHER BOWL OF SPINACH BEFORE I KNOCK YA LOOSE FROM YOUR EYE TEETH
BAM
MAYBE I WAS TOO HARSH WITH POPEYE - I'LL BET HE FEELS BLUE - I'LL GO FIND HIM AND CHEER HIM UP
YOO-HOO, POPEYE! ARE YOU FEELING OKAY?
I CAME TO CHEER YOU UP
CHEER ME UP!!
YES
WHY, YES, I CAME TO CHEER YOU UP
ARF! ARF! THA'S A HOT ONE! ARF! ARF!
I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU WERE FEELING A LITTLE LOW
WHY, THA'S REDICKELISS. I FEELS SWELL ARF! ARF!
DON'T BE SILLY!! I COULDN'T BE NO HAPPIER THAN WHAT I YAM !!!
ARF!
ARF! ARF!
WELL, I'LL HAVE TO RUN ALONG NOW - G'BYE
G'BYE
© 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.
WHAT DO I CARE IF HE DOES EAT SPINACH? HE KIN IF HE WANTS TO. (MUMBLE MUMBLE) 'SA FREE COUNTRY
POOEY
POOEY
SEGAR
1-3
CONTINUED--


SAPPO
Registered U. S. Patent Office
THAT'S A HOT ONE, SAPPO, YOU TAKING A MECHANICAL DOG FOR A WALK
BY
SEGAR
WHEN I GAVE FEEFY, THE MECHANICAL DOG, TO YOUR WIFE SHE THOUGHT IT WAS REAL - HAW! HAW! AND SHE MADE YOU TAKE IT FOR A WALK— I SURE MADE A LIFE-LIKE JOB OF IT- OF COURSE, I USED A MODEL
IF I CAN GET MY HANDS ON THAT MECHANICAL DOG WHEN THE PROFESSOR ISN'T LOOKING I'LL TEAR IT UP
DARN HIS CRAZY INVENTIONS ANYWAY!
HELLO, MR. SAPPO. I CAME OVER TO GET A RECIPE FROM YOUR WIFE
SHE'S OUT IN THE KITCHEN MRS. BRAWN'
OH, SO THERE YOU ARE, YOU - YOU MECHANICAL MUTT!!
I'LL BEAT THE WORKS OUT OF YOU AND SEE WHAT MAKES YOU TICK!
WELL, FOR —!!
WHOMP
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WHY, YOU-!
WHOP
THAT'S THE DOG I USED FOR A MODEL TO MAKE FEEFY - IT WAS HER DOG
THE JOKE'S ON HER DOG - ISN'T IT? TWEET - TWEET. OR IS IT? TWEET
CLICK
1-3

HAH! SO HE EATS SPINACH, EH? POOEY! (MUMBLE MUMBLE) POOEY! POOEY!

POPEYE, WILL YOU QUIT MUMBLING?!!

SAY, LISTEN, I'LL BET KID MUSTARD DOESN'T EAT MUCH SPINACH - I'LL BET IT'S JUST A PUBLICITY STUNT - THEY'LL COME OUT WITH SOMETHING LIKE THIS — "A BATTLE OF SPINACH-EATING DEMONS"

BY GOLLY, OLIVE, I THINK YER RIGHT!! I THINK YA GOT IT FIGGERED! - 'SA PUBLITSITY STUNT

I'M NOT SO DUMB

GEE, HONEY, YER SMART! BLOW ME DOWN, YA SURE KIN FIGGER THINGS OUT

DON'T FLATTER ME - HMM - YES, I ALWAYS WAS LIKE THAT

I ADMITS I DID FEEL KIND OF BAD ABOUT IT ON ACCOUNT OF I YAM THE CHAMPEEN SPINACH-EATER OF THE WORLD

A'COURSE, YA UN'ERSTAN'S I AIN'T JEALISS - I WASN'T JEALISS - HECK, NO! HE KIN EAT WHAT HE PLEASES, BUT - BUT - HMM BUT ... WELL, JUS' BUT

HERE'S A BIG PITCHER OF HIM IN THE PAPER

KID MUSTARD

JUS' WAIT'LL I GETS HIM IN THE RING - NOW I YAM ASTIN' YA, DOES HE LOOK LIKE A SPINACH-EATER? I SEZ NO!

IT'S JUST A PUBLICITY STUNT

SURE, JUS'A PUBLITSITY STUNT

SURE, IT IS.

SURE - G'BYE

G'BYE

YEAH, JUS'A PUBLITSITY STUNT ARF! ARF!

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1-10

HOW COME YOU CAN EAT SO MUCH SPINACH, MISTER KID MUSTARD?

WHEW!

I WEAR RUBBER CLOTHES, THEY STRETCH

RESTAURANT

SEGAR

CONTINUED—

APPO

PROFESSOR WOTASNOZZLE, YOU AND YOUR INVENTIONS ARE GETTING ON MY NERVES - I WISH YOU'D FIND ANOTHER PLACE TO ROOM

Registered U. S. Patent Office

BY

SEGAR

MRS. SAPPO, AFTER YOU SEE MY LATEST INVENTION YOU WON'T WANT ME TO GO — THE WOTASNOZZLE ELECTRONIC VIBRATORY VIEWING SCREEN WILL ENABLE YOU TO KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR HUSBAND NO MATTER WHERE HE IS

REALLY ?!

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOUR HUSBAND IS AT THIS MOMENT?

WHY, HE'S AT HIS OFFICE WORKING LIKE A SLAVE, OF COURSE

MAYBE SO, BUT WE'LL ADJUST MY VIEWING SCREEN AND SEE FOR SURE

WHY, HE'S DOWN AT RED'S PLACE PLAYING POKER!

RED'S PLACE

I'LL GIVE YOU A "CLOSE-UP" SO YOU CAN SEE HOW MUCH HE WON

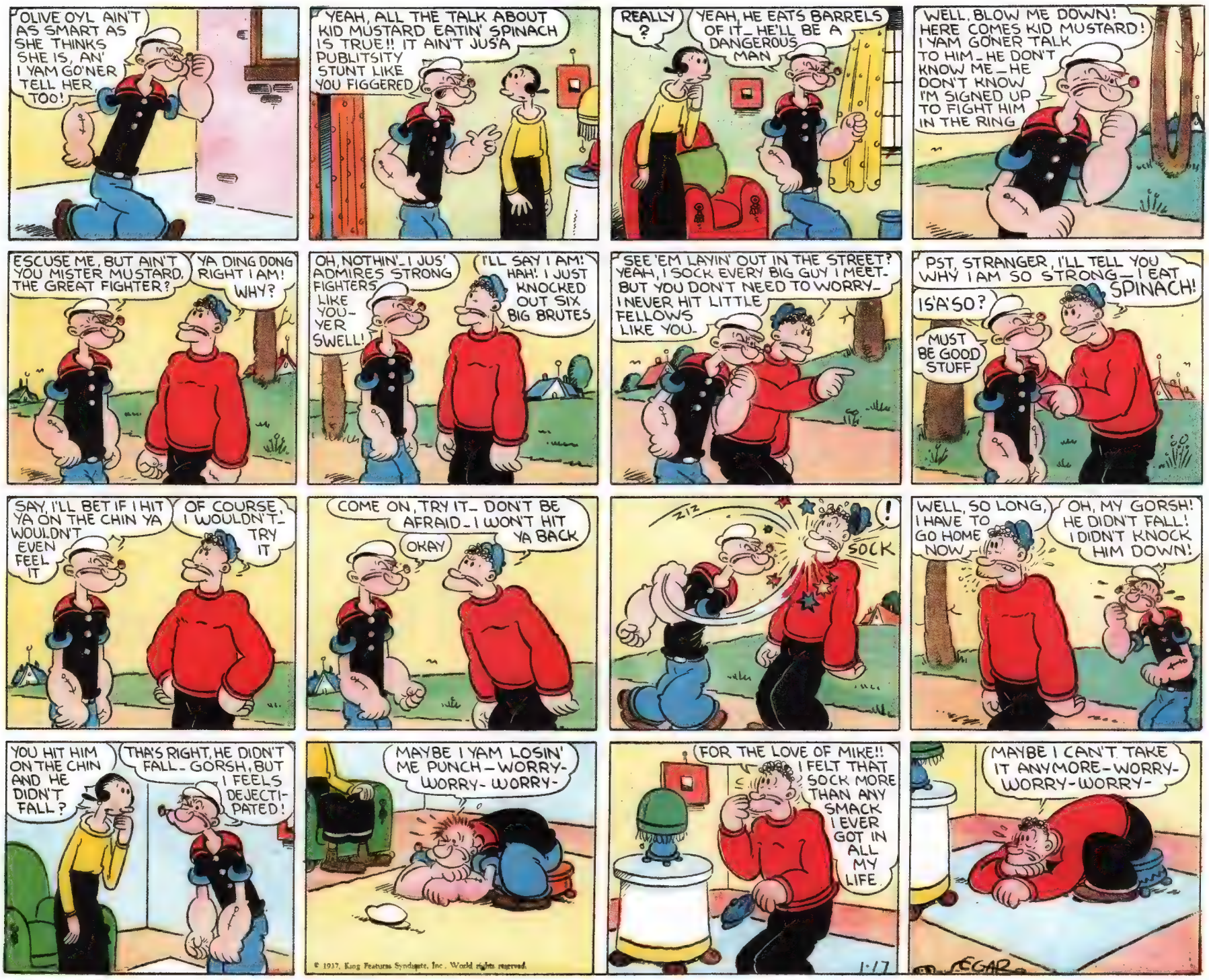
HAW! HAW! THAT'S TEN DOLLARS AND A HALF THE WIFE WON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT

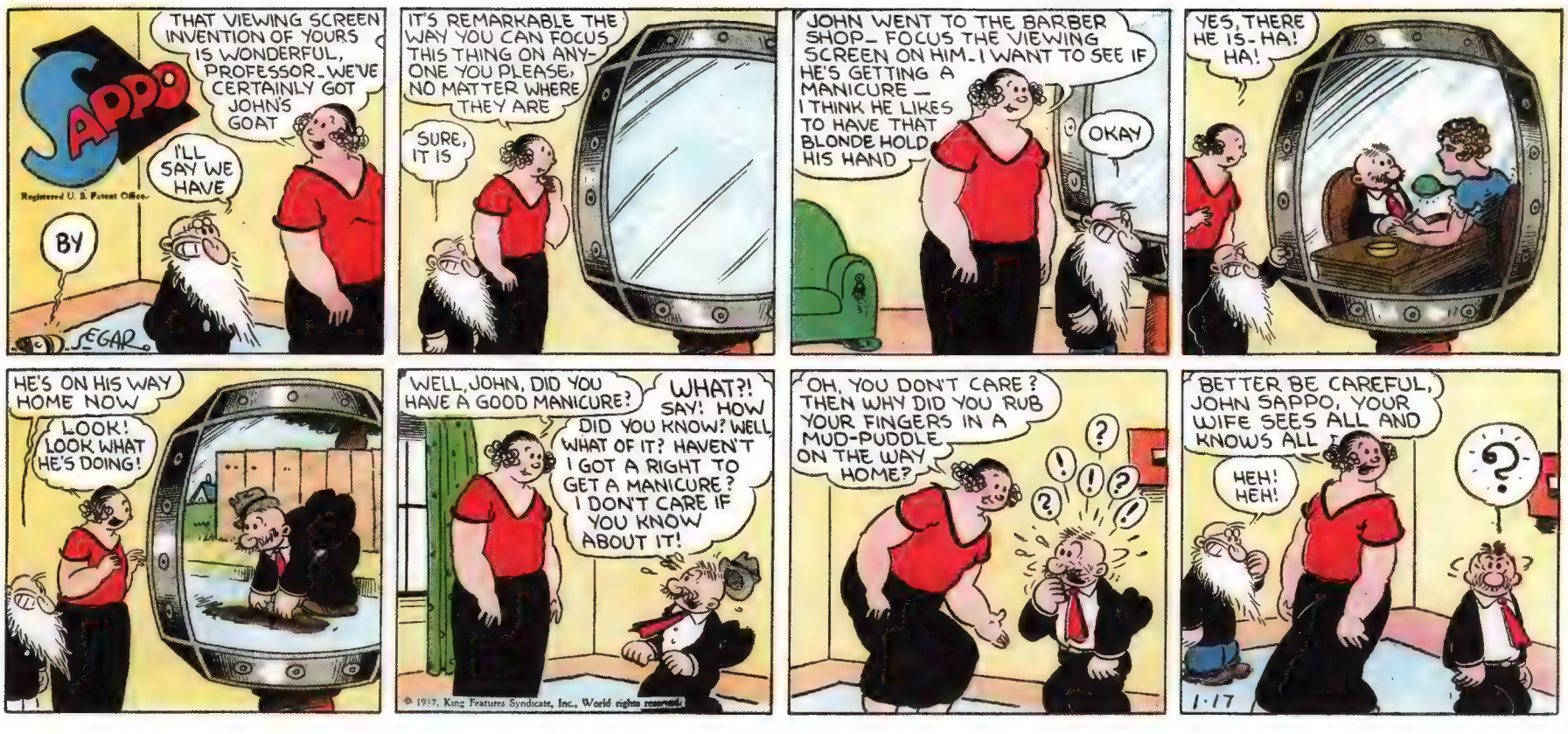
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GIVE ME THE TEN FIFTY YOU WON DOWN AT RED'S

1-10

HEH! HEH! HEH!


OLIVE OYL AIN'T AS SMART AS SHE THINKS SHE IS, AN' I YAM GO'NER TELL HER, TOO!
YEAH, ALL THE TALK ABOUT KID MUSTARD EATIN' SPINACH IS TRUE!! IT AIN'T JUS'A PUBLITSITY STUNT LIKE YOU FIGGERED
REALLY?
YEAH, HE EATS BARRELS OF IT- HE'LL BE A DANGEROUS MAN
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! HERE COMES KID MUSTARD! I YAM GONER TALK TO HIM- HE DON'T KNOW ME- HE DON'T KNOW I'M SIGNED UP TO FIGHT HIM IN THE RING
ESCUSE ME, BUT AIN'T YOU MISTER MUSTARD, THE GREAT FIGHTER?
YA DING DONG RIGHT I AM!
WHY?
OH, NOTHIN'- I JUS' ADMIRES STRONG FIGHTERS LIKE YOU- YER SWELL!
I'LL SAY I AM! HAH! I JUST KNOCKED OUT SIX BIG BRUTES
SEE 'EM LAYIN' OUT IN THE STREET? YEAH, I SOCK EVERY BIG GUY I MEET- BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO WORRY- I NEVER HIT LITTLE FELLOWS LIKE YOU-
PST, STRANGER, I'LL TELL YOU WHY I AM SO STRONG- I EAT SPINACH!
IS'A'SO?
MUST BE GOOD STUFF
SAY, I'LL BET IF I HIT YA ON THE CHIN YA WOULDN'T EVEN FEEL IT
OF COURSE, I WOULDN'T- TRY IT
COME ON, TRY IT- DON'T BE AFRAID- I WON'T HIT YA BACK
OKAY
ZIZ
!
SOCK
WELL, SO LONG, I HAVE TO GO HOME NOW
OH, MY GORSH! HE DIDN'T FALL! I DIDN'T KNOCK HIM DOWN!
YOU HIT HIM ON THE CHIN AND HE DIDN'T FALL?
THA'S RIGHT, HE DIDN'T FALL- GORSH, BUT I FEELS DEJECTI-PATED!
MAYBE I YAM LOSIN' ME PUNCH- WORRY- WORRY- WORRY-
FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE!! I FELT THAT SOCK MORE THAN ANY SMACK I EVER GOT IN ALL MY LIFE
MAYBE I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE- WORRY- WORRY- WORRY-
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1-17
EGAR


SAPPO
Registered U. S. Patent Office.
THAT VIEWING SCREEN INVENTION OF YOURS IS WONDERFUL, PROFESSOR- WE'VE CERTAINLY GOT JOHN'S GOAT
I'LL SAY WE HAVE
BY
IT'S REMARKABLE THE WAY YOU CAN FOCUS THIS THING ON ANY-ONE YOU PLEASE, NO MATTER WHERE THEY ARE
SURE, IT IS
JOHN WENT TO THE BARBER SHOP- FOCUS THE VIEWING SCREEN ON HIM- I WANT TO SEE IF HE'S GETTING A MANICURE- I THINK HE LIKES TO HAVE THAT BLONDE HOLD HIS HAND
OKAY
YES, THERE HE IS- HA! HA!
HE'S ON HIS WAY HOME NOW
LOOK! LOOK WHAT HE'S DOING!
WELL, JOHN, DID YOU HAVE A GOOD MANICURE?
WHAT?! SAY! HOW DID YOU KNOW? WELL WHAT OF IT? HAVEN'T I GOT A RIGHT TO GET A MANICURE? I DON'T CARE IF YOU KNOW ABOUT IT!
OH, YOU DON'T CARE? THEN WHY DID YOU RUB YOUR FINGERS IN A MUD-PUDDLE ON THE WAY HOME?
BETTER BE CAREFUL, JOHN SAPPO, YOUR WIFE SEES ALL AND KNOWS ALL
HEH! HEH!
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1-17
EGAR

I KIN EAT JUS' AS MUCH SPINACH AS KID MUSTARD KIN ANY DAY

I SEZ, GIMME SOME SPINACH— I YAM GO'NER LOAD UP FOR ME FIGHT WITH KID MUSTARD

I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT KID MUSTARD BOUGHT ALL THE SPINACH WE HAD

AN' YOU AIN'T GOT NO SPINACH NEITHER!! MY GORSH! I'VE TRIED EVER' STORE IN TOWN!

NO— KID MUSTARD BOUGHT IT ALL

THA'S WHAT I CALLS A DIRTY TRICK, HIM BUYIN' UP ALL THE SPINACH!! NOW WHAT'LL I EAT

I YAM GOIN' UP TO HIS ROOMS AN' PAY HIM A VISIK— HE DON'T KNOW WHO I YAM

OH, YOU'RE THE GUY I MET ON THE STREET THE OTHER DAY, AIN'T YOU?

YEAH, THA'S ME— I COME TO VISIK YA

COME IN

ESCUSE ME, I DIDN'T KNOW YA WAS EATIN'

AW, THAT'S OKAY, HAVE A CHAIR— I FEEL LIKE TALKING TO SOMEONE, I JUST PULLED A SMART STUNT

WHA'CHA EATIN' ?

I'M EATIN' SPINACH

'SGOOD, HUH?

SURE, IT'S GOOD, YA WANT SOME?

YEAH, I'LL TRY IT

I'LL GET YA A BOWL

BY GOLLY, I MAY GET TO LIKIN' THIS STUFF

AND NOW I'LL TELL YA SOMETHING FUNNY— HA! I HEARD THAT POPEYE, THE GUY I'M TO FIGHT, IS ALSO A SPINACH EATER-

WELL, JUST TO SHOW YOU HOW SMART I AM— I DUCKS OUT AND BUYS ALL THE SPINACH IN TOWN

I SEE— YA DONE IT TO KEEP HIM FROM GETTIN' ANY

SURE

ARF! ARF! POOR OL' POPEYE AIN'T GO'NER GET NO SPINACH.

AIN'T THAT A LAUGH? HAW! HAW!— WILL YA HAVE ANOTHER BOWL?

DON'T MIND IF I DO— THANKS

ARF! ARF!

YA'VE GOT TO BE SMART LIKE THAT IF YA WANNA WIN FIGHTS

OL' POPEYE SURE IS GO'NER BE SORE WHEN HE FINDS OUT HE CAN'T GET NO SPINACH

ARE YOU TELLING ME?

HAW!

HAW!

WHAT YA SUSPOSE POPEYE WILL DO ABOUT IT?

WHAT CAN HE DO? HE CAN'T BUY ANY AND IT'S A CINCH I WON'T GIVE HIM ANY OF MINE!— HA! WILL YA HAVE ANOTHER BOWL ?

I YAM GETTIN' TO LIKE THIS STUFF— YA SURE I AIN'T ROBBIN' YA?

HECK, NO, I GOT EVERY CLOSET FULL— HELP. EAT IT UP— IT'LL MAKE YA STRONG

YOU KNOW, THE MORE I THINK OF IT THE FUNNIER IT GETS

ME, TOO— THE MORE I THINKS OF IT THE FUNNIER IT GETS, TOO

1-24

HAW! HAW! HAW! HAW! HAW!

SEE NEXT WEEK.

—SEGAR

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SAPPO

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

I CAN'T DOPE OUT HOW THE MISSUS KEEPS TAB ON ME THE WAY SHE DOES— SEEMS TO KNOW EVERY THING I DO

BY

—SEGAR

LET'S GO DOWN TO "RED'S" AND HAVE A GAME, SAPPO

EVERY TIME I GO THERE MY WIFE FINDS OUT ABOUT IT— I'M THROUGH WITH THAT PLACE

I KNOW A PLACE SHE WON'T GET WISE TO— IT'S AWAY DOWN TOWN

OKAY, LE'S GO

PROFESSOR, DID YOU FIND JOHN WITH YOUR MARVELOUS VIEWING SCREEN INVENTION?

RED'S PLACE

HE ISN'T DOWN AT RED'S PLACE— I'LL SEARCH THE CITY FOR HIM

AH, THERE HE IS IN A STRANGE PLACE AND HE SAID HE'D QUIT POKER— I'LL TAKE A PICTURE OF HIM

PETE'S POKER PALACE

PROFESSOR CAN YOU DEVELOP THIS FILM AND MAKE A BIG ENLARGEMENT OF THAT PICTURE?

SURE I CAN— IN NO TIME AT ALL

ONLY A FEW PEOPLE HAVE HEARD OF "PETE'S POKER PALACE". THE WIFE WILL NEVER KNOW I WAS THERE

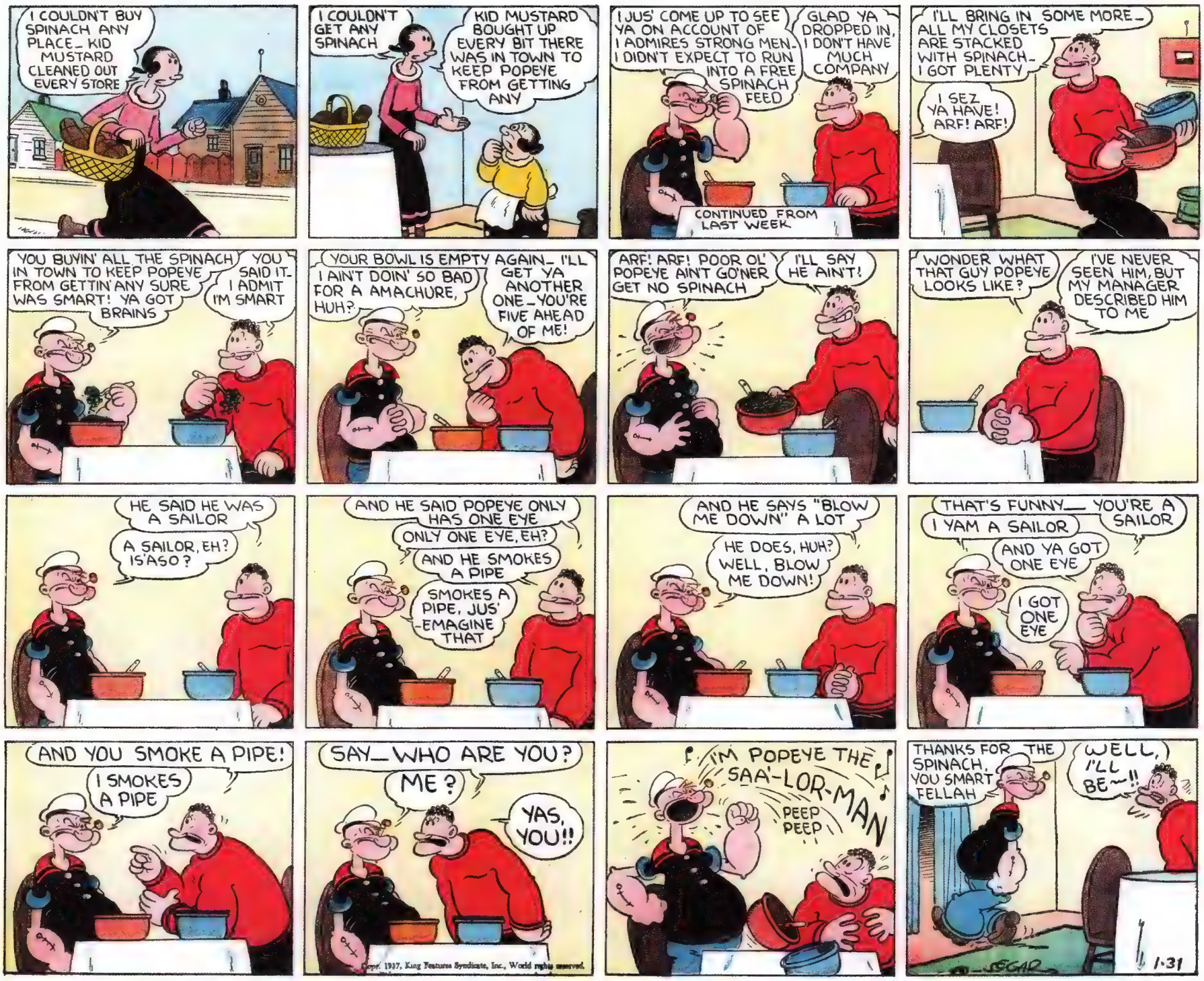
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WHAT IN THE— —?!!

PETE'S POKER PALACE.

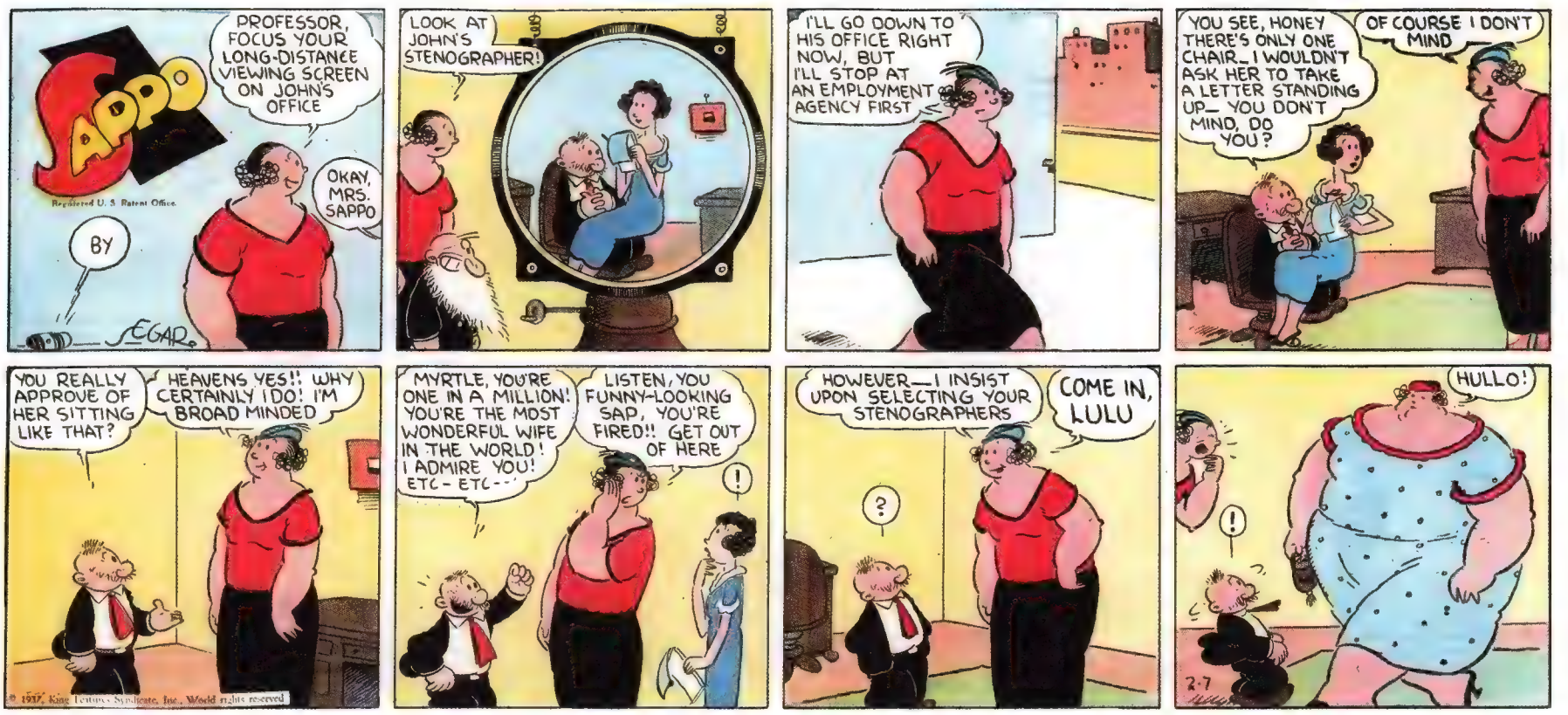
MAYBE WE'RE CARRYING THIS A BIT TOO FAR, PROF., HE'S GONE "COO-KOO"

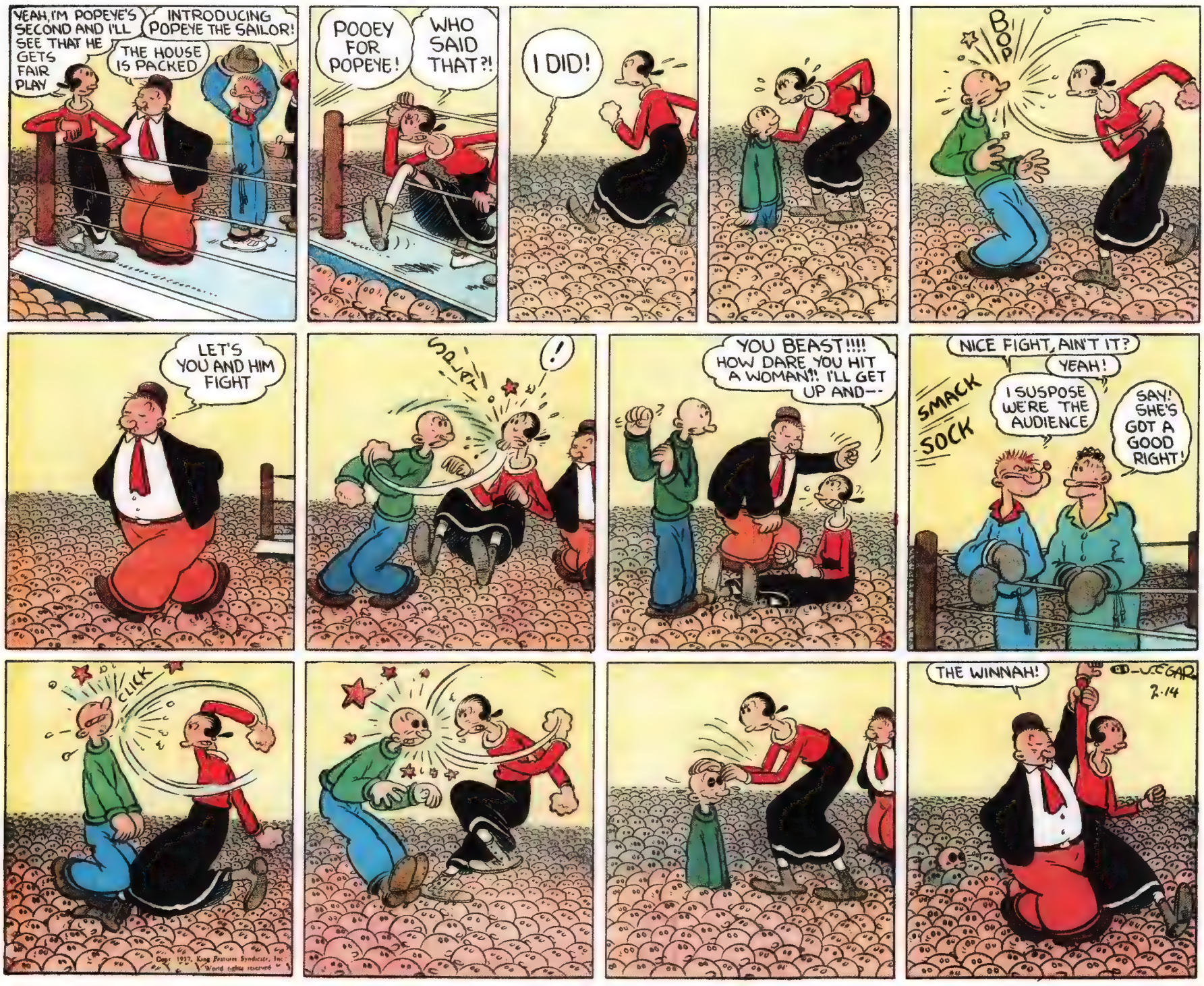
COO-KOO! COO-KOO COO-KOO COO-KOO

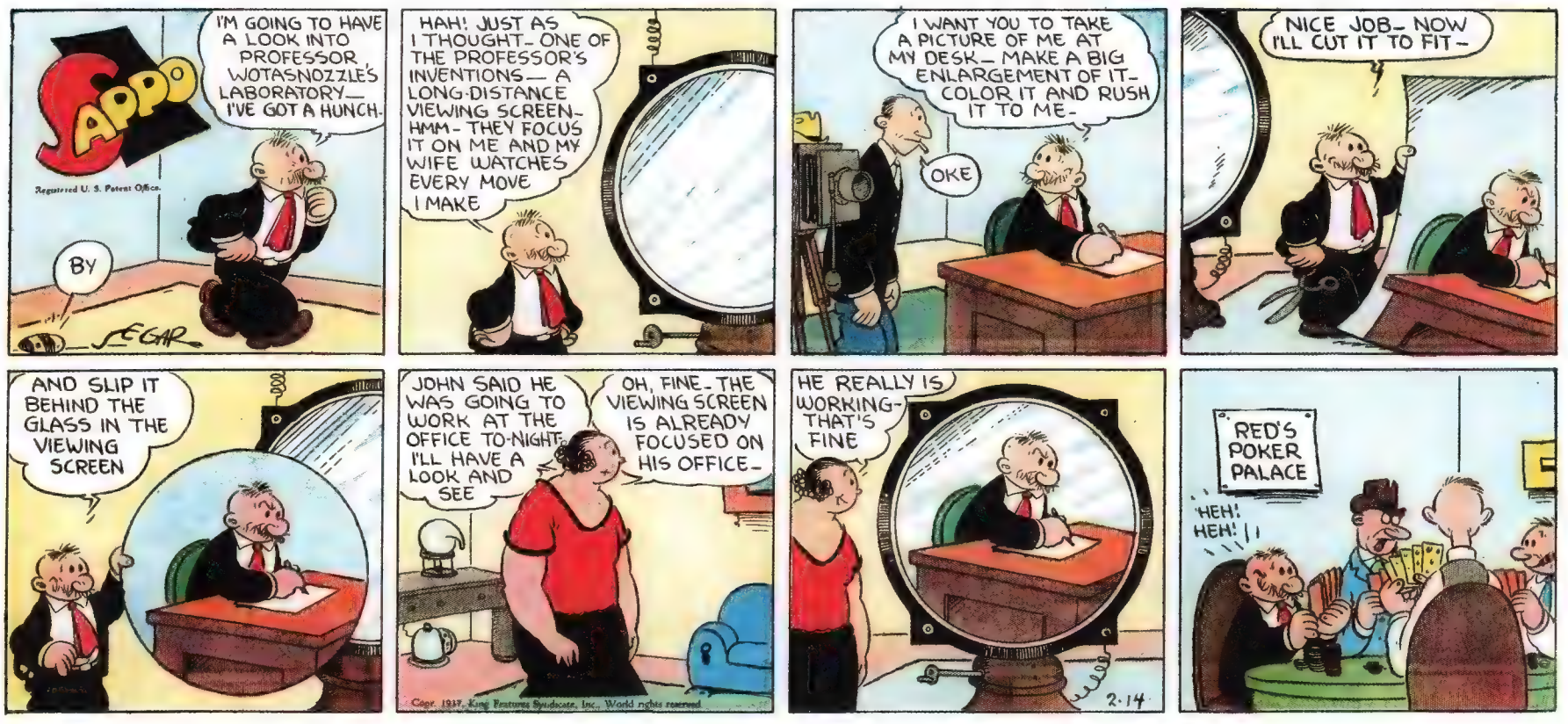

I COULDN'T BUY SPINACH ANY PLACE - KID MUSTARD CLEANED OUT EVERY STORE
I COULDN'T GET ANY SPINACH
KID MUSTARD BOUGHT UP EVERY BIT THERE WAS IN TOWN TO KEEP POPEYE FROM GETTING ANY
I JUS' COME UP TO SEE YA ON ACCOUNT OF I ADMIRES STRONG MEN. I DIDN'T EXPECT TO RUN INTO A FREE SPINACH FEED
GLAD YA DROPPED IN, I DON'T HAVE MUCH COMPANY
CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK
I'LL BRING IN SOME MORE - ALL MY CLOSETS ARE STACKED WITH SPINACH - I GOT PLENTY
I SEZ YA HAVE! ARF! ARF!
YOU BUYIN' ALL THE SPINACH IN TOWN TO KEEP POPEYE FROM GETTIN' ANY SURE WAS SMART! YA GOT BRAINS
YOU SAID IT - I ADMIT I'M SMART
YOUR BOWL IS EMPTY AGAIN - I'LL GET YA ANOTHER ONE - YOU'RE FIVE AHEAD OF ME!
I AIN'T DOIN' SO BAD FOR A AMACHURE, HUH?
ARF! ARF! POOR OL' POPEYE AIN'T GO'NER GET NO SPINACH
I'LL SAY HE AIN'T!
WONDER WHAT THAT GUY POPEYE LOOKS LIKE?
I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM, BUT MY MANAGER DESCRIBED HIM TO ME
HE SAID HE WAS A SAILOR
A SAILOR, EH? IS'ASO?
AND HE SAID POPEYE ONLY HAS ONE EYE
ONLY ONE EYE, EH?
AND HE SMOKES A PIPE
SMOKES A PIPE, JUS' -EMAGINE THAT
AND HE SAYS "BLOW ME DOWN" A LOT
HE DOES, HUH? WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
THAT'S FUNNY — YOU'RE A SAILOR
I YAM A SAILOR
AND YA GOT ONE EYE
I GOT ONE EYE
AND YOU SMOKE A PIPE!
I SMOKES A PIPE
SAY - WHO ARE YOU?
ME?
YAS, YOU!!
I'M POPEYE THE SAA'-LOR-MAN
PEEP PEEP
THANKS FOR THE SPINACH, YOU SMART FELLAH
WELL, I'LL BE ~!!
1-31
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APPO
MAYBE I HAVE A JEALOUS NATURE, BUT THAT MANICURIST IS JUST A LITTLE TOO BEAUTIFUL - I WISH JOHN WOULD QUIT GETTING MANICURES
BY EGAR
MY NEW ELECTRO-VIBRATORY LONG-DISTANCE VIEWING SCREEN WORKS GREAT - THIS SCENE IS FIFTY MILES AWAY
IF HE GOES NEAR THAT MANICURIST, OR IF HE EVEN LOORS AT ANOTHER WOMAN I'LL POUND HIM GOOD!
PROF - SEE IF YOU CAN PICK UP JOHN WITH YOUR VIEWING SCREEN
HERE HE IS - HE'S IN A FLOWER SHOP
OH, HEAVENS! HE BOUGHT FLOWERS
KEEP IT FOCUSED ON HIM, PROF, I MUST KNOW WHERE HE TAKES THOSE FLOWERS
I CAN'T DO IT - A WIRE BURNED OFF AND IT WILL TAKE AN HOUR TO FIX IT
NOW I'LL NEVER KNOW WHERE HE TAKES THOSE FLOWERS - BUT JUST WAIT TILL HE STICKS HIS HEAD INTO THIS ROOM!
AH ——— ! HERE HE COMES
OH, JOHN, I'M SO SORRY! WHY, THEY'RE JUST TOO LOVELY FOR WORDS!
TWEET
1-31
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I WONDER IF POPEYE WILL BE ABLE TO LICK KID MUSTARD WITHOUT THE AID OF SPINACH
THE BIG FIGHT COMES OFF TO-DAY, OLIVE, AN' I WANTS YA TO BE ME SECOND
YOU OUGHT TO EAT SOME SPINACH BEFORE THE FIGHT
BUT KID MUSTARD, YOUR OPPONENT, BOUGHT ALL THERE WAS IN TOWN
DON'T WORRY I'LL GET SOME
I'LL LOAD UP ON SPINACH AND THEN I'LL GO INTO THE RING AND KNOCK THE SOCKS OFF THAT ONE-EYED RAT
SPINACH
MISTER FARMER, I'LL GIVE YA FIFTY DOLLARS IF YA'LL LEMME EAT ALL THE SPINACH I WANTS OUT OF YER FIELD
OKAY
YOU'RE TOO FULL OF SPINACH TO FIGHT- YOU'LL BE SLOW
OH, YEAH?
ARE YOU MAN OR HOG? I HAVE LITTLE SYMPATHY FOR GLUTTONS
KID MUSTARD IS SO FULL HE WON'T BE ABLE TO FIGHT
YOU WON'T HAVE A CHANCE, MR. MUSTARD- POPEYE WILL KNOCK YOUR BREAD BASKET UP UNDER YOUR NECK
YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE PICKING THE WINNER - POPEYE WILL PUT THAT GLUTTON AWAY QUICK
DISGUSTING, ISN'T IT? A SLAVE TO HIS APPETITE, NO DOUBT
HELLO, POPEYE - HA! HA! YOU'VE GOT A CINCH
YOUR OPPONENT IS SO FULL OF SPINACH HE CAN HARDLY MOVE
!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN- I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO MAKE
AHEM
J. WELLINGTON WIMPY WILL BE YOUR REFEREE
BOO BOOO BOO BOOOOO BOO BOOOOO BOO BOO-BOOO BOO BOOO-BOO BOO-BOOO BOO BOO BOOOO
THANK YOU!
THANK YOU, MY FRIENDS, THANK YOU.
THERE'S THE BELL! THE FIGHT IS ON! THEY RUSH AT EACH OTHER LIKE MAD DEMONS! THEY'RE STANDING TOE TO TOE SWINGING WITH ALL THEIR MIGHT AT EACH OTHER'S CHIN
BOZO
COME NOW, GENTLEMEN, LET'S YOU AND HIM FIGHT
- THIS FIGHT WILL BE POSTPONED UNTIL NEXT WEEK - AS YOU CAN SEE, THEY CANNOT REACH EACH OTHER'S CHIN
STOP THIS BLOODY BATTLE!
LEAD WITH YOUR BREAD BASKET !!
EGAR
2-7
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SAPPO
Registered U. S. Patent Office.
PROFESSOR, FOCUS YOUR LONG-DISTANCE VIEWING SCREEN ON JOHN'S OFFICE
OKAY, MRS. SAPPO
BY
EGAR
LOOK AT JOHN'S STENOGRAPHER!
I'LL GO DOWN TO HIS OFFICE RIGHT NOW, BUT I'LL STOP AT AN EMPLOYMENT AGENCY FIRST
YOU SEE, HONEY THERE'S ONLY ONE CHAIR - I WOULDN'T ASK HER TO TAKE A LETTER STANDING UP - YOU DON'T MIND, DO YOU?
OF COURSE I DON'T MIND
YOU REALLY APPROVE OF HER SITTING LIKE THAT?
HEAVENS YES!! WHY CERTAINLY I DO! I'M BROAD MINDED
MYRTLE, YOU'RE ONE IN A MILLION! YOU'RE THE MOST WONDERFUL WIFE IN THE WORLD! I ADMIRE YOU! ETC - ETC - -
LISTEN, YOU FUNNY-LOOKING SAP, YOU'RE FIRED!! GET OUT OF HERE
!
HOWEVER - I INSIST UPON SELECTING YOUR STENOGRAPHERS
?
COME IN, LULU
HULLO!
!
2-7
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YEAH, I'M POPEYE'S SECOND AND I'LL SEE THAT HE GETS FAIR PLAY
INTRODUCING POPEYE THE SAILOR!
THE HOUSE IS PACKED
POOEY FOR POPEYE!
WHO SAID THAT?!
I DID!
BOP
LET'S YOU AND HIM FIGHT
SOCK!
YOU BEAST!!!! HOW DARE YOU HIT A WOMAN!! I'LL GET UP AND--
NICE FIGHT, AIN'T IT?
YEAH!
SMACK
SOCK
I SUSPOSE WE'RE THE AUDIENCE
SAY! SHE'S GOT A GOOD RIGHT!
CLICK
THE WINNAH!
E.C. SEGAR 2-14
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POPPO
Registered U. S. Patent Office.
I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK INTO PROFESSOR WOTASNOZZLE'S LABORATORY— I'VE GOT A HUNCH.
BY
SEGAR
HAH! JUST AS I THOUGHT- ONE OF THE PROFESSOR'S INVENTIONS— A LONG-DISTANCE VIEWING SCREEN- HMM- THEY FOCUS IT ON ME AND MY WIFE WATCHES EVERY MOVE I MAKE
I WANT YOU TO TAKE A PICTURE OF ME AT MY DESK— MAKE A BIG ENLARGEMENT OF IT- COLOR IT AND RUSH IT TO ME-
OKE
NICE JOB- NOW I'LL CUT IT TO FIT-
AND SLIP IT BEHIND THE GLASS IN THE VIEWING SCREEN
JOHN SAID HE WAS GOING TO WORK AT THE OFFICE TO-NIGHT- I'LL HAVE A LOOK AND SEE
OH, FINE- THE VIEWING SCREEN IS ALREADY FOCUSED ON HIS OFFICE-
HE REALLY IS WORKING- THAT'S FINE
2-14
RED'S POKER PALACE
HEH! HEH!
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NOW, GENTLEMEN, LET'S YOU AND HIM FIGHT

BONG

THE FIGHT IS ON! – THEY CIRCLE AND EYE EACH OTHER LIKE TWO BEASTS—

POPEYE FEINTS WITH HIS LEFT– KID MUSTARD PULLS IN HIS CHIN AND COVERS UP LIKE A TURTLE – THE BOYS HAVE A LOT OF RESPECT FOR EACH OTHER– BOTH ARE SPINACH EATERS——

RATHER AN UNINTERESTING FIGHT– THEY WEAVE, BOB, DUCK AND DANCE– BUT NOT A BLOW STRUCK—— HO-HUM—

J. WELLINGTON WIMPY, THE REFEREE, SLEEPS SOUNDLY IN A NEUTRAL CORNER

POPEYE LOWERS HIS GUARD, STICKS OUT HIS CHIN AND INVITES A SOCK

THE KID SWINGS A TERRIFIC RIGHT BUT MISSES BY INCHES AS POPEYE PULLS IN HIS NECK—

THEN POPEYE'S GLOVE EXPLODES IN THE KID'S FACE LIKE A BOMB–

BOO

WHO SHOT ?

NOBODY SHOT– I JUS' HIT HIM SO HARD ME GLOVE EXPLODED LIKE A PAPER BAG FULL OF AIR

I'LL OBTAIN ANOTHER GLOVE FOR YOU

AND NOW, MY GOOD PEOPLE I WILL GIVE AN——

?

2-21

-IMITATION OF A MALE ROBIN– "TWEET-TWEET" FEMALE–"TWEET TWEET"

ORIOLE–TWEET TWEET"

IMITATION OF A HORSE– "TWEET-TWEET"

A FISH– "TWEET-TWEET"

—J. EGAR

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SAPPO

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

BAH!! IS THERE A LIGHTER IN THIS HOUSE THAT WORKS!!

CLICK CLICK

BY

—J. EGAR

BAH! POOEY CLICK CLICK

IS THERE A LIGHTER IN ANY HOUSE THAT WORKS? THEY'RE ALWAYS RUNNING OUT OF FLUID

I'M GOING TO INVENT A LIGHTER THAT WILL NEVER, NEVER, NEVER RUN OUT OF FLUID

WELL, IF YOU DO, IT WILL BE YOUR GREATEST INVENTION

LATER

WELL, HERE IT IS, SAPPO– IT WORKS AND WILL KEEP ON WORKING

REALLY?

THIS INVENTION COST ME $900,000.00 BUT IT'S WORTH IT– SEE– THE HOSE GOES INTO AND THROUGH THE WALL–

IT COMES OUT HERE AND GOES INTO THE GROUND–

?

AND IT RUNS ALONG HERE UNDER THE GROUND–

?

–AND IS CONNECTED WITH THAT "THREE THOUSAND MILLION" GALLON TANK OF LIGHTER FLUID– HEH! HEH!

!

2-21

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE LAST ROUND WAS ROUND "ONE"

THE NEXT WILL BE ROUND "TWO"— THE GONG WILL "DING" IN JUST A MOMENT

BONG

THERE'S THE BELL FOR THE BEGINNING OF ROUND TWO— THE TWO SPINACH-EATERS ARE FLYING TOWARD EACH OTHER

COME ON, POPEYE!

CRACK

HE'S DOWN! HE'S DOWN! THE MIGHTY POPEYE IS DOWN!! KID MUSTARD IS LAUGHING AT HIM— THE COUNT IS "3"-"4"— WILL HE GET UP? CAN HE GET UP?— HE'S GETTING UP— HE'S UP!!!

!

!

SOCK

BOP

THREE-FOUR-FIVE

HA! HA! HA! HA!

YA KIN STOP LAUGHIN' NOW, KID, YA'VE HAD YER FUN

HA! HA! HA! HA!

UGH

FLUMP

SMACK

BOP

SPLAT

CAREFUL- YA MIGHT HURT YERSELF— LEMME HELP YA DOWN

"8"-"9"-"10" YOU ARE OUT, SIR

I ALWAYS FEELS SORRY FOR A SWAB AFTER I LICKS HIM

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2-28

THE WINNER!!

AHOY, CHILDREN— I SUSPOSE YA WONDERS HOW I WAS ABLE TO LICK A SPINACH-EATER LIKE HIM WHEN HE WEIGHED FIFTY POUNDS MORE'N ME-

WELL, THE SPINACH HE ET HELPED HIM A LOT— BUT THEY WAS SUMPIN' AGAINST HIM— "BAD HABITS"— HE DIDN'T LIVE RIGHT— REMEMBER, CHILDREN— SPINACH WILL DO ITS PART, BUT YOU GOT TO DO YOURN ALSO

—J.EGAR

SAPPO

SAPPO, I'VE JUST MADE A MARVELOUS INVENTION AND I WANT YOU TO HELP ME WITH AN EXPERIMENT

BY

—J.EGAR

YOU CAN'T EXPERIMENT WITH ME, PROF. WOTASNOZZLE- I DON'T TRUST YOU— YOU CAN'T DO THINGS TO ME!

DON'T TRUST ME! WELL, I LIKE THAT! POOEY, I THOUGHT WE WERE FRIENDS

DON'T BE AFRAID- IT'S JUST A SIMPLE EXPERIMENT— I'LL EXPLAIN AS WE GO ALONG

OLD PAL

WELL, ALL RIGHT, BUT YOUR PAST STUNTS DIDN'T DO ME ANY GOOD

WHAT'S THE DOG GOT TO DO WITH IT?

YOU'LL KNOW IN A MINUTE— JUST RELAX

SAY, I DON'T LIKE THIS BUSINESS!

MY GOSH! CAN'T YOU TRUST ME? RELAX!

I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU- I'M JUST GOING TO TRY TO MAKE THE DOG'S MIND AND YOUR MIND—

2-28

CLICK

TRADE PLACES

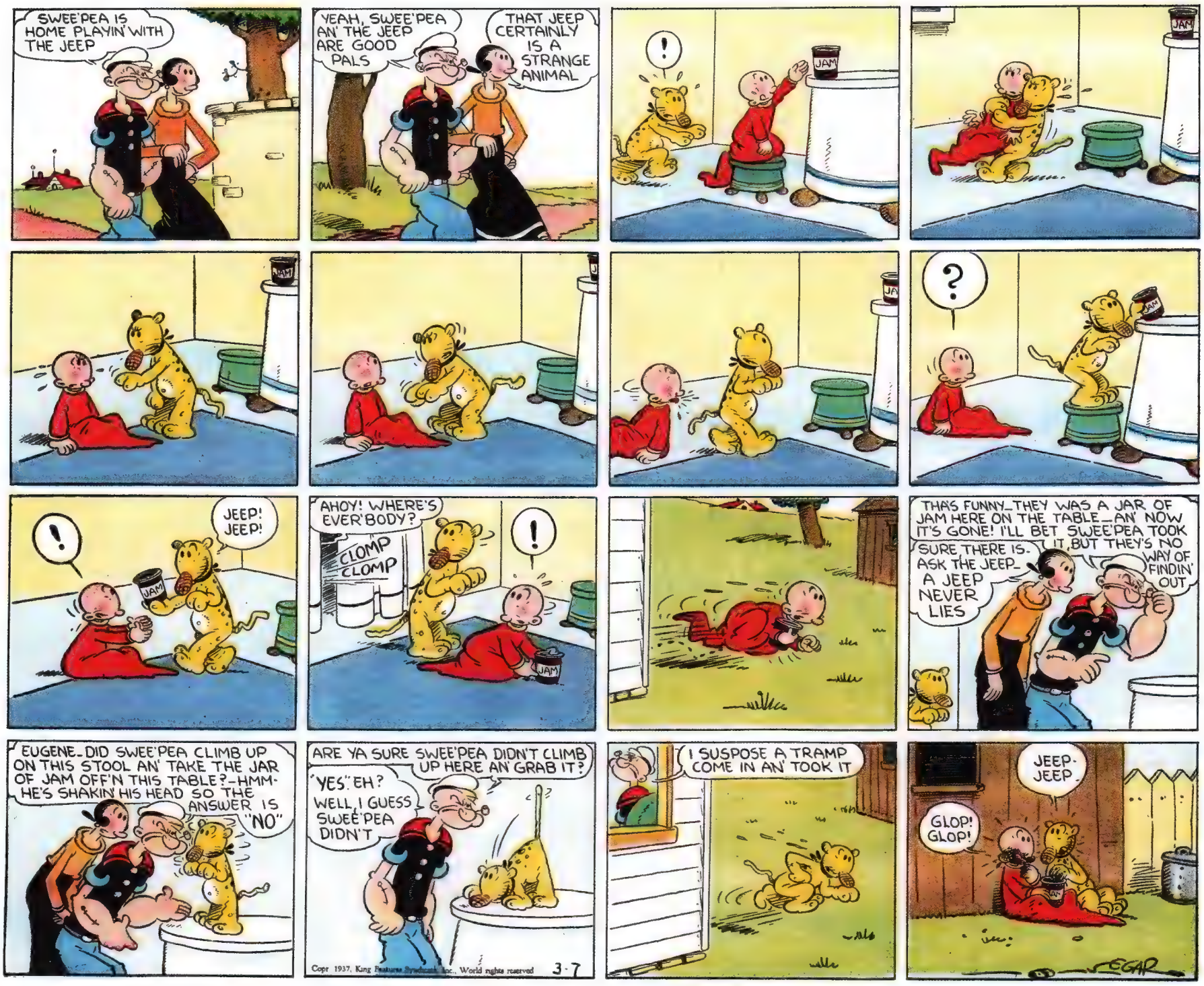
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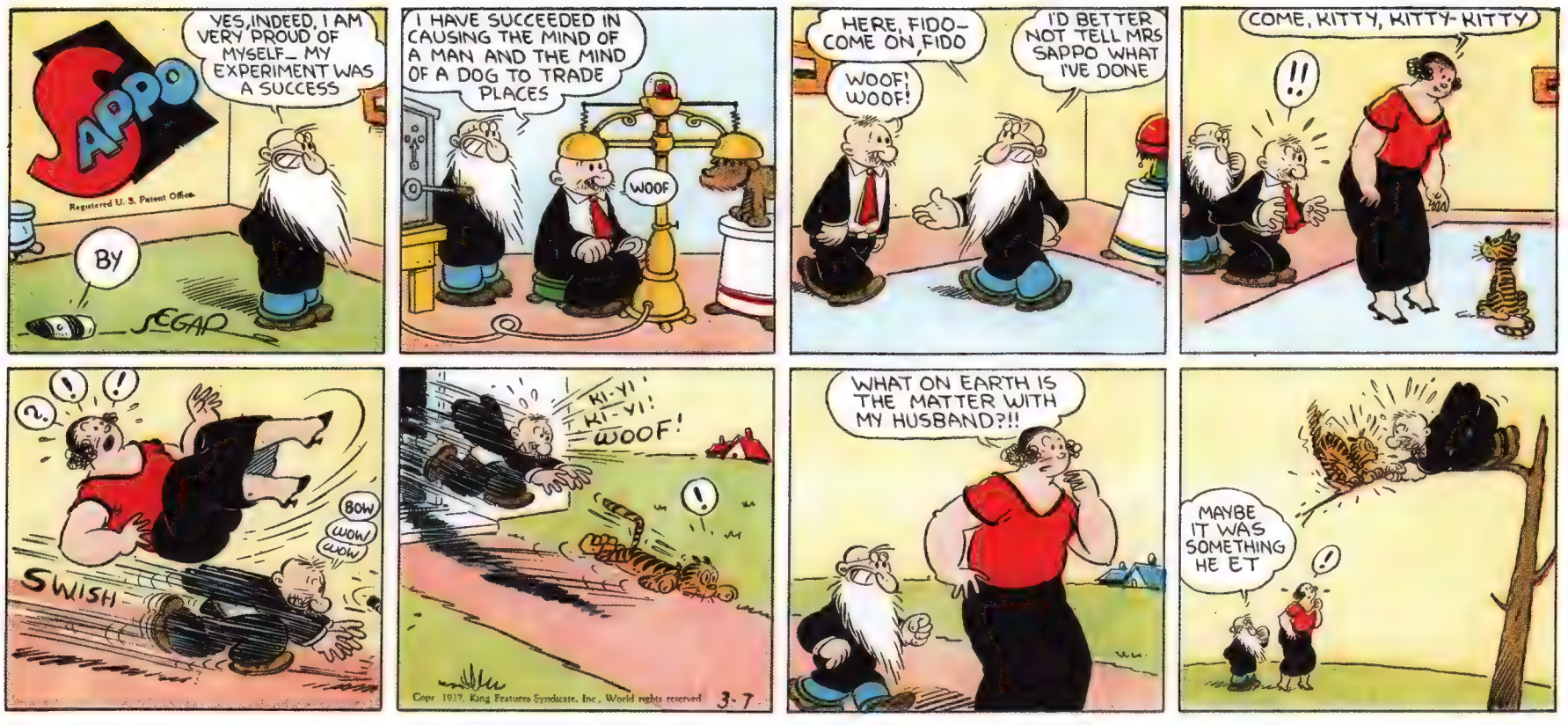
AH, SUCCESS

HEY! WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME?

WOOF

TO BE CONTINUED—


SWEE'PEA IS HOME PLAYIN' WITH THE JEEP
YEAH, SWEE'PEA AN' THE JEEP ARE GOOD PALS
THAT JEEP CERTAINLY IS A STRANGE ANIMAL
!
JAM
?
JEEP! JEEP!
AHOY! WHERE'S EVER'BODY?
CLOMP CLOMP
THAS FUNNY_THEY WAS A JAR OF JAM HERE ON THE TABLE—AN' NOW IT'S GONE! I'LL BET SWEE'PEA TOOK IT, BUT THEY'S NO WAY OF FINDIN' OUT
SURE THERE IS- ASK THE JEEP- A JEEP NEVER LIES
EUGENE-DID SWEE'PEA CLIMB UP ON THIS STOOL AN' TAKE THE JAR OF JAM OFF'N THIS TABLE?-HMM- HE'S SHAKIN' HIS HEAD SO THE ANSWER IS "NO"
ARE YA SURE SWEE'PEA DIDN'T CLIMB UP HERE AN' GRAB IT?
"YES" EH? WELL, I GUESS SWEE'PEA DIDN'T
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I SUSPOSE A TRAMP COME IN AN' TOOK IT
JEEP- JEEP-
GLOP! GLOP!
EGAR


SAPPO
Registered U. S. Patent Office
YES, INDEED, I AM VERY PROUD OF MYSELF- MY EXPERIMENT WAS A SUCCESS
BY
SEGAR
I HAVE SUCCEEDED IN CAUSING THE MIND OF A MAN AND THE MIND OF A DOG TO TRADE PLACES
WOOF
HERE, FIDO- COME ON, FIDO
WOOF! WOOF!
I'D BETTER NOT TELL MRS SAPPO WHAT I'VE DONE
COME, KITTY, KITTY- KITTY
!!
?
!
SWISH
BOW WOW! WOW
KI-YI! KI-YI! WOOF!
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WHAT ON EARTH IS THE MATTER WITH MY HUSBAND?!!
MAYBE IT WAS SOMETHING HE ET

SWEE' PEA! OH, SWEE'PEA!

SWEE'PEA!

JAM

OH, SWEE'PEA!

SWEE'PEA, IF YA HEARS ME, ANSWER ME!

JAM

WHERE YA BEEN ?

SAY, LISTEN, THEY'S A JAR OF JAM MISSIN' AN' I GOT REASON TO THINK YA TOOK IT- I GOT TO SPANK YA AN' TEACH YA A LESSON

JAM

JAM

SWEE'PEA, THIS IS GO'NER HURT ME MORE'N IT WILL YOU

BUT I GOT TO PADDLE YA AN' TEACH YA TO BE A GOOD BOY

HAH! YA BLASTED JEEP! I SEES JAM ON YER FACE

SO YOU DONE IT? OKAY, I'LL SPANK YOU INSTEAD OF SWEE'PEA

JEEP! JEEP!

GONE! I MIGHTA KNOW'D I COULDN'T LICK HIM — A JEEP HAS THE POWER TO MAKE HISSELF DISAPPEAR

SWEE'PEA— I APOLOGIZES FOR ALMOST SPANKIN' YA- I HOPES YA'LL ESCUSE ME

JAM

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3·14

SEGAR

SAPPO

MY LATEST INVENTION AND EXPERIMENT MAY GET ME INTO TROUBLE

BY

SEGAR

WITH THE AID OF THIS COMPLICATED DEVICE I CAUSED SAPPO'S MIND AND THE MIND OF A DOG TO TRADE PLACES

I'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL - MRS. SAPPO MUST NEVER KNOW WHAT I'VE DONE

GOOD HEAVENS, PROFESSOR, COME HERE!!

JUST LOOK AT JOHN, SEE HOW GOOFY HE ACTS

WOOF WOOF

!

BOW WOW WOW WOOF

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OH, MERCY! MERCY! WHAT CAN BE THE MATTER WITH MY HUSBAND?

G-R-R-

WOOF

SNAP

HE IS NOT YOUR HUSBAND!

!!

I AM YOUR HUSBAND!!

3·14

I GOT A HUNCH THAT SWEE'PEA DID TAKE THE JAR OF JAM WICH IS MISSIN'

I YAM ASTIN' YA, JEEP, DID SWEEPEA TAKE A JAR OF JAM? OH, I SEES-YA WON'T TELL ON YER PAL—WELL—I'LL LOOK AROUND-I'LL FIND OUT!

?

Z-Z-Z-Z-

SO IT WAS YOU, YOU BLASTED GOON! I SEES JAM ON YER FACE-WAKE UP! I YAM GO'NER SPANK YA

Z-Z-Z-Z

AN' I WAS BLAMIN' POOR LITTLE SWEE'PEA

I GOT TO FIND HIM AN' APOLOGIZE

?

WHOMP

MY GORSH! IT WAS SWEE'PEA, AFTER ALL

THE FIRST THING I GOT TO DO IS GO APOLOGIZE TO THE GOON! I'LL BET THE JEEP PUT JAM ON HER FACE — I CERTINGLY HAS A ARFUL TIME WITH ME FAMBLY

MY GORSH! SHE'S CRYIN'-I MUSTA HURT HER FEELIN'S!! 'SMATTER, ALICE?

AW, DON'T CRY, ALICE-) I YAM SORRY I HURT YER FEELIN'S

SNIFF

SURE, LITTLE GAL-EVER' THING'LL BE ALL RIGHT

WELL, I'LL BE ~!!

PAT - PAT

BOP

BLOW ME DOWN, I TRIES TO DO WHAS RIGHT AN' EVER'THING GOES WRONG!

I FEELS DEJECTIPATED I SURE NEEDS SYMPTHITTY

?

ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF!

!

EGAR

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SAPPO

Registered U. S. Patent Office

PROF. WOTASNOZZLE'S EXPERIMENT WILL PROBABLY GET HIM INTO TROUBLE-HAH! HE SHOULD BE IN TROUBLE AFTER WHAT HE DID—

HE CAUSED SAPPO'S MIND AND THE MIND OF A DOG TO TRADE PLACES→

BY

EGAR

I TELL YOU I AM YOUR HUSBAND!!! WOTASNOZZLE DID THIS TO ME!

!

I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS SOMEDAY!

YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT OR I'LL TIE A CAN ON YOUR TAIL-YOU'RE A MARTYR TO SCIENCE, SO SHUT UP!

DON'T LISTEN TO A WORD HE SAYS, MRS. SAPPO-THAT CRAZY DOG DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT

A TALKING DOG! I MUST BE OUT OF MY MIND! I'M GOING TO BED!!

AND THERE'S SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH YOU, TOO—GO TO BED!!

KI-YI-YI-WOOF!

HEY!! I SAID GO TO BED!

KI-YI-YI-

WHY DO YOU DO LIKE THAT? ANSWER ME!!

OOOUW

WOOF

3·21

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I KNOWS NOW WHO'S BEEN SWIPIN' JAM- AN' I KNOWS WHERE HE'S HIDIN'

JAM

!

THA'S THE WAY TO PUNISH HIM – HE KNOWS HE'S GO'NER GET A LICKIN' WHEN HE COMES IN- HE'S PLENTY WORRIED

I'LL TEACH HIM NOT TO SWIPE JAM

2-2- 2-2-2 2-2

2-2-2- 2-2-2- 2-2-

2-2-2 2-2-

2-2-2- 2-2- 2-2-

SMACK !

PULLIN' THAT KIND OF STUFF WON'T DO YA NO GOOD-

YER GO'NER GET A SWITCHIN'

?

!

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3-28

SEGAR

POPPO

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

BY

SEGAR

GOOD NIGHT, MYRTLE

!

MY CONSCIENCE HURTS ME- MAYBE I'D BETTER TELL MRS. SAPPO WHAT I'VE DONE

YES, I'LL TELL HER- CONFESSION IS GOOD FOR THE SOUL

I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING, MRS. SAPPO

— AND I INVENTED THIS COMPLICATED APPARATUS — THEN I EXPERIMENTED ON SAPPO AND THE DOG - I CAUSED SAPPO'S MIND AND THE DOG'S MIND TO TRADE PLACES

SO YOU'RE THE CAUSE OF ALL THIS!

YES

BOP

POW

SOCK

BAM

CONFESSION MAY BE GOOD FOR THE SOUL, BUT IT'S DARN HARD ON THE BODY!!

3-28

I CERTINGLY YAM GLAD I FOUND ME POPPA_NOW I YAM ONLY A HALF-ORPHINK

WE'RE GOIN' OVER TO OLIVE'S HOUSE FOR DINNER-I HOPES HE ACKS OKAY

HE AIN'T NO POLISHED GEN'LEMAN LIKE I YAM AN' HE AIN'T GOT ABSOLUKELY NO SENSE, BUT I LOVES HIM JUS'A SAME— AIN'T HE CUTE?!

IS POPEYE'S FATHER REALLY NINETY-NINE YEARS OLD?

YES, MOTHER, HE'S AN OLD, OLD MAN_I'M GOING TO FIX UP HIS CHAIR WITH NICE, SOFT PILLOWS

OLIVE OYL'S FOLKS IS SOCIETY PEOPLE AN' I WANTS YA TO ACK LIKE A GEN'LEMAN_ DON'T SWEAR AT THE TABLE AN' DON'T AST FOR MORE'N SIX HELPIN'S OF MEAT OR PIE— AN' BE PERLITE

WHO'S THE POPPA, YOU OR ME? PIPE DOWN, I KNOWS ME COURSE

AHOY, YE SWABS. AIN'T DINNER READY YET?

AVAST, POPPA

YOU SIT HERE, MISTER POOPDECK_ SEE— I HAVE NICE, SOFT PILLOWS IN YOUR CHAIR

WELL, CRACK ME KONK FOR A OYSKER_DOES I LOOK LIKE A WHITE-LIVERED NINNY!

YOUNG WOMAN, THA'SA INSULK!! BRING ME A BOX OF TACKS

A BOX OF TACKS?

YEAH, A BOX OF TACKS

I'LL GET YOU A BOX, BUT I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT YOU WANT THEM FOR

PILLOWS, POOEY!!

I AIN'T NO SISSY!!

OH! OH! OH! OOOOOOH! HEAVENS!

PASS THE PEE-TATERS QQQ:X!!

POPPA! I YAM DISGUSTIPATED!!

4-4

SEGAR

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JOHN OUGHT TO KILL YOU FOR WHAT YOU DID TO HIM

WELL, I PUT HIS MIND BACK INTO HIS OWN HEAD, DIDN'T I? HE'S OKAY NOW

BY

APPO

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

SEGAR

OH, SO YOU'RE NOT MAD AT ME— THAT'S FINE

PROFESSOR, I NEED A LARGE MALLET— COULD YOU MAKE ONE FROM THIS LOG?

EASY

I HAVE INVENTED A MACHINE THAT WILL CARVE ANYTHING— SEE-I PUT YOUR LOG RIGHT THERE

I'LL PULL THIS LEVER AND—

YOU SURE ARE A GENIUS

WHIRRR

WHIRR

-AND THERE'S YOUR MALLET— BUT WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH A MALLET?

I WANT YOU TO HELP ME- JUST HOLD THE WEDGE

OKAY

BOP

TWEET

THANKS FOR HELPING ME GET SQUARE WITH YOU

4-4

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YA BETTER LEARN SOME MANNERS- YE EATS LIKE A PIG!

LIKE A PIG, HUH? I MUST BE IMPROVIN'- YE USED TO SAY I ET LIKE A HIPPOPEEPOTERMUS

LISTEN! LISTEN! SAY, LISTEN! I'LL GIVE YOU THE SHIRT OFF MY BROTHER'S BACK FOR A HAMBURGER

NO!

SAY- DOES YE KNOW WHERE I KIN FIND SOMEBODY TO GIVE ME EATIN' LESSONS? I'BEEN EMBARRISKING ME SON WHEN I EATS

EATING LESSONS? HMM—

MY GOOD MAN, COME INTO THE BACK ROOM!!

BRING US TWO BIG JUICY T-BONE STEAKS

OKAY, MISTER POOPDECK

YOU COULDN'T HAVE FOUND A BETTER TEACHER- I'LL TEACH YOU THE ART OF EATING, BUT IT MAY TAKE MONTHS AND MONTHS

THERE NOW I HAVE FINISHED MY STEAK AND I PAT MY LIPS LIGHTLY WITH MY NAPKIN- I HOPE YOU WATCHED CLOSELY AND NOTICED MY PERFECT ACTIONS

KIN I EAT ME STEAK NOW? I SURE AM HUNGRY!

WHY, YES- YES, OF COURSE

NO! NO! NO!

NOT LIKE THAT! HERE, GET UP! LET ME SHOW YOU!

SEE- LIKE THIS- NOW JUST WATCH ME

WELL, CRACK ME KONK FOR A OYSKER, HE'S EATIN' ALL ME STEAK!!

WELL, HE KIN HAVE IT, I'M LEAVIN'!

?

THAT'S RIGHT- STAND CLOSE- I WANT YOU TO ESPECIALLY NOTICE HOW I HANDLE MY LAST BITE

WHO'S GONNA PAY?

!

POOPDECK PAPPY!

OOOH. POOOPDECK!

AND THERE'S A FEW DISHES, TOO

YESSIR

SEGAR

OH, BOY! WILL I STARTLE THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD WITH THIS!?

APPO

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

BY

SEGAR

AGAIN I HAVE DONE THE IMPOSSIBLE!! AGAIN I HAVE OVERCOME NATURAL LAW- LOOKS LIKE A PANCAKE DOESN'T IT? WELL, IT ISN'T

OH, SAPPO, COME HERE!

WHAT SORT OF A GOOFY THING HAVE YOU INVENTED THIS TIME, YOU DUMBHEAD?

THAT IRON WEIGHT WEIGHS ABOUT A HUNDRED POUNDS, DOESN'T IT?

I'LL SAY IT DOES! WHEW!

I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING YOU WON'T BELIEVE

?

MY GOSH! OH, I KNOW! YOU'VE GOT IT HOOKED ONTO AN INVISIBLE WIRE

OH, YEAH? WELL, WATCH- I'LL PUT THIS STOOL OVER IT

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AND NOW, MY FRIEND, I'M GOING TO CLIMB UP AND SIT ON THE STOOL

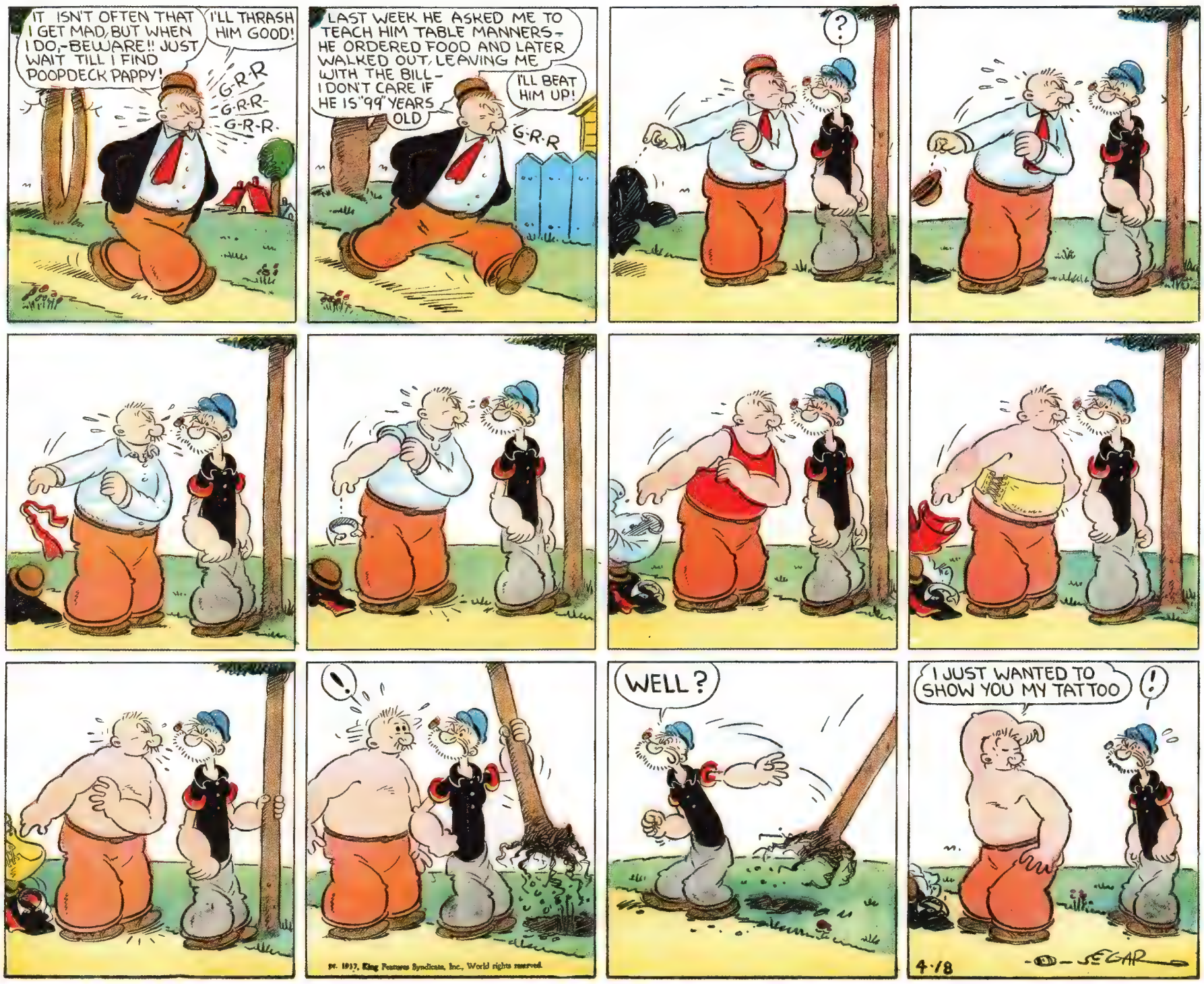
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT

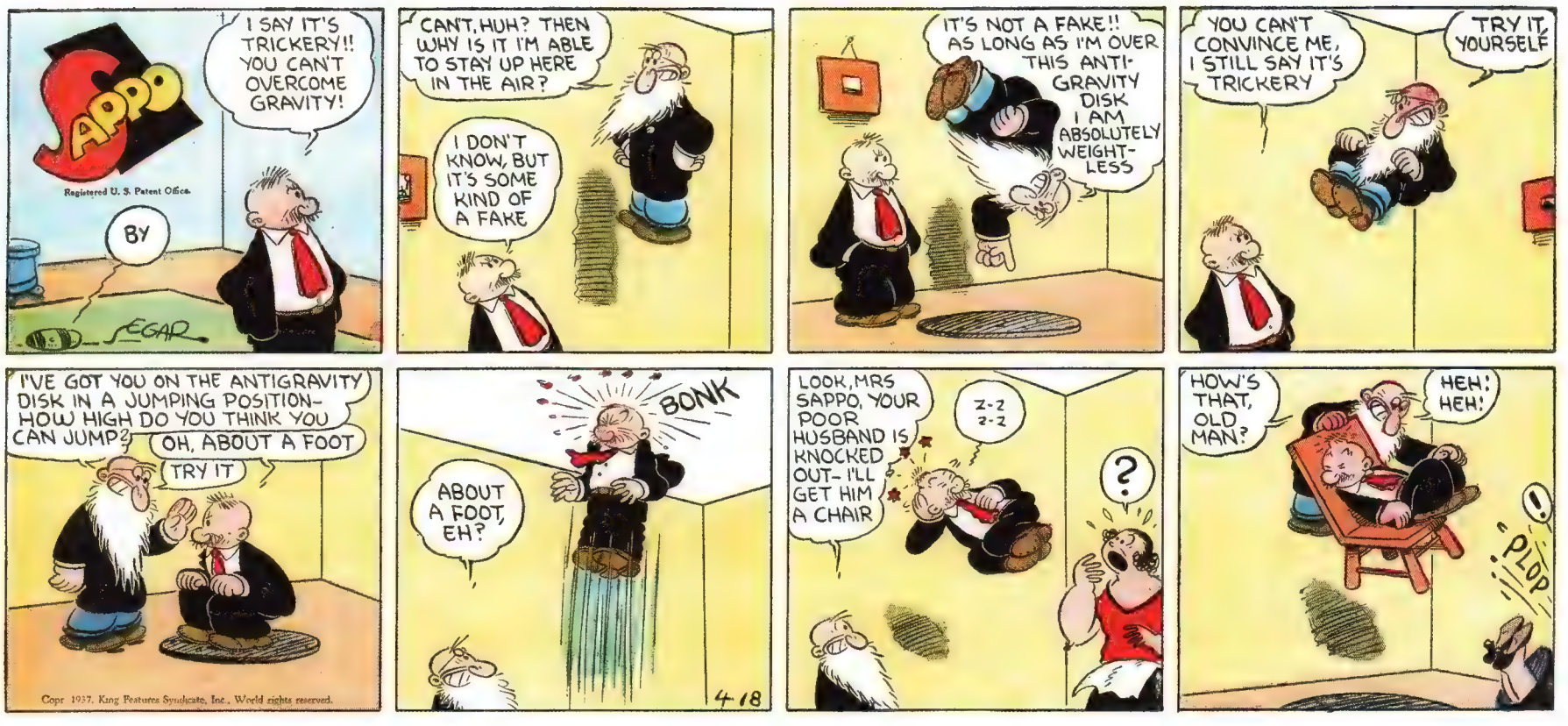
4-11

MY GREATEST INVENTION, AN ANTIGRAVITY DISK- I HAVE OVERCOME GRAVITY

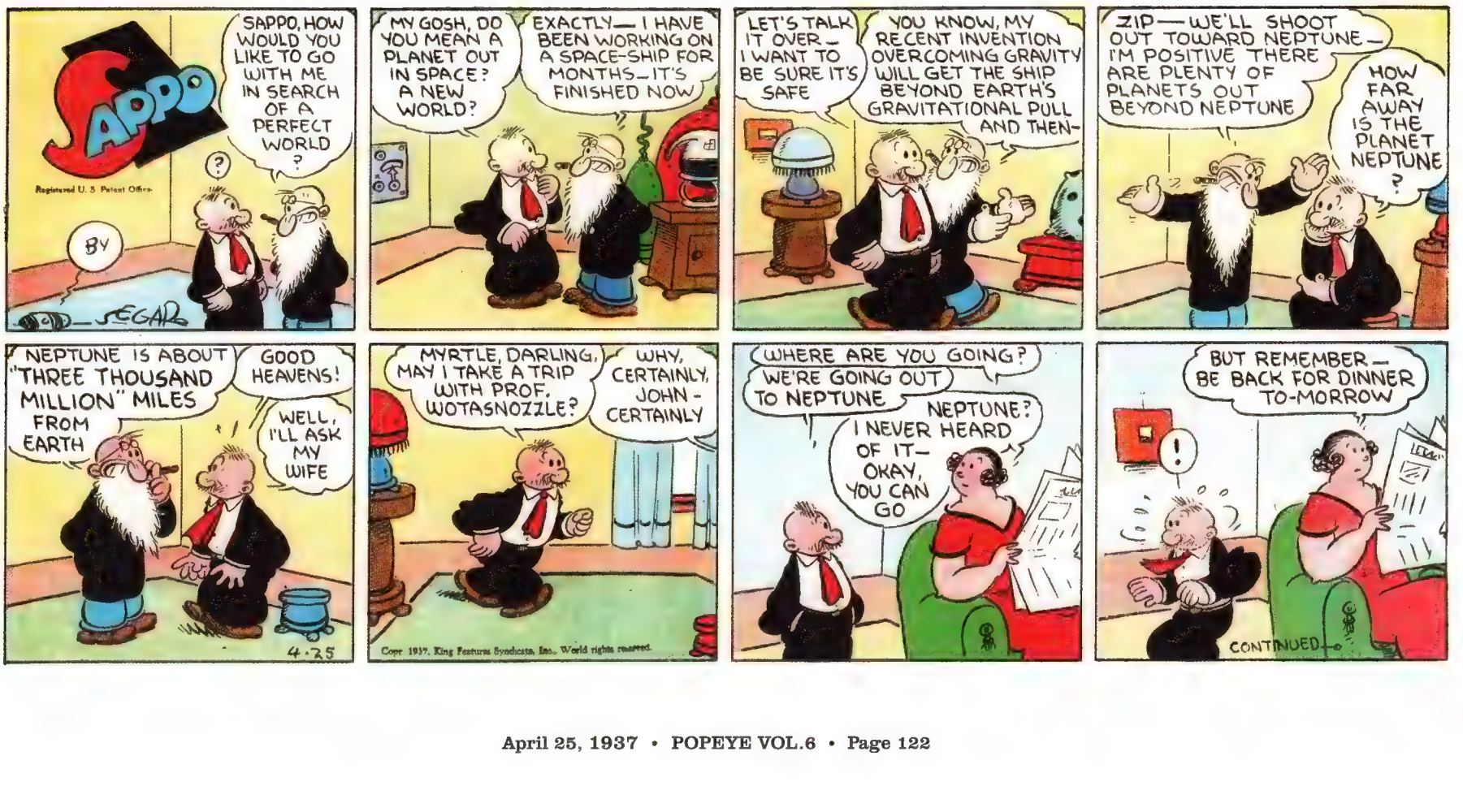
I AM WEIGHTLESS- WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN WITH THIS

PLOP


IT ISN'T OFTEN THAT I GET MAD, BUT WHEN I DO,-BEWARE!! JUST WAIT TILL I FIND POOPDECK PAPPY!
I'LL THRASH HIM GOOD!
G-R-R
G-R-R-
G-R-R-
LAST WEEK HE ASKED ME TO TEACH HIM TABLE MANNERS- HE ORDERED FOOD AND LATER WALKED OUT, LEAVING ME WITH THE BILL- I DON'T CARE IF HE IS "99" YEARS OLD
I'LL BEAT HIM UP!
G-R-R
?
!
WELL?
I JUST WANTED TO SHOW YOU MY TATTOO
!
4-18
SEGAR
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SAPPO
Registered U. S. Patent Office.
I SAY IT'S TRICKERY!! YOU CAN'T OVERCOME GRAVITY!
BY
SEGAR
CAN'T, HUH? THEN WHY IS IT I'M ABLE TO STAY UP HERE IN THE AIR?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT'S SOME KIND OF A FAKE
IT'S NOT A FAKE!! AS LONG AS I'M OVER THIS ANTI-GRAVITY DISK I AM ABSOLUTELY WEIGHT-LESS
YOU CAN'T CONVINCE ME, I STILL SAY IT'S TRICKERY
TRY IT, YOURSELF
I'VE GOT YOU ON THE ANTIGRAVITY DISK IN A JUMPING POSITION- HOW HIGH DO YOU THINK YOU CAN JUMP?
OH, ABOUT A FOOT
TRY IT
Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.
BONK
ABOUT A FOOT, EH?
4-18
LOOK, MRS SAPPO, YOUR POOR HUSBAND IS KNOCKED OUT- I'LL GET HIM A CHAIR
Z-Z Z-Z
?
HOW'S THAT, OLD MAN?
HEH! HEH!
!
PLOP


LOOSEN UP! DON'T YE LIKE THE PARTY?
HEY, THERE, MISTER, YE SPILLED YER PUNCH!
HAVE A CHAIR, MRS. DOODLESNOP, NICE PARTY, AIN'T IT?
THANK YOU
ERF! ERF! ERF! ERF!
!
UMP
POPEYE, YOU'D BETTER SPEAK TO YOUR FATHER - HE'S ACTING UP SOMETHING AWFUL
I BE GOIN' TO KISS ALL THE LADIES
SMACK
POPPA! GET YER HAT WE'RE GOIN' HOME!
!
SMACK
!
MAD, HUH??
YES, I YAM MAD - I TAKES YA TO NICE PARTIES AN' THA'S HOW YA ACKS
YA SOCKED THE BUTLER - YA KICKED PEOPLE AN' MADE 'EM SPILL THEIR PUNCH
AN' YER NINETY-NINE YEARS OLD!! YA PULLED CHAIRS OUT FROM UN'ER WOMEN AN' YA KISSED 'EM
IS THAT WHAT YER MAD ABOUT?
YEAH, THA'S WHAT I YAM MAD ABOUT!
OH! I THOUGHT YE WAS MAD BECAUSE I SHOVED THE HOSTESS DOWN THE CELLAR STAIRS
G'NIGHT, SON - I HAD A SWELL EVENIN'
SEGAR
4-25
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SAPPO
Registered U. S. Patent Office
SAPPO, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO WITH ME IN SEARCH OF A PERFECT WORLD?
BY
SEGAR
MY GOSH, DO YOU MEAN A PLANET OUT IN SPACE? A NEW WORLD?
EXACTLY — I HAVE BEEN WORKING ON A SPACE-SHIP FOR MONTHS — IT'S FINISHED NOW
LET'S TALK IT OVER — I WANT TO BE SURE IT'S SAFE
YOU KNOW, MY RECENT INVENTION OVERCOMING GRAVITY WILL GET THE SHIP BEYOND EARTH'S GRAVITATIONAL PULL AND THEN-
ZIP — WE'LL SHOOT OUT TOWARD NEPTUNE — I'M POSITIVE THERE ARE PLENTY OF PLANETS OUT BEYOND NEPTUNE
HOW FAR AWAY IS THE PLANET NEPTUNE?
NEPTUNE IS ABOUT "THREE THOUSAND MILLION" MILES FROM EARTH
GOOD HEAVENS!
WELL, I'LL ASK MY WIFE
MYRTLE, DARLING, MAY I TAKE A TRIP WITH PROF. WOTASNOZZLE?
WHY, CERTAINLY, JOHN - CERTAINLY
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
WE'RE GOING OUT TO NEPTUNE
NEPTUNE? I NEVER HEARD OF IT — OKAY, YOU CAN GO
BUT REMEMBER — BE BACK FOR DINNER TO-MORROW
!
LETTER
CONTINUED
4-25
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JUS' LOOK AT ME POPPA_ HE'S ACTIN' UP SUMPIN' ARFUL - I YAM GONER QUIT BRINGIN' HIM TO PARTIES

OF COURSE I WANT YOU TO HAVE A GOOD TIME, MR. POOPDECK, BUT TRY TO BE A GENTLEMAN

I AIN'T DOIN' NOTHIN', HOSTESS

OKAY, HOSTESS, I'LL BE GOOD

ERF! ERF!

UMP

?

AHOY, HOSTESS. NO! NO! DON'T SIT DOWN! STOP!

POPPA!

OH, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!

AW, IT'S JUS' ONE OF THEM TRICK SOFT RUBBER TACKS_YE WOULDN'T OF KNOW'D YE WAS SETTIN' ON IT_IT WOULD OF FOOLED THE FOLKS BECAUSE THEY'D THUNK IT WAS A REAL TACK

OH, I SEE. ARF! ARF!

WELL, IN THAT CASE WE'LL FOOL THEM

LOOK, EVERYBODY! I'M GOING TO SIT ON A TACK!

?

OOUW

!

HAW! HAW! HAW!

I'M THE HOST_ AND I'M GOING TO THROW YOU OUT!!

PLOP

WELL, G'NIGHT, EVER'BODY_ G'NIGHT, HOSTESS, THANKS FOR INVITIN' US - G'NIGHT

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5-2

EGAR

APPO

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

THEY'RE PLANNING TO TAKE A TRIP IN THAT AIR SHIP THE PROFESSOR BUILT

BY

EGAR

WHY DON'T THEY ASK ME TO GO ALONG? I'D LIKE A TWO-OR THREE-DAY TRIP

HAH! I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO_ I'LL GET ABOARD AND HIDE

FINKLESNOP IS A GOOD MAN - WE'D BETTER TAKE HIM ALONG

FINKLESNOP IS MY ENEMY_I HATE HIM!!! I HATE HIM! CALL HIM UP AND SEE IF HE'LL GO

PROF. FINKLESNOP IS A SMART MAN, ISN'T HE, PROFESSOR NOODLE BERRY?

YOU BET HE IS!

POOEY! ALL HE EVER DID WAS TO TAKE AN ATOM APART - HA! AND THEN HE COULDN'T GET IT TOGETHER AGAIN

I HOPE I CAN FIND A GOOD PLACE TO STOW MYSELF AWAY

THERE'S NO LOVE CONNECTED WITH MY INVITING YOU- UNDERSTAND THAT, FINKLESNOP!!

BAH - YOU NEED MY BRAINS, I SEE. WELL, I HATE YOU, TOO - SO WHAT?

COME ON, I'VE GOT TO SLIP AWAY FROM MY WIFE. SHE'D NEVER LET ME GO TO NEPTUNE

WELL, GENTLEMEN - THERE SHE IS - THE SPACESHIP THAT WILL CARRY US OVER THREE THOUSAND MILLION MILES

ALL STOWED AWAY IN A NICE CABIN - GEE, THIS IS SWELL!

I HOPE IT WILL BE A NICE LONG TRIP - HOPE WE GO TO NEW YORK

CONTINUED

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5-2

CAN'T GO, HUH?
NO, YA CAN'T GO TO THE DANCE ON ACCOUNT OF YA AIN'T GOT NO GAL— EVER' MAN'S GOT TO BRING A GAL
I'M NINETY-NINE, BUT I'M STILL TOO YOUNG TO BE A SETTIN' HOME, WHILE EVER'BODY'S OUT MAKIN' WHOOPY
HUH, I'LL GET ME A GAL AN' I'LL GO TO THAT DANCE!
AHOY! JOSEPHINE! AHOY! COME UP FOR AIR, BLAST YE!
SPLASH
CRAWL OUT, JO, WE'RE GOIN' TO A DANCE— HURRY, I GOT TO BUY YE A DRESS
HECK, PAPPY I CAN'T DANCE
PIPE DOWN, GAL, LEAVE IT TO ME
I WANTS A DRESS FOR ME LADY FREN'
EVER'THING'S GOIN' SWELL ON ACCOUNT OF ME POPPA AIN'T HERE— COME ON, OLIVE, LE'S DANCE
OKAY, POPEYE
POPEYE!! ISN'T THAT YOUR POPPA?!
DANGED IF IT AIN'T!! WHERE DID HE GET THAT PERTY GAL?
POOKY JONES, YER A PUNK DANCER
CLOMP CLOMP
POOKY JONES, I SEZ YER A PUNK DANCER
POPPA, WHY DO YA KEEP SAYIN' "POOKY JONES YER A PUNK DANCER"?
BECAUSE HE IS A PUNK DANCER— SHOW HIM, JOSEPHINE
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
OL' POOKY IS THE CLUMSIEST RUNT YE EVER SEEN
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MRS. SAPPO STOWED HERSELF AWAY IN THE PROFESSOR'S STRANGE AIR-SHIP, THINKING THEY WERE GOING TO TAKE A TRIP TO THE CITY— BUT AT THIS MOMENT SHE IS MANY, MANY MILES FROM EARTH ———.
SEGAR
THEY WON'T FIND ME, BECAUSE I'VE GOT THE DOOR TO THIS CABIN BOLTED— I JUST LOVE TO TRAVEL
FEELS LIKE WE'RE GOING AWFULLY FAST
HOW FAST ARE WE GOING, PROFESSOR?
I HAVEN'T OPENED HER UP YET— WE'RE ONLY DOING A THOUSAND MILES A SECOND
PROFESSOR WOTASNOZZLE, WHY DON'T YOU SHAKE HANDS WITH PROFESSOR FINKLESNOP AND BE FRIENDS?
HAH! I WOULD NOT SHAKE HIS HAND
PROFESSOR NOODLEBERRY, ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?
YOU'RE CREATING AN UNPLEASANT ATMOSPHERE— IF YOU DON'T LIKE FINKLESNOP, WHY DID YOU BRING HIM ALONG?
BECAUSE I CAN HATE HIM BETTER WHEN HE'S NEAR ME!!
GEE, IT'S DARK OUT! I CAN'T SEE ANY HOUSES OR ANYTHING
WELL, ANYWAY, THERE'S ONE GREAT THING ABOUT THIS TRIP
RIGHT NOW I'M SEVERAL MILLION MILES AWAY FROM MY WIFE!
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HEY, POPEYE, I CAME OVER TO VISIT AND YOU WALK OUT ON ME - WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE?
I YAM INVENTIN' SUMPIN'
IT'S ALL FINISHED, OLIVE, COME IN AN SEE IT - HOT DORG, IT'S A HONEY! AN' I THUNK IT UP, MESELF
DONE
I'BEEN WORKIN' ON IT FOR SIX MUNTS DURIN' ME SPARE TIME - IT MAY LOOK SIMPLE, BUT IT'S REALLY VERY COMPLIPATED
MY GOSH! WHAT IS IT?
IT'S A LABOR-SAVIN' MACHINE - I CALLS IT - "POPEYE'S INFINK UN'ERWEAR PUTTER-ON-ER"
!
YA SEE, I PUTS A STACK OF INFINK UNERWEAR IN HERE - THE THING ON TOP IS FULL OF SAFETY-PINS
DONE
NEXT I DROPS SWEE'PEA INTO THIS HOLE - YA'LL NOTICE HE AIN'T GOT NO UNERWEAR ON
NOW I TURNS THE CRANK TILL THE POINTER POINTS TO WHERE IT SAYS DONE
CLANK
RATTLE
I'LL TURN IT NOW IF YER TIRED - I JUST ABOUT GOT ME WIND BACK
CLANK
WHEW
CLANK
WHOOPEE! IT WORKS! HE'S OUT AN' HIS UN'ERWEAR IS ON!!
DONE
YOU BIG SAP!! WOULDN'T IT BE EASIER TO PUT IT ON BY HAND?
SAY - YOU MUST BE CRAZY!
THEY DON'T DO THINGS BY HAND NO MORE - THIS IS THE MACHINE AGE - I YAM DISGUSTIPATED WITCHA!!
CONTINUED—
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E.C. SEGAR

Registered U. S. Patent Office
SAPPO
MRS. SAPPO STOWED HERSELF AWAY IN WOTASNOZZLE'S SPACE-SHIP, THINKING THEY WERE GOING TO TAKE A LITTLE TRIP TO A NEIGHBORING TOWN - SHE HAS NO IDEA THAT SHE IS NOW SEVERAL MILLION MILES FROM EARTH ———
PROFESSOR, HOW FAR ARE WE FROM EARTH NOW?
ABOUT FIVE MILLION MILES
FIVE MILLION MILES FROM MY WIFE
SWELL! SHE WON'T HENPECK ME FOR A LONG TIME
I GET A KICK OUT OF OLD SAPPO - HA! HA!
YEAH, HE KEEPS ASKING ME HOW FAR AWAY WE ARE FROM HIS WIFE - AND THE FARTHER WE GO THE HAPPIER HE GETS
I'M GETTING TIRED OF HIDING AWAY - I'M GOING OUT WITH THE MEN - AND I'M HUNGRY, TOO
HOW FAR AM I AWAY FROM MY WIFE NOW?
5-16
ABOUT TWO INCHES, YOU WORM!!
!
!
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I'VE IMPROVED ME INFINK UN'ERWEAR PUTTER-ON-ER INVENTION – I GOT IT FIXED SO IT'LL GIVE A INFINK A BATH BEFORE IT PUTS ON THE UN'ERWEAR

OKAY, SWEEPEA, IT'S TIME FOR YER BATH AN' FRESH UN'ER-WEAR

I GOT IT FIXED SO'S IT TURNS A LOT EASIER, TOO

HOT DORGIE!! IT'S WORKIN' SWELL!! NOW I YAM GO'NER GET SOME PUBLICIKY FOR IT

SON, DOES THAT THING GIVE BATHS?

YA BETCHA IT DOES – I YAM GOIN' DOWN TO THE MOTHERS' CLUB. I'LL BE BACK SOON

I THINK I DRUTHER HAVE A AUTOMATIC BATH – I BE GETTIN' TIRED OF THE OL'-FASHIONED WAY

IT'LL BE A BOOM TO HOOMANIKY – ESPECIALLY MOTHERS – WAIT'LL YA SEES IT

I CALLS IT "POPEYE'S AUTOMATIC BATHER AN' INFINK UNERWEAR PUTTER-ON-ER" – I'LL DEMONSTRAKE IT! – FIRST YA PUTS THE NUDE INFINK IN THIS HOLE – THEN——

THEN YA TURNS THIS WHEEL TILL THE POINTER POINTS TO "DONE"

DONE

?

POPPA!!

QJOA

EGAR

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5-23

APDO

Registered U. S. Patent Office

YES, I STOWED AWAY ON THIS AIRSHIP AND I'M GOING WITH YOU!

BY

EGAR

YOU SEEMED TO BE MIGHTY HAPPY OVER GETTING AWAY FROM ME, DIDN'T YOU? HUH?

YES, MA'M, I MEAN, NO, MA'M

BLA! BLA! BLA!

SHE'S SURE GIVING HIM A GOOD RUB-DOWN! SHE'S AN OLD HENPECKER, EH?

YOU SAID IT, PROFESSOR NOODLEBERRY

YOU ARE, TOO!! YOU'RE JUST A MEAN OLD WORM OF A HUSBAND !!!

BLA! BLA! BLA! BLA!

AND THAT GOES FOR ALL OF YOU MEN. YOU'RE ALL ALIKE!

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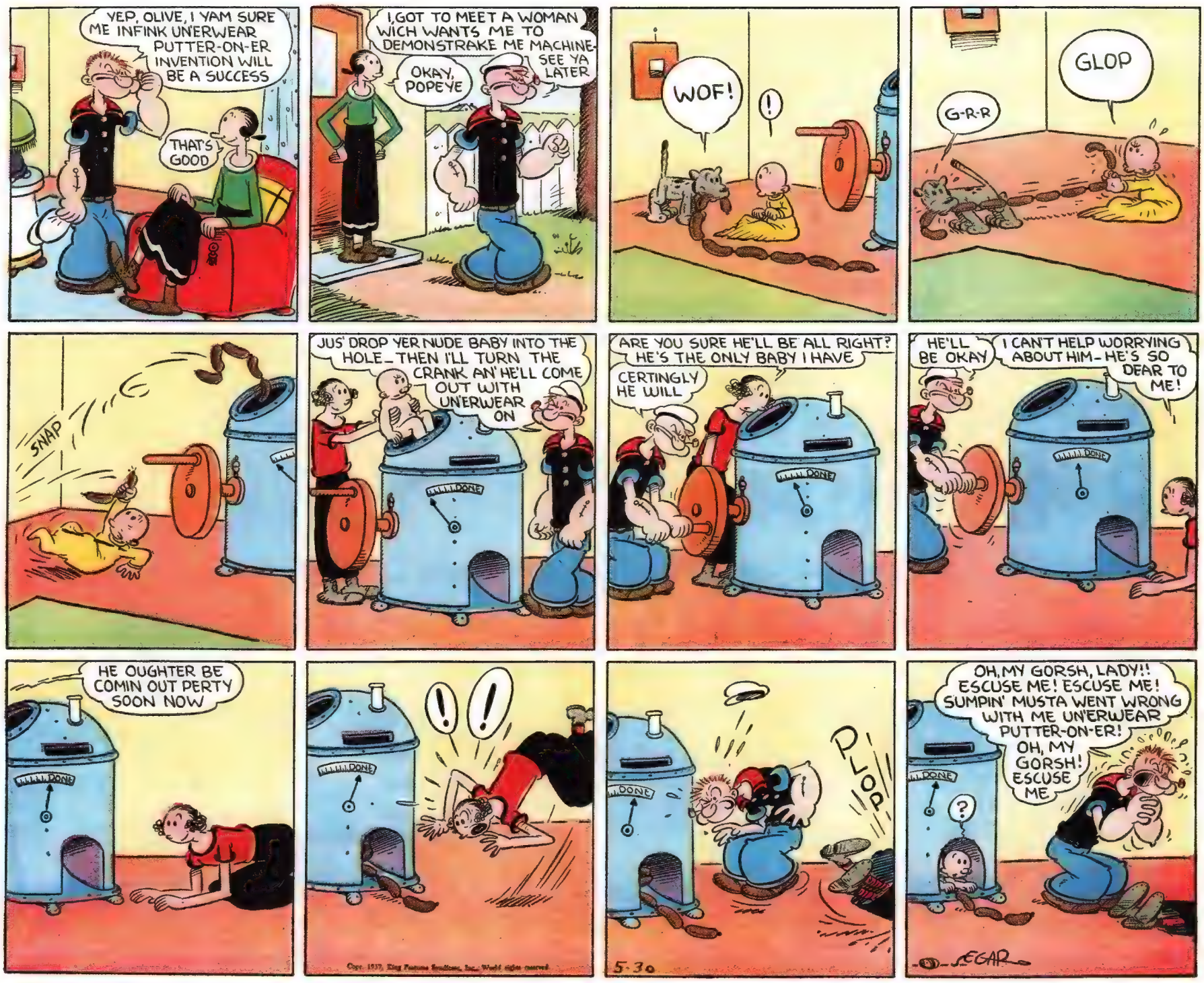
NONE OF YOU SEEM TO BE A BIT GLAD THAT I AM WITH YOU ON THIS LITTLE TRIP!

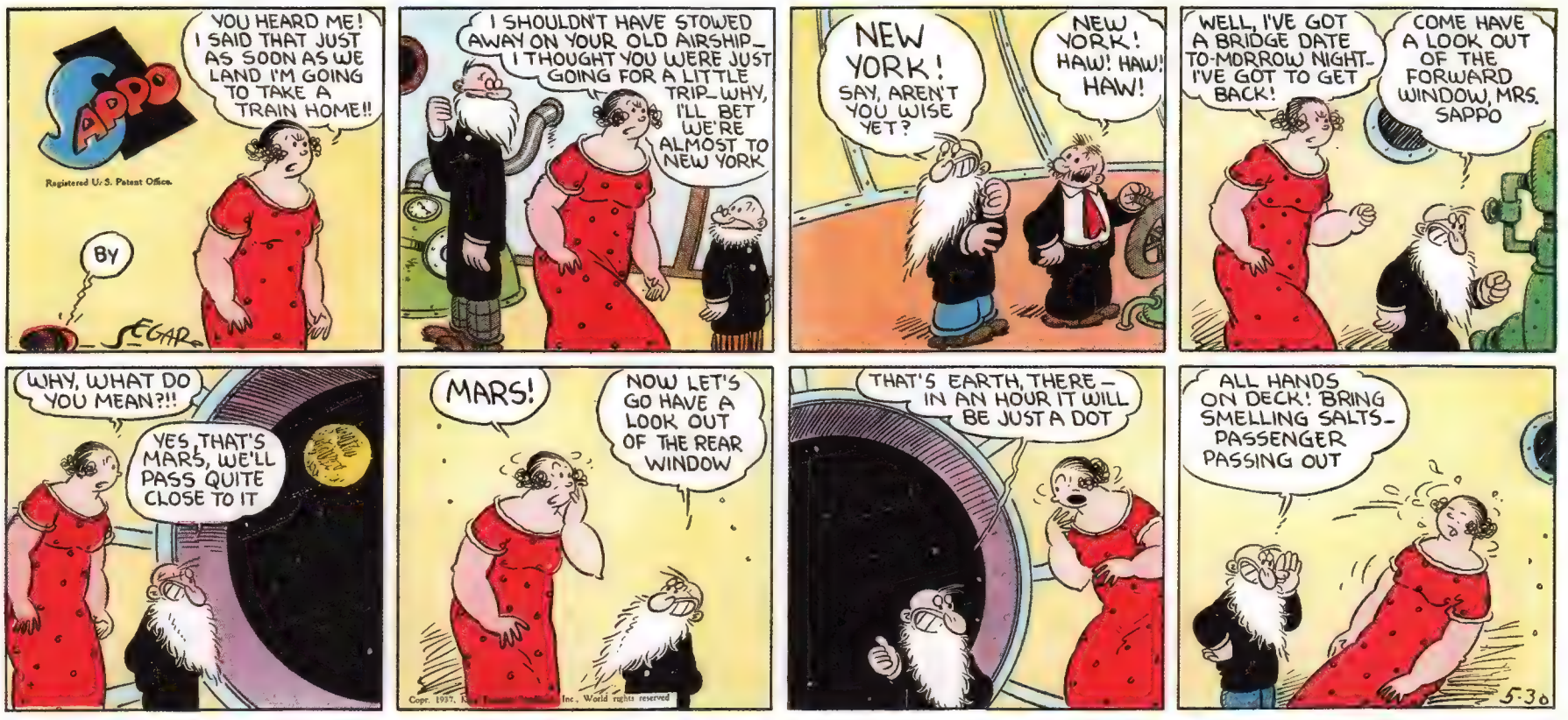
WELL, I WON'T STAY WHERE I'M NOT WANTED! JUST AS SOON AS YOU LAND THIS SHIP I'LL TAKE A TRAIN BACK HOME

5-23

?

TRAIN! HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH! HAH! HEH! HEH! HAH!


YEP, OLIVE, I YAM SURE ME INFINK UN'ERWEAR PUTTER-ON-ER INVENTION WILL BE A SUCCESS
THAT'S GOOD
I GOT TO MEET A WOMAN WICH WANTS ME TO DEMONSTRAKE ME MACHINE
OKAY, POPEYE
SEE YA LATER
WOF!
!
GLOP
G-R-R
SNAP
JUS' DROP YER NUDE BABY INTO THE HOLE – THEN I'LL TURN THE CRANK AN' HE'LL COME OUT WITH UN'ERWEAR ON
ARE YOU SURE HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT? HE'S THE ONLY BABY I HAVE
CERTINGLY HE WILL
HE'LL BE OKAY
I CAN'T HELP WORRYING ABOUT HIM – HE'S SO DEAR TO ME!
HE OUGHTER BE COMIN OUT PERTY SOON NOW
!
!
PLOP
OH, MY GORSH, LADY!! ESCUSE ME! ESCUSE ME! SUMPIN' MUSTA WENT WRONG WITH ME UN'ERWEAR PUTTER-ON-ER!
OH, MY GORSH! ESCUSE ME
?
5-30
EGAR


SAPPO
Registered U. S. Patent Office.
YOU HEARD ME! I SAID THAT JUST AS SOON AS WE LAND I'M GOING TO TAKE A TRAIN HOME!!
BY
EGAR
I SHOULDN'T HAVE STOWED AWAY ON YOUR OLD AIRSHIP – I THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST GOING FOR A LITTLE TRIP – WHY, I'LL BET WE'RE ALMOST TO NEW YORK
NEW YORK! SAY, AREN'T YOU WISE YET?
NEW YORK! HAW! HAW! HAW!
WELL, I'VE GOT A BRIDGE DATE TO-MORROW NIGHT – I'VE GOT TO GET BACK!
COME HAVE A LOOK OUT OF THE FORWARD WINDOW, MRS. SAPPO
WHY, WHAT DO YOU MEAN?!!
YES, THAT'S MARS, WE'LL PASS QUITE CLOSE TO IT
MARS!
NOW LET'S GO HAVE A LOOK OUT OF THE REAR WINDOW
THAT'S EARTH, THERE – IN AN HOUR IT WILL BE JUST A DOT
ALL HANDS ON DECK! BRING SMELLING SALTS – PASSENGER PASSING OUT
5-30

WHA'S ME POPPA ARGYIN' WITH THAT OL' SWAB FOR, WIMPY?
IT'S QUITE RIDICULOUS, I ASSURE YOU
THEY'RE ARGUING ABOUT WHICH OF THEM IS THE TOUGHEST
OH, YEAH?
SEZ YOU
I'BEEN SAILIN' THE SEA LONGER THAN YOU AND I'M TOUGHER THAN YOU
LOOK AT THIS-I GOT BARNACLES ON MY LEGS-WHAT'S THAT PROVE? IT PROVES I'BEEN AROUND SALT-WATER A LOT!
POOEY
BARNACLES, POOEY!
LOOK-OYSKERS
BARNACLES GROWS FAST, BUT IT TAKES YEARS TO GROW A CROP OF OYSKERS
MY GOSH! OYSTERS!!
WELL, I'LL BET I'M A BETTER CUSSER THAN YOU- I'LL TAKE WIMPY IN THE BACK ROOM AND CUSS HIM, THEN YOU TAKE HIM IN AND CUSS HIM-HE CAN JUDGE
I BEG PARDON
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN- TAKE HIM IN
OKAY
WHEW
SMELLIN' SAUCE, PLEASE
I GOT TOUGHER WHISKERS THAN ANY MAN LIVIN'- I USE FIVE RAZOR BLADES FOR ONE SHAVE
HEY! BRING ME A HAMMER AN' A PAIR OF WIRE-CUTTERS
I'LL TAKE THIS WIRE-CUTTER AN' CLIP OFF ONE WHISKER
?
THEN I'LL WALK OVER HERE-
?
DRIVE IT INTO THE WALL-
AN' HANG ME CAP ON IT
6-6 SEGAR
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SAPPO
BY
SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
SO WE'RE TWENTY MILLION MILES FROM EARTH, ARE WE? SAY, HAVE YOU GOT A ROLLING-PIN?
WANT TO DO SOME COOKING, EH?- YES, THERE'S ONE IN THE KITCHEN
LISTEN, YOU OLD FOSSILS, I'VE GOT A BRIDGE DATE AND YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE ME BACK TO EARTH!!
DON'T BE SILLY!! WE'RE NOT GOING BACK!
I SAID WE'RE GOING BACK TO EARTH!
BONK
HEY! YOU CAN'T DO THIS! IT'S MUTINY!
GIMME THAT ROLLING-PIN!!
OKAY, YOU'VE GOT IT!
WHACK
WHEE! I'VE GOT THEM ALL KNOCKED OUT! NOW I'LL GO TO THE CONTROL-ROOM AND RUN THIS SHIP BACK TO EARTH
THAT WAS EASY!
CONTROL-ROOM
KEEP OUT
HANDS-OFF
NO TOUCHING ALLOWED
?
6-6 SEGAR

IT WAS FOOLISH OF POPEYE TO ENTER SWEE'PEA IN THAT BABY CONTEST

OF COURSE, IT WAS, MOTHER— SWEE'PEA IS A NICE BABY, BUT HE'S SUCH A FUNNY-LOOKING LITTLE THING

BABY SHOW

IT'S HARD TO JUDGE

THEY'RE ALL CUTE SO FAR

HMM

NO-4 NO 5

GOO

NOW LISTEN, SWEE'PEA, WHEN THE JUDGES COME AROUND, SMILE— DON'T FORGET TO LOOK PLEASANT

? !

SMILE

YA MEANS TO SAY THAT SWEEPEA DON'T WIN FIRST PRIZE!

HE DOESN'T WIN ANY PRIZE!!

LOOK AT POOR SWEE'PEA, HIS HEART IS BROKE ON ACCOUNT OF HE THINKS HE'S A UGLY BABY

SNIFF

HE'S BEEN LIKE THAT FOR HOURS, JUS' WEEPIN' HIS EYES OUT—HE WON'T LET ME SYMPTHATIZE WITH HIM— SEEMS TO WANT TO BE ALONE WITH HIS SORROW

BLOW ME DOWN! I GOT A SWELL IDEAR—HERE'S A PITCHER OF A BEAUTIOUS BABY— I'LL CUT IT TO FIT AN PASTE IT ON THE HAND MIRROR

!

ARF! ARF!

GLOP

—SEGAR

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APPO

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

I FOUND THE MAIN CONTROL AND I'M RUNNING THE SHIP OKAY, I GUESS—

BY

—SEGAR

BUT MY GOSH! WHY IS IT SO HOT? I'M MELTING!! WHEW!!

SHE KNOCKED US OUT AND IS PROBABLY TRYING TO RUN THE SHIP— WHAT'S CAUSING THIS HEAT?

WHEW! WHAT'S CAUSING THIS HEAT?

SAY- WHAT'S CAUSING THIS HEAT

!

TOO HOT
80,000
75,000
70,000
65,000
60,000
55,000
50,000
45,000
40,000
35,000
30,000
25,000
20,000
15,000
10,000
5,000
NOTHING
TOO COLD
DANGER!!!

GREAT JUMPIN' CATFISH!! "75,000" !!!

THE THERMOMETER SHOWS THE OUTSIDE TEMPERATURE TO BE "75,000"

THREE MORE DEGREES AND THE SHIP WILL MELT !!!

BONK

EARTH, ME EYE! YOU'RE HEADED DIRECTLY INTO THE SUN!!!

IF IT WASN'T FOR OUR AUTOMATIC CONDITIONING SYSTEM WE'D BE DEAD NOW— THE OUTSIDE TEMPERATURE WENT TO "75,002½" DEGREES

2-1-2 2-2-2

HEAVENS! ONE-HALF DEGREE MORE AND THIS SHIP WOULD HAVE BEEN A CINDER —!!!

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6-13

HAVE YOU A BOY FRIEND, OLIVE?
YES, HE'S A SAILOR. HE'LL BE OVER SHORTLY
IS HE NICE?
HELLO, POPEYE, SAY, I HAVE TWO GIRL FRIENDS VISITING ME – MAYBE YOU'D BETTER CALL UP WIMPY, HE CAN HELP INTERTAIN THEM
THA'SA GOOD IDEA
NO, MY FRIEND, I CANNOT COME UP THIS EVENING
THERE'LL BE A LITTLE LUNCH LATER
I SAID I'D COME UP – YOU MISUNDERSTOOD ME
NOW THAT YOU'RE ALL ACQUAINTED, HAVE A SEAT
DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU ARE VERY, VERY BEAUTIFUL?
WIMPY'S SORT OF RUSHIN' LOLA, AIN'T HE?
SHE'S AWFULLY GOOD-LOOKING – AND SPOILED TOO
YOU MUST BE SOMETHING FROM HEAVEN
LOLA LOVES ATTENTION
WELL, SHE'S SURE GETTIN' IT – IT AIN'T RIGHT – WIMPY AIN'T PAYIN' NO ATTENTION AT ALL TO POOR WANEETA – SHE AIN'T SO PERTY, THA'S WHY
I THRILL AT YOUR PROXIMITY
I FEEL SORRY FOR WANEETA
SHE LOOKS KIND OF EMBARRISK – MAYBE WE BETTER TALK TO HER
HOW'S EVERYTHING OUT ON YOUR DAD'S RANCH, WANEETA
FINE, OLIVE – EXTRA FINE –
MY FATHER HAS FIFTY THOUSAND NICE FAT COWS
YOU MUST BE SOMETHING FROM HEAVEN
6·20
EGAR
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SAPPO
Registered U. S. Patent Office.
IT'S LUCKY I BROUGHT ALONG EXTRA CLOTHES
BY
EGAR
THAT'S NEPTUNE YOU SEE THERE THROUGH THE REAR WINDOW, OUR SOLAR SYSTEM'S MOST DISTANT PLANET EXCEPTING PLUTO – IT'S ABOUT THREE THOUSAND MILLION MILES FROM EARTH. WE ARE NOW OUT OF OUR "HOME" SOLAR SYSTEM
WE'RE TRAVELING AT THE RATE OF NINETY MILLION MILES AN HOUR – EVERY TIME YOU BREATHE WE TRAVEL ABOUT TWENTY FIVE THOUSAND MILES
PROFESSOR, COME HERE, QUICK !!!
A SMALL PLANET, UNKNOWN TO US OF EARTH – SHALL WE LAND IF THERE'S SUFFICIENT AIR? – THERE'LL BE VERY LITTLE GRAVITY
WE'LL LAND
MRS. SAPPO, DON'T WALK AROUND WITHOUT A SACK OF LEAD TO HOLD YOU DOWN – THERE'S NOT MUCH GRAVITY HERE
I FEEL AS LIGHT AS A FEATHER!
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL FLOWER! I'M GOING TO JUMP UP AND GRAB IT
HEY! DON'T JUMP !!!
?
OH, FOR HEAVENS SAKE !!!
LOOK! SHE JUMPED!
MERCY! I'M STILL GOING UP!!
HELP!
6·20
CONTINUED
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YOU MUST BE SOMETHING FROM HEAVEN!!

WIMPY CERTAINLY IS RUSHING WANEETA SINCE HE LEARNED HER DAD OWNS FIFTY THOUSAND COWS
YEAH, THE OTHER GAL GOT SORE AN' WENT HOME

I HAVE A SUGGESTION- LET US, THE FOUR OF US, WALK DOWN TO A CAFE AND HAVE A BIT OF FOOD
YES, LET'S DO THAT

PST, MY FRIEND, I HAVE NO MONEY WITH ME AS I LEFT MY WALLET ON THE MANTEL— BUT I HAVE A VERY GOOD IDEA THAT WILL FIX EVERYTHING NICELY
WHAT'S YER IDEAR?

WHEN IT'S TIME TO PAY THE CHECK I WILL SAY—"I HAVE HAD A WONDERFUL EVENING AND I INSIST UPON PAYING THE CHECK
I SEE

AND THEN YOU SAY- "NO! NO! A THOUSAND TIMES NO! I WILL PAY THE CHECK!"
ALL RIGHT, WIMPY- ALL RIGHT

YOU SEE, THE IDEA IS- I DON'T WANT HER TO KNOW THAT I AM A HEEL
SURE- I SEE— I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT

OLD PAL OF MINE— I APPRECIATE THAT AND I WOULD GLADLY MOW YOUR LAWN FOR YOU IF YOU HAD A LAWN TO MOW
WE'RE READY, BOYS

I HAVE HAD A WONDERFUL EVENING AND I INSIST UPON PAYING THE CHECK

OKAY, WIMPY— THANKS— OLIVE AN' ME'LL WALK AHEAD WHILE YOU SETTLES UP
WE'LL SEE YOU LATER

PLEASANT WEATHER, ISN'T IT, WE'RE HAVING?

MR. POPEYE SAID HE PICKED UP A "FIVE" THAT SLIPPED OUT OF YOUR POCKET- HE TOLD ME TO RETURN IT TO YOU- SHALL I TAKE THE CHECK OUT OF IT?
HUH?!- UH- WHY, YES- YES, OF COURSE
6-27
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-AND THANKS FOR THE LUNCH
GOOD NIGHT, LITTLE WILD-FLOWER OF COW-STREWN PASTURES

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HE WOULDN'T LEAVE ME IN A HOLE- HE WAS JUST HAVING HIS FUN- GOOD OLD POPEYE- IF I HAD A LAWN-MOWER I'D GLADLY MOW HIS LAWN— IF HE HAD A LAWN
SEGAR

SAPPO
Registered U. S. Patent Office.
HELP! HELP!
CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK—
BY
SEGAR

SHE'S STILL GOING UP
I TOLD HER THERE WAS VERY LITTLE GRAVITY ON THIS SMALL PLANET, BUT SHE WOULDN'T CARRY A SACK OF LEAD
!
LEAD

YEAH, SHE JUMPED UP TO PLUCK A FLOWER OFF A TREE AND JUST KEPT ON GOING UP
IT'S A GOOD THING SHE TOOK ONE OF MY SPECIAL OXYGEN PILLS- SHE'D BE DEAD BY NOW IF SHE HADN'T
LEAD

HEY, DOWN THERE! DO SOMETHING!!!!

SHE'S OUT OF SIGHT
WELL, THAT'S THAT- SHE'S OUT OF THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL OF THIS PLANET
LEAD

MR. SAPPO, IT IS MY PAINFUL DUTY TO INFORM YOU THAT YOU'LL NEVER SEE YOUR WIFE AGAIN
NEVER SEE MY WIFE AGAIN!!
THAT'S RIGHT
LEAD
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HAW! HAW!
6-27

?
I MEAN BOO-HOO
LEAD

LITTLE MAIDEN OF COW-STREWN MEADOWS

I YAM GETTIN' SICK OF HEARIN' HIM RAVE ABOUT HIS NEW SWEETY

TELL ME, OLD PAL, DON'T YOU THINK SHE IS BEAUTIFUL? HER FATHER OWNS FIFTY THOUSAND COWS

G-R-R

LITTLE SHADOW-KILLER - LIGHT OF MY LIFE

WIMPY, EITHER PIPE DOWN ABOUT THAT GAL OR GO HOME

SHUT UP! I KIN NOT STAN' IT! BUT SHE IS SWEET, ISN'T SHE? SHE IS, ISN'T SHE? AND HER FATHER'S COWS

PIPE DOWN !!

SUNRISE OF MY HEART, THY BEAMS, PURE ECSTASY

THIS CAN'T GO ON- IT JUS' CAN'T- I GOT TO DO SUMPIN'- I DON'T WANT TO SMACK HIM, BUT-

THE ACME OF FEMININITY

NOT ONLY DO I THRILL AT HER PROXIMITY, BUT ALSO AT EVEN HER REMOTENESS

LISTEN, WIMPY- LISTEN

SAY, I HEARS YA AIN'T NO GOOD AT ALL ON 'RITHMETIC PROBLEMS- IS THAT RIGHT?

I'M AN EXPERT MATHEMATICIAN- GIVE ME PENCIL AND PAPER AND I WILL PROVE IT- I'LL DO A PROBLEM

THAT WAS A SWELL IDEAR- HE WON'T BE ABLE TO DO PROBLEMS AN' THINK OF THAT GAL

7 8 3000
4 10 /
19 ÷ 41
5 6 60
12 4 40 1
1 3 2

HERE IS MY PROBLEM- MY SWEETHEART'S FATHER OWNS "50,000" COWS. I FIGURED "3,000" HAMBURGERS TO A COW-

50,000
× 3000
150,000,000

SO MY DARLING WILL INHERIT 150 MILLION HAMBURGERS! JUST THINK OF IT!

I SHALL CALL HER ON THE LOV'APHONE

HELLO

SMACK

7-4

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I SAID- "YOU MUST BE SOMETHING FROM HEAVEN"

EGAR

NO USE LOOKING FOR HER, SHE'S OUT OF SIGHT

SAPPO

Registered U. S. Patent Office

LEAD

BY

EGAR

SHE'S GONE! LOST IN SPACE- SHE'LL PROBABLY FREEZE AND DRIFT ABOUT FOREVER

THIS PLANETARY SYSTEM HAS A MONSTER SUN- SHE'LL BURN ON ONE SIDE AND FREEZE ON THE OTHER

LEAD

AM I RIGHT, PROFESSOR WOTASNOZZLE?

RIGHT, BUT IF SHE KEEPS TURNING HER BODY SHE'LL NEITHER FREEZE NOR BURN

BUT, GENTLEMEN- SHE HAS NO CHANCE- FOR IF SHE LIVES LONG ENOUGH SHE'LL STARVE TO DEATH

SHE'LL BECOME A TINY PLANET AND TRAVEL AROUND THIS SUN LIKE EARTH TRAVELS AROUND IT'S SUN

DON'T LET GO OF YOUR SACK OF LEAD, PROFESSOR NOODLEBERRY! YOU MIGHT FLY OFF OF THIS PLANET LIKE MRS. SAPPO DID

LET'S GET ABOARD THE SPACE SHIP- THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO

WE HAD A LOT OF SCRAPS, BUT I REALLY DID LOVE MY WIFE

WE'LL DRIFT ALONG SLOWLY TILL THE TUBES WARM UP

7-4

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SNIFF SNIFF

AHOY, WIMPY, I'M TAKIN' OLIVE TO A SHOW- ARE YA TAKIN' WANEETA OUT TO-NIGHT?

INDEED I AM, SIR- I SHALL TREAT HER TO A WALK IN THE PARK

IN LOVE BAD, AINTCHA, WIMPY?

YOU BET I AM!! AH, I LOVE HER SO!! HMM, YOU MUST NEVER TELL HER THAT I AM A HEEL

I WON'T

GOOD OLD POPEYE- A TRUSTWORTHY FRIEND- I WOULD GLADLY MOW HIS LAWN FOR HIM IF HE HAD A LAWN TO MOW

LOVE- I BRING YOU MY HEART

-WILL YOU BE MINE AL-L-L-LL MI-I-I-INE?

STRANGE, ISN'T IT? BUT I FEEL AS THOUGH I'D FORGOTTEN SOMETHING

HMM--- LET ME THINK--

I'D BETTER GO BACK TO MY ROOM AND CHECK UP

PROBABLY JUST IMAGINATION, BUT I'LL RETURN AND MAKE SURE

HOW STUPID OF ME-! I FORGOT MY——

-LINEN HANDKERCHIEF

WILL YOU BE MINE- ALLLL MI-I-I-INE?

LOVE- I BRING YOU MY HEART-

COME IN, WELLINGTON- OH, ISN'T HE NICE?

-MI-I-I-INE ALLLL MI-INE

I REALLY DON'T FEEL LIKE WALKING TO-NIGHT- I HAVE A TERRIFIC HEADACHE! I'LL HAVE TO GO TO BED

IN THAT CASE, DARLING, I SHALL GO HOME AND RETIRE ALSO- GOOD NIGHT

SHE MUST BE SOMETHING FROM HEAVEN

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7-11

OH, I'VE ALREADY REMOVED THEM- HAH! FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT I'D GONE OUT TROUSERLESS

APPO

IT'LL BE AWFULLY LONESOME WITHOUT MYRTLE

BY

SEGAR

Registered U. S. Patent Office

IT WAS YOUR WIFE'S OWN FAULT THAT SHE FLEW OFF THAT SMALL PLANET AND WAS LOST- WE TOLD HER THERE WASN'T MUCH GRAVITY, BUT SHE WOULDN'T CARRY A SACK OF LEAD LIKE THE REST OF US

OH, IF I ONLY HAD MY LITTLE MYRTLE BACK!

POOR FELLOW

MY GOSH!!

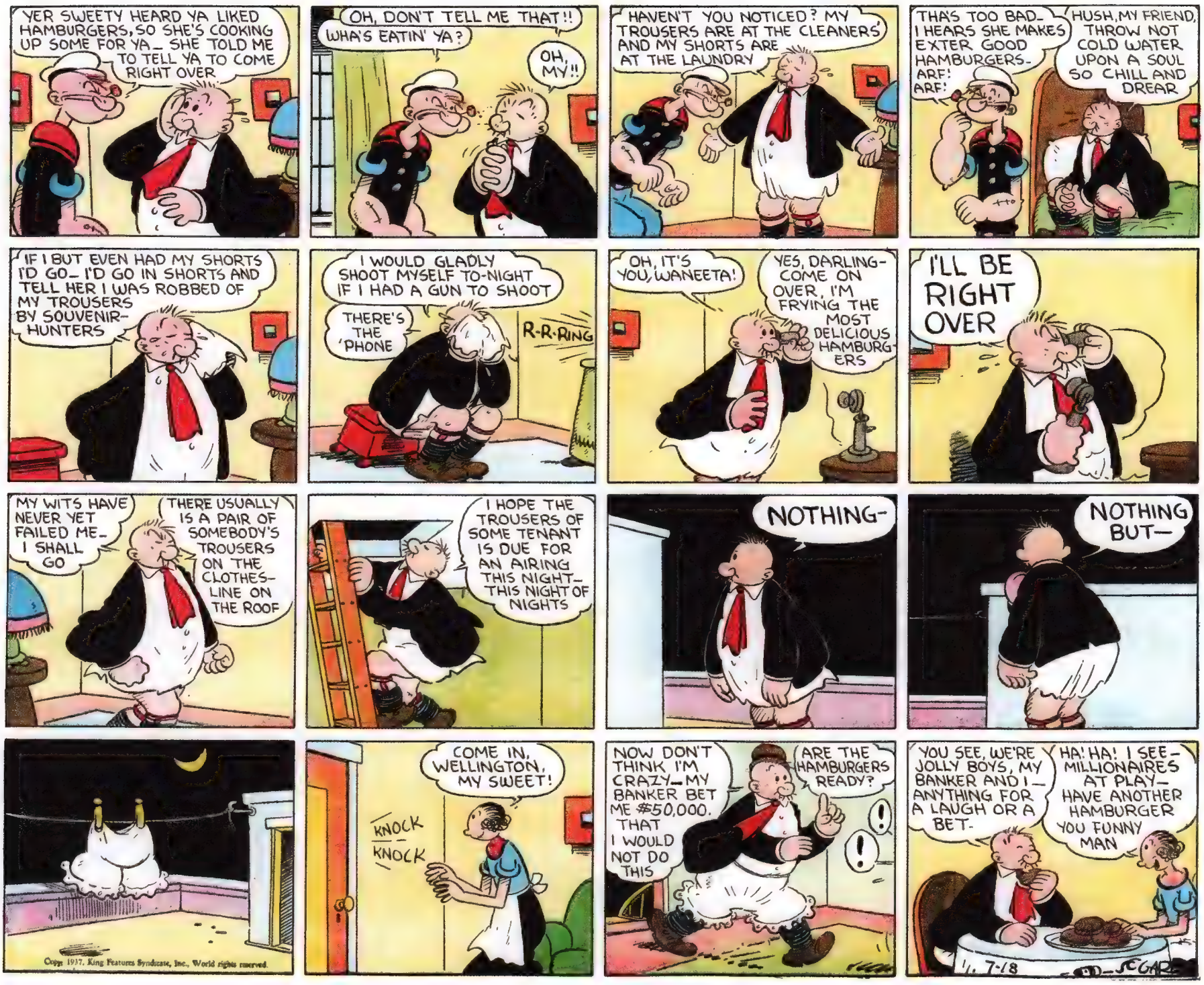
HOLD EVERYTHING!

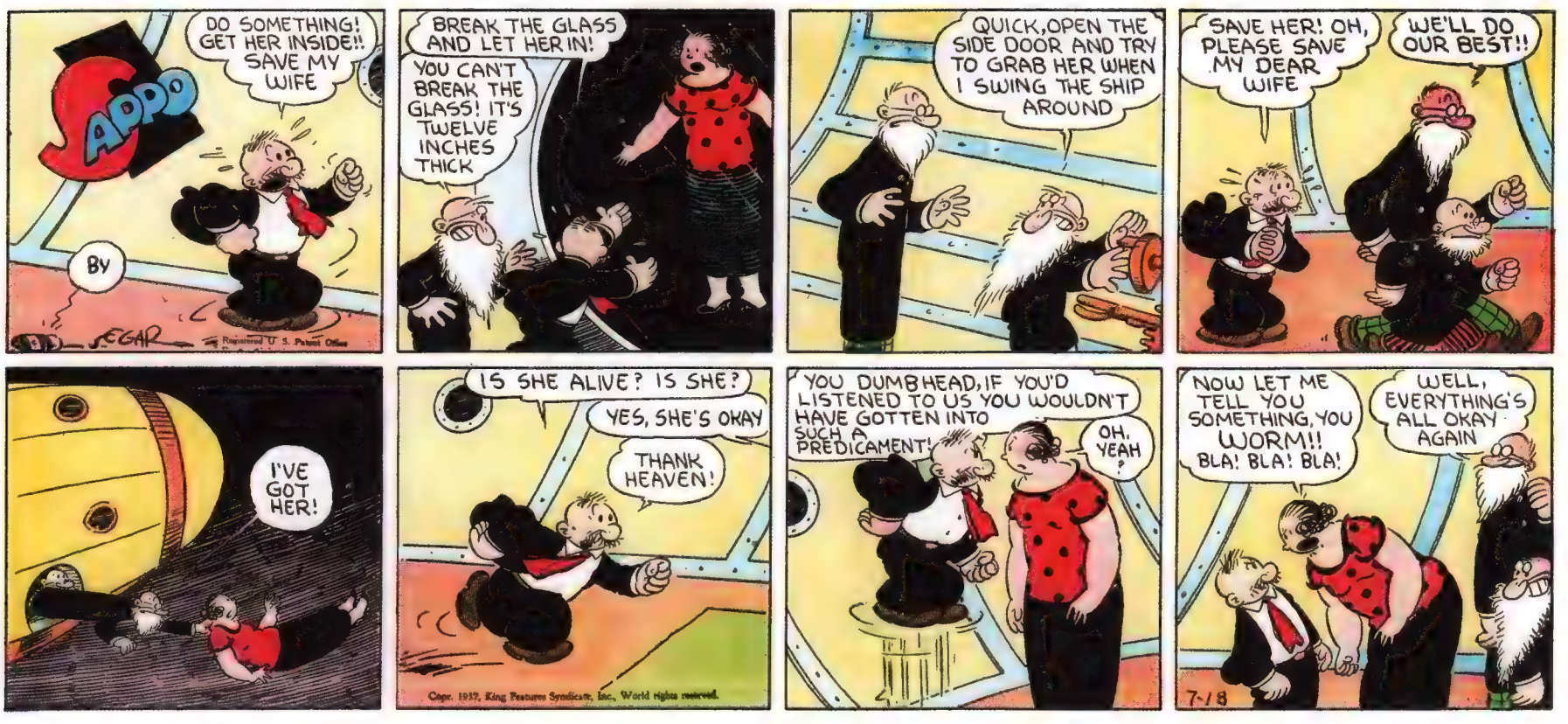
7-11

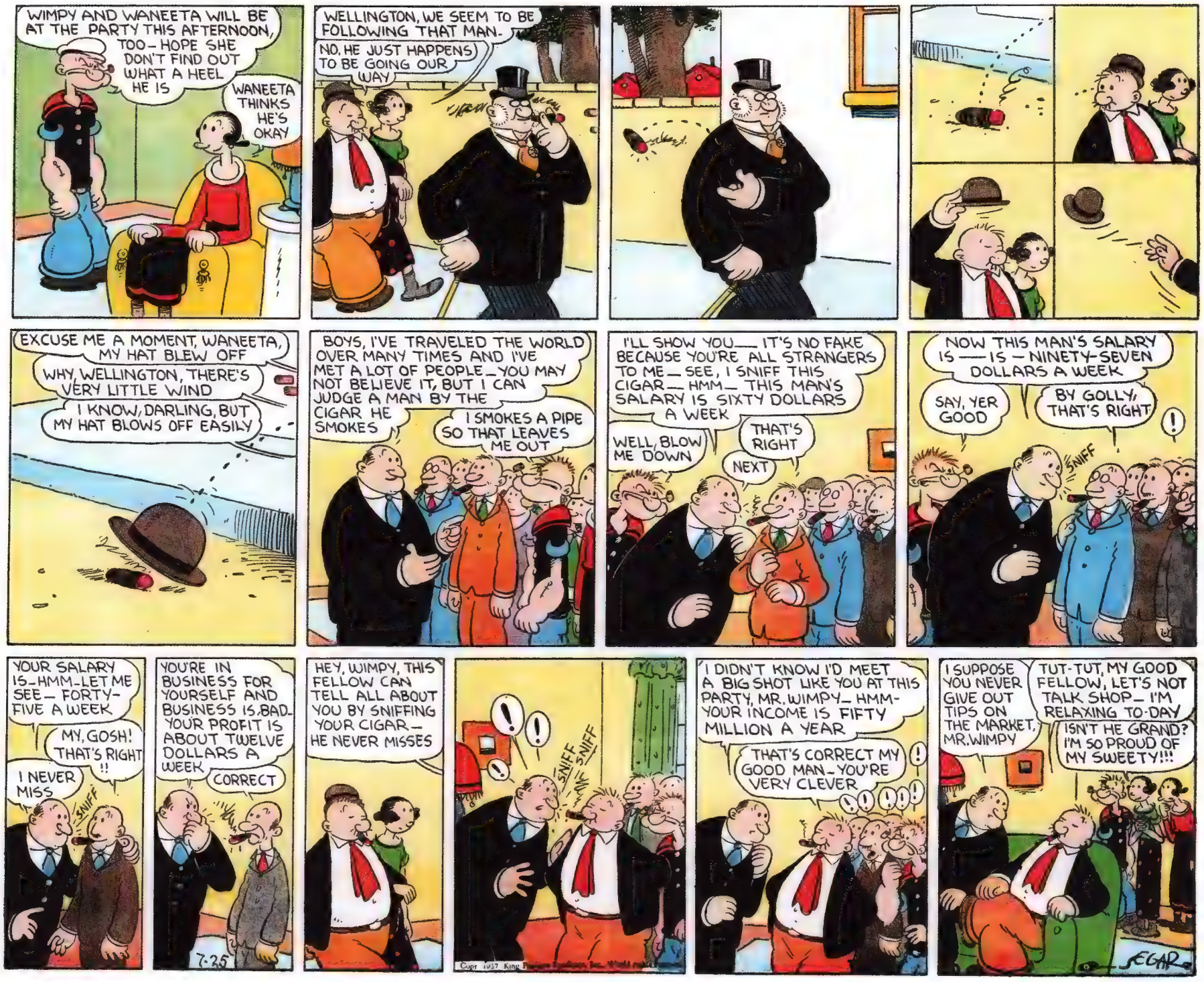
PROFESSOR WOTASNOZZLE, STOP!! DON'T PUT ON ANY POWER!! LOOK WHAT'S STICKING TO THE OUTSIDE OF OUR FRONT WINDOW

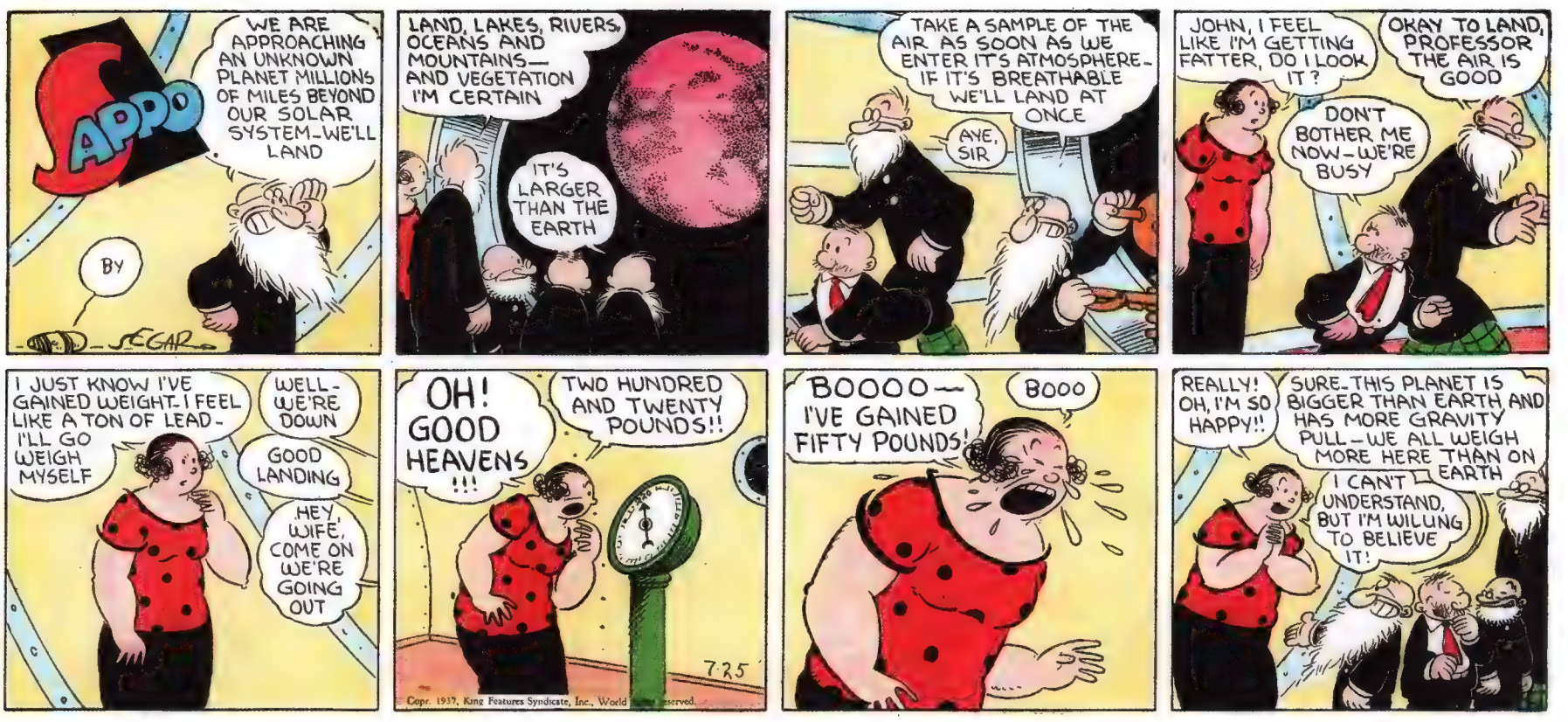
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MYRTLE!!


YER SWEETY HEARD YA LIKED HAMBURGERS, SO SHE'S COOKING UP SOME FOR YA— SHE TOLD ME TO TELL YA TO COME RIGHT OVER
OH, DON'T TELL ME THAT!!
WHA'S EATIN' YA?
OH, MY!!
HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED? MY TROUSERS ARE AT THE CLEANERS AND MY SHORTS ARE AT THE LAUNDRY
THA'S TOO BAD— I HEARS SHE MAKES EXTER GOOD HAMBURGERS— ARF! ARF!
HUSH, MY FRIEND, THROW NOT COLD WATER UPON A SOUL SO CHILL AND DREAR
IF I BUT EVEN HAD MY SHORTS I'D GO— I'D GO IN SHORTS AND TELL HER I WAS ROBBED OF MY TROUSERS BY SOUVENIR-HUNTERS
I WOULD GLADLY SHOOT MYSELF TO-NIGHT IF I HAD A GUN TO SHOOT
THERE'S THE 'PHONE
R-R-RING
OH, IT'S YOU, WANEETA!
YES, DARLING— COME ON OVER, I'M FRYING THE MOST DELICIOUS HAMBURGERS
I'LL BE RIGHT OVER
MY WITS HAVE NEVER YET FAILED ME— I SHALL GO
THERE USUALLY IS A PAIR OF SOMEBODY'S TROUSERS ON THE CLOTHES-LINE ON THE ROOF
I HOPE THE TROUSERS OF SOME TENANT IS DUE FOR AN AIRING THIS NIGHT— THIS NIGHT OF NIGHTS
NOTHING—
NOTHING BUT—
COME IN, WELLINGTON, MY SWEET!
KNOCK KNOCK
NOW DON'T THINK I'M CRAZY— MY BANKER BET ME $50,000. THAT I WOULD NOT DO THIS
ARE THE HAMBURGERS READY?
YOU SEE, WE'RE JOLLY BOYS, MY BANKER AND I— ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH OR A BET.
HA! HA! I SEE— MILLIONAIRES AT PLAY— HAVE ANOTHER HAMBURGER YOU FUNNY MAN
7-18
SEGAR
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DO SOMETHING! GET HER INSIDE!! SAVE MY WIFE
ADDO
BY
SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
BREAK THE GLASS AND LET HER IN!
YOU CAN'T BREAK THE GLASS! IT'S TWELVE INCHES THICK
QUICK, OPEN THE SIDE DOOR AND TRY TO GRAB HER WHEN I SWING THE SHIP AROUND
SAVE HER! OH, PLEASE SAVE MY DEAR WIFE
WE'LL DO OUR BEST!!
I'VE GOT HER!
IS SHE ALIVE? IS SHE?
YES, SHE'S OKAY
THANK HEAVEN!
YOU DUMBHEAD, IF YOU'D LISTENED TO US YOU WOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN INTO SUCH A PREDICAMENT!
OH, YEAH?
NOW LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, YOU WORM!! BLA! BLA! BLA!
WELL, EVERYTHING'S ALL OKAY AGAIN
7-18
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HO HUM

I WONDER WHAT FATE HOLDETH IN STORE FOR ME THIS DAY

GOOD MORNING, GOOD MORNING, MY FAIR WANEETA- HOW IS OLIVE? AND HAVE YOU SEEN POPEYE?

POPEYE GOT A JOB AS GUARD OF THE FISHES AT THE AQUARIUM

GUARD OF THE FISHES!! HMM— MY OLD PAL OF LONG-STANDING— GUARDING THE LITTLE FISHES—

?

SWISH

GOOD MORNING! GOOD MORNING! GOOD MORNING! OLD PAL OF MINE

HELLO, WIMPY, WHAT BRANG YOU HERE?

I FELT THE URGE, MY FRIEND, THE GREAT DESIRE TO BE NEAR MY PAL

IS 'ATSO ?

AH, IT'S GREAT TO HAVE A PAL!— WE ARE PALS, AREN'T WE?

YEAH- I SUSPOSE SO

WIMPY- I REALLY BELIEVES YA LIKES ME— WELL, IT'S NICE TO HAVE FOLKS LIKE YA

I'LL SAY I LIKE YOU!!

MY FRIEND, I LIKE YOU SO MUCH THAT I WOULD GLADLY MOW YOUR LAWN FOR YOU IF YOU HAD A LAWN TO MOW

THA'S SWELL, OL' PAL

NICE FISH YOU HAVE HERE, HAVEN'T YOU? NICE, AREN'T THEY?

SURE- BEST AQUARIUM ON EART'

OLD PAL OF MINE!

WE ARE PALS, AREN'T WE?

?

HAVE THEY BEEN BITING LATELY, OLD PAL?

WELL, I'LL BE-

BOP

8-1

PAL- POOEY!!

THE INCONSISTENCY OF SOME PEOPLE IS ASTONISHING!

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SAPPO

Registered U. S. Patent Office

BY

WELL, HERE WE ARE ON A STRANGE AND UNKNOWN PLANET BILLIONS OF MILES FROM EARTH

LET'S DO A BIT OF EXPLORING, BUT DON'T GO TOO FAR AWAY FROM THE SPACE SHIP- HAH! DON'T BE SURPRISED IF YOU SEE STRANGE FORMS OF LIFE

THE ANIMAL LIFE HERE MAY BE SIMILAR TO THE EARTH'S OR IT MAY BE RADICALLY DIFFERENT

I'LL GO THIS WAY

OH, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!! LOOK WHAT'S BEHIND THAT ROCK!!

WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND, SAPPO?

OH, PROFESSOR! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!!

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!

ISN'T SHE SWELL ?!

AND NO MATTER WHAT MY WIFE SAYS, WE'LL STAY HERE ON THIS PLANET, WON'T WE?

SURE, WE'LL STAY HERE!

HOW DO YOU DO?

8-1

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I SHALL GO ASK POPEYE FOR A SMALL LOAN

FIRST OF ALL, POPEYE, MY FRIEND- I WISH TO INFORM YOU THAT I WOULD GLADLY MOW YOUR LAWN FOR YOU IF YOU HAD A LAWN TO MOW

WIMPY, I SEES THROUGH EVER'THING YA SEZ - IT'S WHAT I CALLS TRANSPARENT DIPLOMITY

THEN YOU WON'T LEND ME FIVE DOLLARS TO TAKE WANEETA TO DINNER ?

JEEP- IF I LENDS WIMPY FIVE BUCKS, WILL HE PAY IT BACK?

CURSE ALL JEEPS

HE'S SHAKIN HIS HEAD SO THE ANSWER IS "NO"

AH, I HAVE A VERY GOOD IDEA- WHEN IT'S ABOUT TIME TO PAY THE CHECK I SHALL SHOUT- "GOOD HEAVENS! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!

THEY WON'T EXPECT ME TO PAY IF THEY THINK I'VE BEEN ROBBED

GOOD HEAVENS! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!

YES, I'M SURE IT WILL WORK

THIS IS AN EXPENSIVE PLACE - NOTHING IS TOO EXPENSIVE FOR YOU, MY DEAR

IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO BRING ME HERE

WE'D BETTER GO, DARLING

YES- I'LL PAY THE BILL NOW

I WILL NOW PUT ON MY ACT

GOOD HEAVENS! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!!!

MANAGER!

WHY DON'T YOU TRY A NEW ONE, YOU CROOK? TWO SAPS TRIED THAT ONE LAST WEEK - I'M GOING TO CALL A COP

HERE HE IS, OFFICER, TAKE HIM!

IF THERE'S ANYTHING I HATE IT'S A MOOCHER OR A SWINDLER

ME, TOO

VERY HEAVY THINKING

I THINK THEY SHOULD BE HUNG

SNIFF - SNIFF - SAY - I SMELL SMOKE!

FIRE! FIRE!! SAVE THE WOMEN!!

CAN'T YOU STOP NOW? WE'RE MILES FROM THE CAFE

COPS - ER - I MEAN FLAMES TRAVEL FAR!

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8-8

Registered U. S. Patent Office

SAPPO

EXPLORING THE NEW WORLD

?

JOHN, WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND ?

ISN'T SHE GORGEOUS, PROFESSOR ?

YOU SAID IT, SAPPO

GOOD NIGHT! HERE COMES MY WIFE!

ARE THERE ANY MORE AT HOME LIKE YOU, CUTEY ?

JOHN, COME AWAY FROM THAT BEAUTIFUL WOMAN!! YOU KNOW I HAVE A JEALOUS NATURE!!

I CAN STAY HERE IF I WANT TO - THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY, AIN'T IT?

HER EYES ARE LIKE DEEP POOLS OF LIQUID BEAUTY

HAW HAW

HAW HAW

WELL - WHAT IN THE — -!?

CLUCK - CLUCK CLUCK

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8-8

IS THAT WIMPY COMING UP THE STREET?
YEAH, THA'S HIM - COMIN' HERE I SUSPOSE

THE WORLD'S CHAMPION MOOCHER IS AT THE DOOR, SHALL I LET HIM IN, POPEYE?
OKAY, OLIVE, I SUSPOSE HE COME OVER TO TELL ME THAT HE'D MOW MY LAWN FOR ME IF I HAD A LAWN TO MOW

YES, INDEED, MY FRIEND - I WOULD GLADLY MOW YOUR LAWN FOR YOU IF YOU HAD A LAWN TO MOW - HMM - OLD PAL, COULD YOU LET ME HAVE THE PRICE OF A SHOE-SHINE? I'M FAMISHED

WHY DON'T YA TRY TO AMOUNT TO SUMPIN', WIMPY? THE TROUBLE IS, YA GOT NO INTESTIMAL FORTNITUDE - AN' NO WILL-POWER
NO WILL POWER?

YOU ARE ALL DAMP, MY GOOD MAN - I HAVE A STRONG WILL - AYE, THE WILL POWER OF A NAPOLEON
I SEZ YA AIN'T, YA BLASTED JELLYFISH!!

THE IDEA, MISS OYL - POPEYE SAYING THAT I HAVE NO WILL-POWER
I'D GIVE ANYTHING IF I COULD SHOW HIM UP!!

GOOD MORNIN', JEEP - I SUSPOSE YA STILL GOT YER ABILIKY TO FORETELL THE FUTURE?
JEEP! JEEP!

THANK YOU TOO MUCH FOR THIS HAMBURGER
WAIT - I YAM GONER TEST YER WILL-POWER - I TOOK THIS MONEY OUT OF ME SAFE AN'-
$ 20,000-

IF YA'LL SET THERE AN' HOLD THAT HAMBURGER FOR TEN MINUTES WITHOUT TAKIN' A BITE I'LL GIVE YA THIS $20,000=
THAT WILL BE EASY
$ 20,000

POPEYE, YOU'RE THE BIGGEST SAP ON EARTH! WHY, YOU MUST BE CRAZY

YOU KNOW HE WON'T TAKE A BITE OF THAT HAMBURGER - HE'LL GET YOUR $20,000

SNIFF SNIFF

AND YOU'LL REALLY GIVE HIM THE MONEY IF HE HOLDS OFF TEN MINUTES?
CERTINGLY

POPEYE, IF HE HOLDS OFF ONE MINUTE MORE HE'LL WIN

TWENTY SECONDS MORE AND YOUR MONEY WILL BE GONE
I AIN'T WORRIED

GET THEE BEHIND ME SATAN!
NO! NO!

NO! NO! YES! NO! YES! NO! NO! NO!
YES
NO

ARF! ARF!
!
!
SNAP
$ 20,000
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I DIDN'T TAKE NO CHANCE - I AST THE JEEP IF HE COULD DO IT -
WHAT A FOOL I AM!
$ 20,000

SAPPO
Registered U. S. Patent Office
THIS IS A QUEER PLANET, EH, WOTASNOZZLE?
YOU SAID IT
BY
EGAR

WE'VE RAN INTO SOME VERY STRANGE ANIMALS
I'VE MADE SOME SANDWICHES - HERE, HELP YOURSELVES

DO YOU WANT A SANDWICH, JOHN?
SET IT DOWN, I'LL EAT IT AFTER I TAKE A NAP

!
. . . . .

SAPPO, WAKE UP! THERE'S A FLY AFTER YOUR SANDWICH!

!
A FLY, EH? WELL, THAT'S NOTHING TO GET EXCITED ABOUT

WHY WORRY OVER TRIFLES? POOEY - A FLY
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I WONDER WHAT FATE HOLDETH IN STORE FOR ME THIS DAY?

I SHALL USE MY VERY BEST LINE OF DIPLOMACY ON POPEYE— I'LL GET THE PRICE OF A HAMBURGER AND HE WILL NEVER EVEN SUSPECT THAT I AM A HEEL

SURE, I YAM SORE AT WIMPY— HE'S ALWAYS PLAYIN' ME FOR A SUCKER! I KIN NOT STAND IT MUCH LONGER

HE'S AN AWFUL PEST !

HE IRKS ME

KEEPS TELLIN' ME THAT HE'D GLADLY MOW MY LAWN FOR ME IF I HAD A LAWN TO MOW- G-R-R

MY FRIEND, I CAME OVER TO TELL YOU THAT YOU ARE ONE OF THE FINEST MEN I KNOW— HMM- NOW-ER- I HAPPEN TO BE A BIT HUNGRY-

G-R-R-

I WOULD GLADLY MOW YOUR LAWN FOR YOU IF YOU HAD A LAWN TO MOW

OH, YA WOULD, WOULD YA!!?

I WOULD- MOST OF A CERTAINTY

!

?

THAT LITTLE HOUSE WITH THE BIG LAWN ACROSS THE STREET IS FOR SALE, AIN'T IT?

YES, IT'S FOR SALE

OKAY, I'LL BUY IT

REAL ESTATE

AN' NOW, MISTER WIMPY, I'VE GOT A LAWN TO MOW

ER- HMM- UGH HMM

WHY, MY GOOD FELLOW, YOU MUST MEAN SOMEBODY ELSE- I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT MOWING LAWNS

I'M A GLASS BLOWER BY TRADE- --I WILL GLADLY BLOW SOME GLASS FOR YOU IF YOU HAVE SOME GLASS TO BLOW

!

YOHNSON IS MY NAME— I TANK YOU BANE HAVE THE WRONG PARTY, BY YIMMINY!

BOP

ARF! ARF!

EGAR 8·22

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POPPO

Registered U. S. Patent Office

THE UNKNOWN PLANET

BY EGAR

ARE YOU ALL SET, MEN, TO DO SOME EXPLORING?

I'LL GO, BUT AFTER SEEING THAT GIANT FLY I'M GOING TO BE MIGHTY CAREFUL!

WE'LL ALL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL - THERE MAY BE PLENTY OF DANGER

ARE YOU COMING ALONG, MRS. SAPPO ?

I AM NOT!

YOU MIGHT MEET SOME TERRIBLE ANIMALS

I'LL STAY RIGHT HERE WHERE I'LL BE SAFE

ISN'T THAT A FUNNY TREE ?! LOOKS JUST LIKE A CHAIR

GEE, THIS IS FINE

I'M GLAD I DIDN'T GO WITH THE MEN, I DON'T LIKE TO TAKE CHANCES

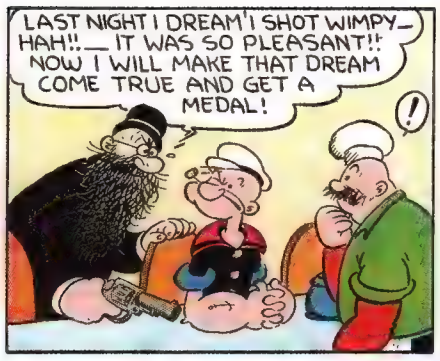
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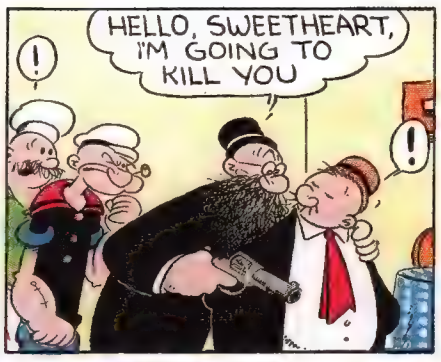
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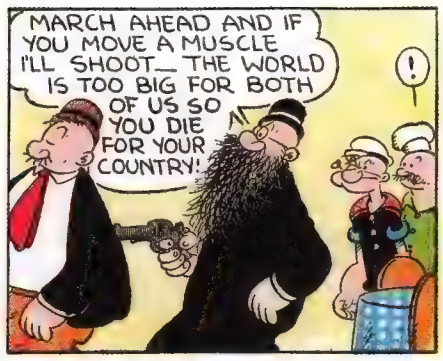
HELP! HELP! HELP!

CONTINUED—


POOEY! POOEY!

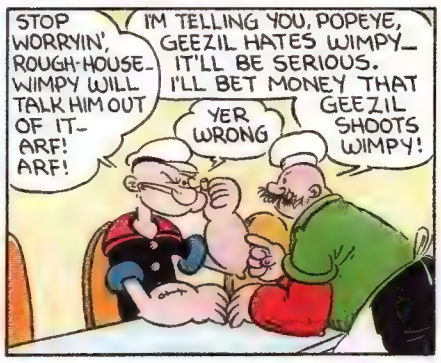

LAST NIGHT I DREAM'I SHOT WIMPY— HAH!!— IT WAS SO PLEASANT!! NOW I WILL MAKE THAT DREAM COME TRUE AND GET A MEDAL!


HELLO, SWEETHEART, I'M GOING TO KILL YOU

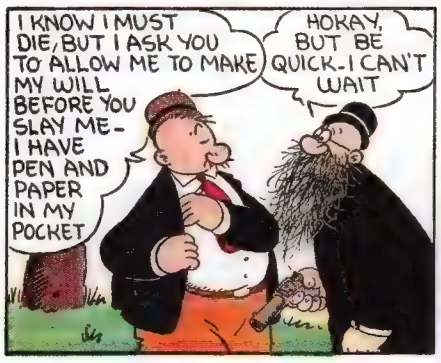

MARCH AHEAD AND IF YOU MOVE A MUSCLE I'LL SHOOT— THE WORLD IS TOO BIG FOR BOTH OF US SO YOU DIE FOR YOUR COUNTRY!


IF YOU MAKE A NOISE I'LL SHOOT YOU TO PIECES!!
AND IF YOU KEEP STILL I'LL SHOOT YOU TO PIECES

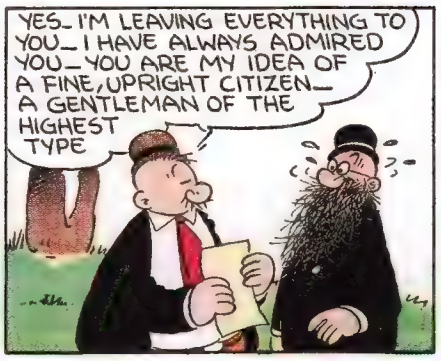

JEEP— I GOT A GOOD IDEAR ABOUT HOW THIS WIMPY-GEEZIL BIZNESS WILL TURN OUT, BUT JUS'A SAME I WANT YA TO GIMME THE CORRECK DOPE


STOP WORRYIN', ROUGH-HOUSE-WIMPY WILL TALK HIM OUT OF IT— ARF! ARF!
I'M TELLING YOU, POPEYE, GEEZIL HATES WIMPY— IT'LL BE SERIOUS. I'LL BET MONEY THAT GEEZIL SHOOTS WIMPY!
YER WRONG


I DON'T WANT TO WIN YER MONEY, SO I SUGGESTS A BET LIKE THIS— IF GEEZIL SHOOTS WIMPY I'LL STAN' ON ME HEAD ON THIS COUNTER FOR FIVE MINUTES— AN' IF HE DON'T YOU'LL HAVE TO STAN' ON YER HEAD
OKAY

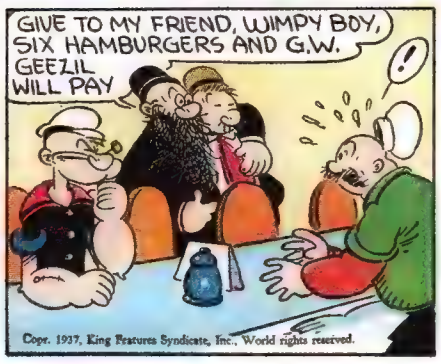

I KNOW I MUST DIE, BUT I ASK YOU TO ALLOW ME TO MAKE MY WILL BEFORE YOU SLAY ME— I HAVE PEN AND PAPER IN MY POCKET
HOKAY, BUT BE QUICK— I CAN'T WAIT

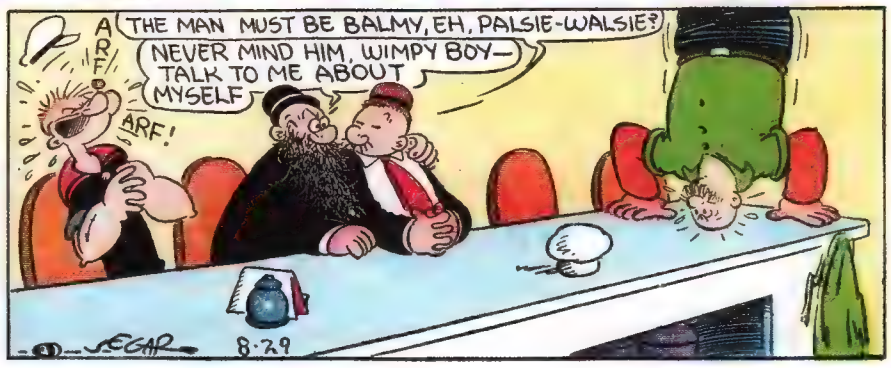

I DO HEREBY LEAVE ALL OF MY WORLDLY GOODS TO GEORGE W. GEEZIL—
GEORGE W. GEEZIL? THE NAME SOUNDS FAMILIAR— HAH! OH— GEORGE W. GEEZIL! THAT'S ME!!!


YES— I'M LEAVING EVERYTHING TO YOU— I HAVE ALWAYS ADMIRED YOU— YOU ARE MY IDEA OF A FINE, UPRIGHT CITIZEN— A GENTLEMAN OF THE HIGHEST TYPE

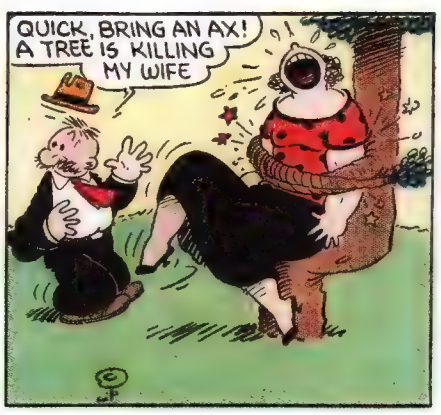

MR. GEEZIL, YOU ARE ON A PAR WITH WASHINGTON, LINCOLN, CAESAR, NAPOLEON AND CLEO-PATRA
HMM— AIN'T IT SO? AIN'T IT SO? HAH! I AM UNDERSTOOD!

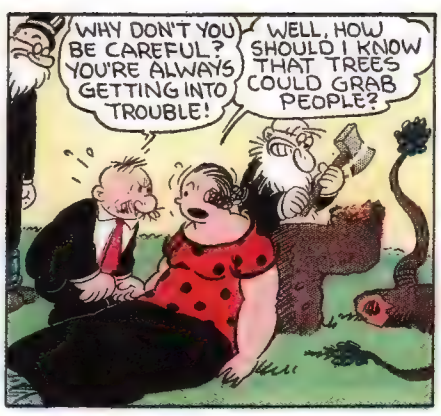

OR MAYBE I'M NO JUDGE OF PEOPLE
HAH! YOU ARE A FINE JUDGE— YOU ARE ALWAYS RIGHT— YOU SHOULD BE PRESIDENT, I HAVE SAID, AND I'LL VOTE FOR YOU

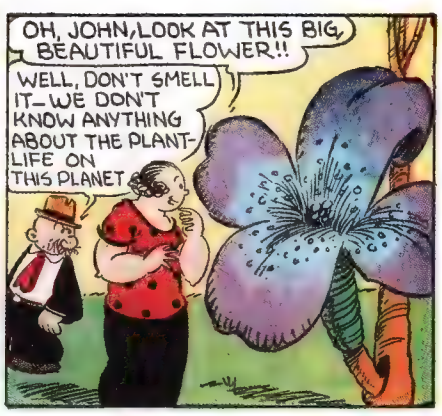

GIVE TO MY FRIEND, WIMPY BOY, SIX HAMBURGERS AND G.W. GEEZIL WILL PAY
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ARF!
ARF!
THE MAN MUST BE BALMY, EH, PALSIE-WALSIE?
NEVER MIND HIM, WIMPY BOY— TALK TO ME ABOUT MYSELF
8-29
SEGAR


APPO
HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP
Registered U. S. Patent Office
BY
SEGAR


QUICK, BRING AN AX! A TREE IS KILLING MY WIFE

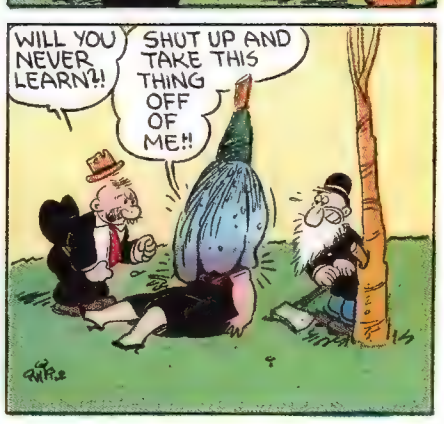

WHY DON'T YOU BE CAREFUL? YOU'RE ALWAYS GETTING INTO TROUBLE!
WELL, HOW SHOULD I KNOW THAT TREES COULD GRAB PEOPLE?


OH, JOHN, LOOK AT THIS BIG, BEAUTIFUL FLOWER!!
WELL, DON'T SMELL IT— WE DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE PLANT-LIFE ON THIS PLANET

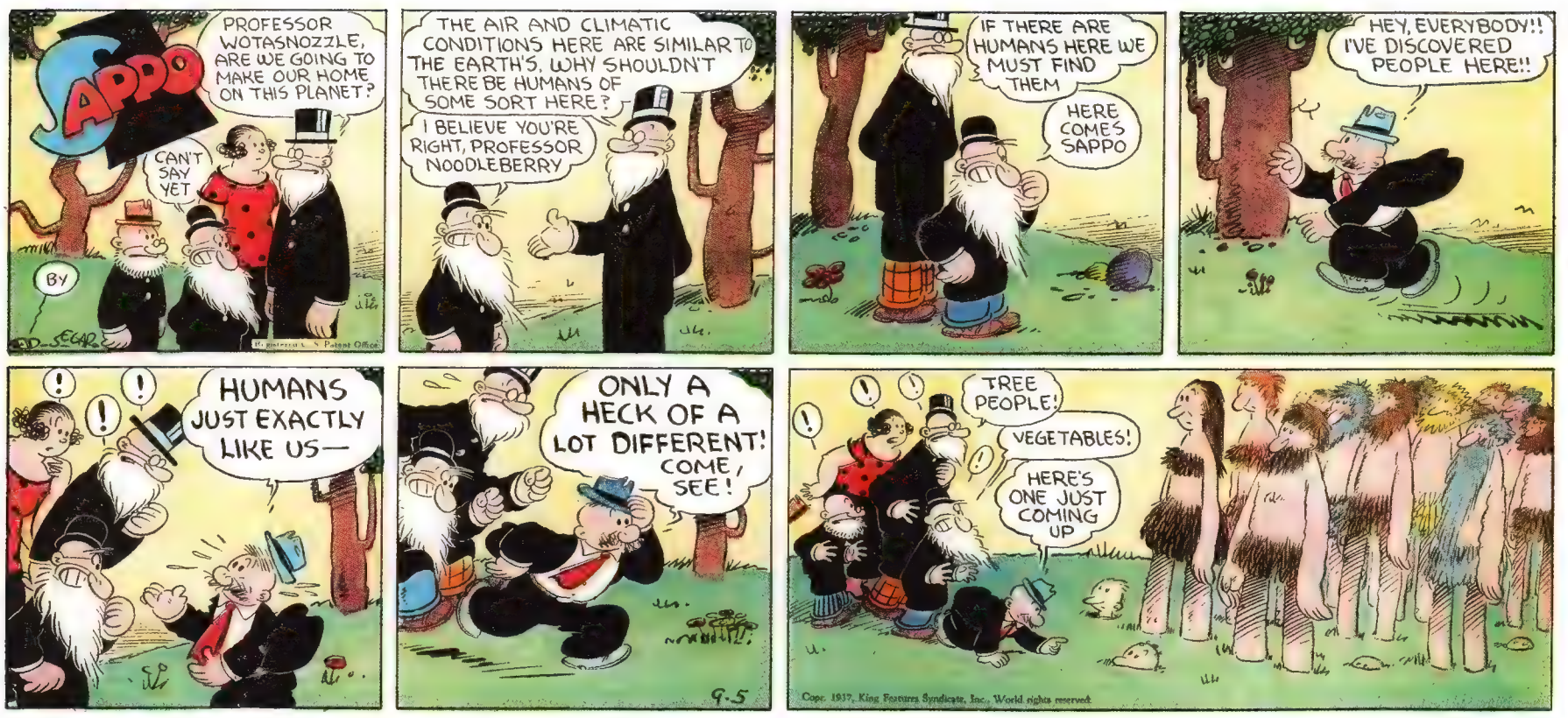

YOU'RE NOT MY BOSS— I'LL SMELL IT IF I WANT TO
SNIFF SNIFF


QUICK! BRING THE AX AGAIN!!
SNAP
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HURRY!
HELP! HELP! HELP!
8-29


WILL YOU NEVER LEARN?!
SHUT UP AND TAKE THIS THING OFF OF ME!!


I GETS A BIG KICK OUTTA WIMPY AN' GEEZIL BEIN' FREN'S
IS WIMPY AN' GEEZIL STILL PALS ?
I'LL SAY THEY ARE!! AND WIMPY IS WORKING ON HIM PLENTY
I DON'T NEED TO AST ME JEEP HOW IT'LL END—I KIN FIGGER THAT OUT EASY—WIMPY WILL CARRY HIS GAME TOO FAR, THEN GEEZIL WILL HATE HIM TO PIECES AGAIN
HERE THEY COME NOW
YES, GEORGE, I'D GIVE YOU THE SHIRT OFF MY BROTHER'S BACK
I BELIEVE YOU WOULD, BY GOLLY, WIMPY BOY, YOU ARE TOO GENEROUS
AIN'T IT FUNNY? I USED TO HATE YOU TO PIECES, BUT NOW I THINK YOU ARE APPLES IN MY CHEESE CAKE INSTEAD OF FLIES IN MY ZUPE— HAH! AIN'T IT SO?
TALK TO ME ABOUT MYSELF
WELL, GEORGE, YOU ARE WASHINGTON, LINCOLN, NAPOLEON, CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA ALL IN ONE
HAH! GENTLEMEN, DID YOU HEAR IT? HE KNOWS ME LIKE A BOOK
AIN'T IT NICE TO BE UNDERSTOOD ?
I WILL RETURN IN AN HOUR— GIVE WIMPY A MEAL AND CHARGE IT TO G.W. GEEZIL
YOU MUST BE SOMETHING FROM HEAVEN
IT'S LUCKY I HAVE ON MY RUBBER CLOTHES TO-DAY— I'LL HAVE THREE ORDERS OF EVERYTHING ON THE MENU
MENU
ONE HOUR LATER
I WILL GO BACK TO MY PAL NOW— I NEED BLOWING UP AGAIN
I BELIEVE YOU'LL HAVE TO HELP ME—YES, I'M SURE YOU WILL—UGH!
PUSH HARD!
?
UGH!
HARDER! UGH! PUSH
? ?
I THINK I CAN MAKE IT NOW
TELL MY PAL, GEORGE I COULD NOT WAIT FOR HIS RETURN—
—AS MY SWEETY INVITED ME OVER FOR DINNER
ROUGH-HOUSE CAFE
Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved 9-5
HE SHOULD BE KILLED TO DEATH!!
CHECK
$43.50
SEGAR


SAPPO
PROFESSOR WOTASNOZZLE, ARE WE GOING TO MAKE OUR HOME ON THIS PLANET?
CAN'T SAY YET
BY
SEGAR
THE AIR AND CLIMATIC CONDITIONS HERE ARE SIMILAR TO THE EARTH'S, WHY SHOULDN'T THERE BE HUMANS OF SOME SORT HERE?
I BELIEVE YOU'RE RIGHT, PROFESSOR NOODLEBERRY
IF THERE ARE HUMANS HERE WE MUST FIND THEM
HERE COMES SAPPO
HEY, EVERYBODY!! I'VE DISCOVERED PEOPLE HERE!!
HUMANS JUST EXACTLY LIKE US—
ONLY A HECK OF A LOT DIFFERENT! COME, SEE!
9-5
TREE PEOPLE!
VEGETABLES!
HERE'S ONE JUST COMING UP
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DIDN'T I ALWAYS SAID IT? HE IS A SNAKE IN SHEEPSKIN
BAH!

SO YER MAD AT WIMPY AGAIN, EH, GEEZIL?
POOEY! I HATE HIM TO PIECES!! HE IS A SOMETHING GOOEY TO ME!! I WOULD LOVE TO HAVE MY FINGERS AMONG HIS ADAM'S APPLE

I WANT TO ASK YOUR JEEP SOMETHING
IS WIMPY A NO-GOOD MOOCHER WHO USES FLATTERY TO GET HAMBURGERS OUT OF ME?

THE JEEP SAYS YES. SO THAT PROVES IT
WIMPY DON'T KNOW YER SORE, DOES HE?

BUT HOW ARE YOU GO'NER GET ALONG WITHOUT WIMPY? YA LIKES TO HEAR HIM FLATTER YA
AIN'T IT SO? YES, I ADMIT I LIKE BLOWING UP

BUT I GOT THE MOST LOVELY IDEA TO GET MY BLOWING-UP WITHOUT WIMPY- I WILL GET FREE BLOWING-UP

SEE- I HIRED THAT MAN - SEE ALL THE MACHINERY? HAH! I FIX WIMPY
OH - I SEES - ARF! ARF!

ALL THE WORLD IS BRIGHT AND VERY, VERY CHEERY THIS FINE DAY
I NOW HAVE MR. GEEZIL IN MY POWER - MY FLATTERY HAS PUT HIM PERMANENTLY ON MY SUCKER LIST

AH, MISTER GEEZIL! MISTER GEEZIL!! I'M SO HUNGRY TO SEE YOU
WIMPY BOY, MY FRIEND!

PST - GET READY
OKE
LET US SIT AT THE COUNTER, GEORGE

ARF! ARF!
WIMPY, PLEASE TALK TO ME ABOUT MYSELF, I NEED BLOWING UP

YES, GEORGE, YOU ARE A GREAT MAN - YOU ARE A COMBINATION OF WASHINGTON-LINCOLN-NAPOLEON-CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA

BY-THE-WAY, GEORGE, COULD YOU BUY ME A HAMBURGER, OLD PAL?
NO!!! I DON'T NEED YOU ANYMORE

GIVE ME MY RECORD AND MY PORTABLE PHONOGRAPH - POOEY TO YOU, OLD WIMPY FLIES IN MY ZUPE!
HERE IT IS, SIR

ETC-- YOU ARE A COMBINATION OF WASHINGTON-LINCOLN-ETC-ETC-
HAH! AIN'T IT SO!? AND AIN'T IT NICE TO GET FREE BLOWING UP!!?
9-12
SEGAR
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SAPPO
Registered U.S. Patent Office
DO YOU THINK THOSE VEGETABLE PEOPLE WILL CAUSE US TROUBLE?
HOW COULD THEY? THEY'RE GROWING OUT OF THE GROUND LIKE WEEDS
SEGAR

YOU'RE BIG - YEAH, BUT I'LL BET YOU HAVEN'T A BIT OF SENSE - HA! HA! I LIKE TO RAZZ BIG BRUTES, ESPECIALLY WHEN I KNOW THEY CAN'T HURT ME
G-R-R

HEY, SAPPO - QUIT TEASING THAT FELLOW!
AW, HE COULDN'T HURT ME, HE'S JUST A VEGETABLE

YOU MUST BE CAREFUL, SAPPO, THIS IS A QUEER PLANET

! ? BOP

WHAT'S HE DIGGING THOSE HOLES FOR?
!

OH, I SEE!! HE'S PLANTING HIMSELF

WELL, FROM NOW ON I'M GOING TO HAVE MORE RESPECT FOR VEGETABLES
!

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SWEE'PEA WILL SURE LOVE THIS DOLL I BOUGHT FOR HIM

AHOY, SWEE'PEA, LOOK WHAT I BRANG YA!

A LITTLE BABY-KID BOY-DOLL- AN' HE LOOKS ALMOST LIKE YA

GLOP!

HE AIN'T ME OWN FLESH AN' BLOOD, BUT I LOVES SWEE'PEA BETTER THAN ME OWN LIFE

GLOP!

KNOCK - KNOCK

POPPA, WILL YA SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR? I YAM BUSY PLAYIN' WITH SWEE'PEA

I WANT TO SEE MR POPEYE

WHAT ABOUT?

IT'S VERY IMPORTANT

OH, ISATSO?

CERTINGLY I YAMA HORSH! HANG ON!

YA ARE? YA MEAN YA REALLY ARE?

YES, I AM

SON, THIS WOMAN WANTS TO TALK TO YA

OKAY

SO YOU CALL THE BABY SWEETPEA?

YEAH, I CALLS HIM SWEE'PEA ON ACCOUNT OF HE IS SO ARFUL SWEET

!

WANT TO HOLD HIM A MINUTE, LADY? YA'LL GET A BIG THRILL OUT OF IT

YOU'RE RIGHT- THIS IS THE THRILL OF MY LIFE!!

?

S-A-AY! WHO ARE YOU?

I'M HIS MOTHER!

HIS MOTHER!!!!! YA AIN'T!! YA AIN'T!! GIMME MY BABY!

YA AIN'T HIS MOMMA!

I YAM HIS MOMMA! AN' I YAM HIS POPPA, TOO!!

LEMME SET DOWN

I FEELS KIND OF WEAK

I'VE COME TO TAKE HIM AWAY WITH ME

YOU MEAN- TAKE SWEE'PEA AWAY?

YES

TO BE CONTINU-ED

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7-19

APPO

Registered U. S. Patent Office

JOHN, I'VE MADE A GREAT DIS-COVERY- THE SOIL ON THIS PLANET HAS ASTOUNDING PROPERTIES

YEAH?

BY

IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE, MRS. SAPPO!

IT'S TRUE- I PICKED THIS FLOWER OFF OF A BUSH AND IF I STICK IT IN THE GROUND IT'LL GROW

AND GROW FAST, TOO

HOW CAN IT GROW? IT HAS NO ROOTS

SEE- IT'S GROWING ALREADY!

BY GOLLY, IT IS GROWING!!

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE!

IT'S ALMOST AS TALL AS WE ARE

IT'S THE MOST REMARKABLE THING I'VE EVER SEEN!

MY CANE !!!

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9-19

IT'LL DERN NEAR KILL ME SON IF SWEE'PEA GETS TOOK AWAY FROM HIM

GET OUT OF HERE, YA BLASTED WOMAN, YA KIN NOT TAKE ME SON'S SWEE'PEA!!

WAIT A MINUTE, POPPA

SHE PROVED TO ME THAT SHE IS HIS MOTHER SO I SUSPOSE I GOT TO LET HER HAVE HIM

WHY DON'T YA KICK HER OUT? YA MUST BE GETTIN' SOFT

ESCUSE US A MINUTE, I WANTS TO HAVE A PRIVATE TALK WITH HIM BEFORE HE GOES

SWEE'PEA, I GUESS I WON'T NEVER SEE YA AGAIN_ BE A GOOD BOY-BE KIND TO POOR FOLKS AN' BE HONEST!

GLOP

I SENT YOU MY BABY AT A TIME WHEN IT WASN'T SAFE FOR ME TO KEEP HIM_I KNEW YOU'D TAKE CARE OF HIM_ AND I THANK YOU WITH ALL MY HEART

DON'T TALK NO MORE, I KIN NOT STAND IT

THERE_TAKE HIM AN' GO_ GO QUICK!!

SAY GOOD-BYE, SWEETPEA

GLOP

'BYE

SWEE PEA'S GONE

AN' DON'T WIGGLE AROUN' AN' GET THE COVERS OFF'N YA

G'NIGHT

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CONTINUED

SAPPO

I'LL TAKE A SAMPLE OF THE SOIL BACK TO EARTH WHEN WE GO_ IT HAS REMARKABLE PROPERTIES

Registered U. S. Patent Office

BY

PROFESSOR NOODLEBERRY IS OUT EXPLORING_ WONDER IF HE'S FOUND ANYTHING?

SAPPO, I HAVE A FEELING THAT THERE ARE UNUSUALLY INTELLIGENT PEOPLE ON THIS PLANET

PROFESSOR WOTASNOZZLE, I'VE FOUND MEN

HUMAN BEINGS_ COME SEE THEM

I CLAIM THAT THE PEOPLE HERE ARE FAR AHEAD OF US MENTALLY

HAW! HAW!

PROFESSOR NOODLEBERRY, WHY DO YOU KEEP SAYING_ "HAW! HAW!" YOU DON'T SEEM TO AGREE WITH ME

HAW! HAW!

I'VE STUDIED CONDITIONS ON THIS PLANET AND I SAY THE PEOPLE HERE ARE HIGHLY DEVELOPED MENTALLY

HAW! HAW!

SMART, AREN'T THEY?

SQUARE WHEELS

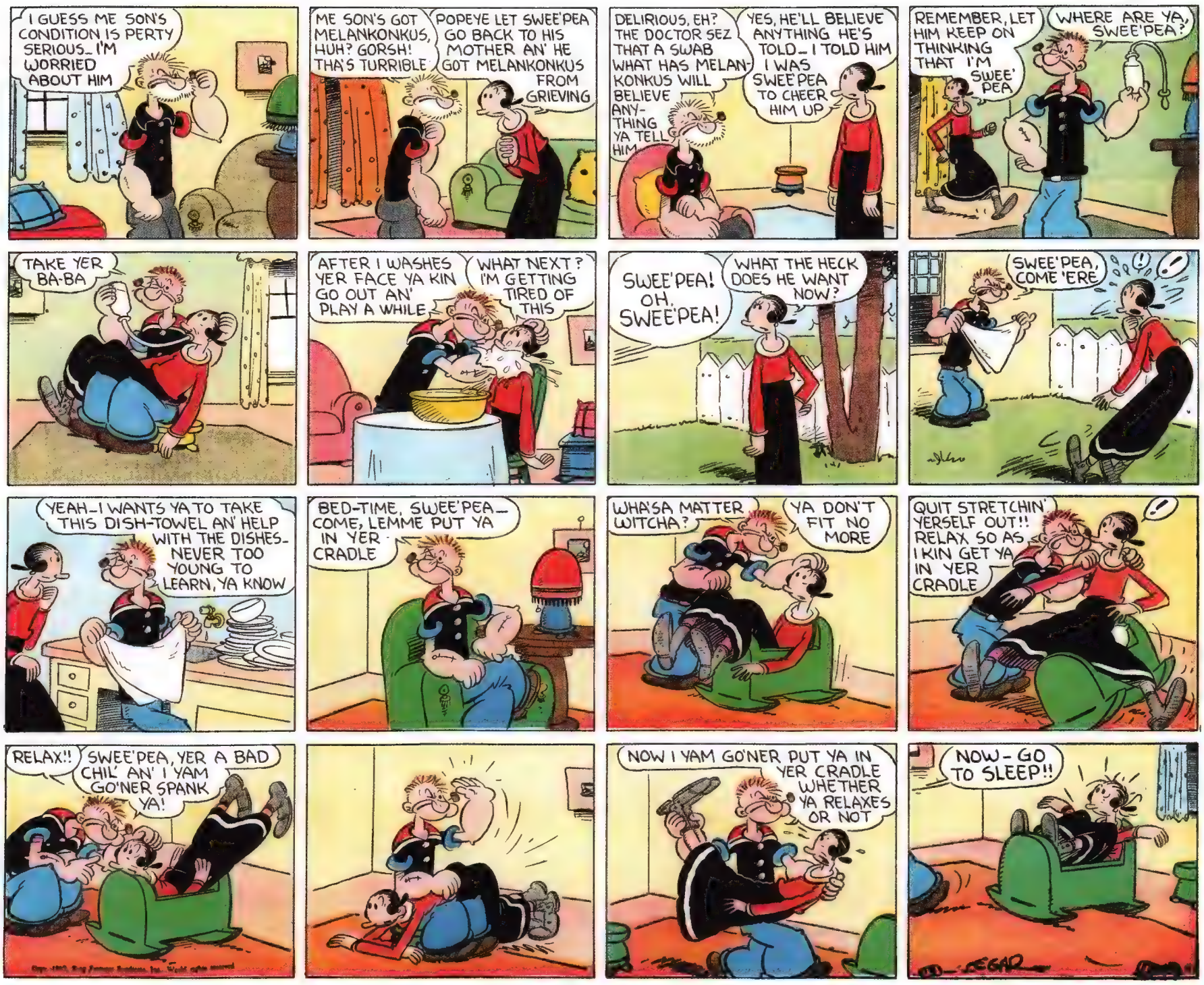
JUP!

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BETTER GET A DOCTOR FOR ME SON, OLIVE- HE ACKS KIND OF QUEER
YES, I THINK SO, TOO
POPEYE, I'M GOING TO GET A DOCTOR FOR YOU- YOU'RE NOT WELL-
SWEE'PEA ISN'T SO HAPPY EITHER- HIS REAL MOTHER IS GOOD TO HIM, BUT HE MISSES POPEYE, THE ONLY MOTHER HE KNEW
HE'S BEEN ACTING AWFULLY QUEER, DOCTOR
H-MMM
IS IT ANYTHING SERIOUS?
H-M-M
TICK TICK
HAS ANYTHING HAPPENED LATELY? ANYTHING THAT WOULD PUT HIM DOWN IN THE DUMPS?
WHY, YES
WELL, THEN THAT'S IT-
THAT'S WHAT HE'S GOT- I CAN'T DO A THING FOR HIM!
WHAT'S HE GOT?
M.D.
HE'S GOT MELAN-KONKUS
MELANKONKUS!!
YES,- CAUSED FROM BEING MELAN-CHOLY
M.P.
BUT, DOCTOR, YOU MUST DO SOMETHING FOR HIM- HE CAN'T STAND BEING DOWN LIKE THIS!
H-MMMM M-M-M-M-M-
WHY DO YOU FEEL THE WAY YOU FEEL?
I YAMA POOR SAILOR- I AIN'T GOT NO SWEE'PEA
AH, CHEER UP- LOTS OF SAILORS AIN'T GOT NO SWEE'PEAS
YOU SEE, DOCTOR, POPEYE LET SWEE'PEA'S MOTHER TAKE HIM BACK
I AIN'T GOT, NO SWEEPEA
OH, I SEE- HA! I CAN FIX THAT!! IT'S LIKE THIS— A PERSON WHO HAS MELANKONKUS IS USUALLY A BIT OUT OF HIS HEAD- IT'S STRANGE, BUT A PERSON WITH THIS TROUBLE WILL BELIEVE ANYTHING YOU TELL HIM
SO JUST TELL HIM THAT YOU ARE SWEE'PEA- HE'LL BELIEVE YOU
REALLY?
GOOO-O-O I CAME BACK- I'M SWEE'PEA!
MY GORSH! THA'S SWELL!
WELL, I FIXED THAT OKAY
YEAH, YOU FIXED IT!!
10-3
EGAR
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POPPO
Registered U. S. Patent Office
HAW! HAW! THE PEOPLE ON THIS PLANET SURE ARE DUMB
BY
EGAR
LOOK- SQUARE WHEELS!
WONDER WHERE MY HUSBAND IS? I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM ALL DAY
I NOTICED HIM GOING TOWARD THE VILLAGE THIS MORNING
? ?
YES, BOYS, YOU HAVE THE WRONG IDEA— SQUARE WHEELS ARE NO GOOD
HERE COMES A BIG PARADE- THE NATIVES MUST BE CELEBRATING SOME GREAT EVENT
YIPPI! YIPPI! YIPPI!
JOHN! THE QUEEN THINKS I'M THE SMARTEST MAN ON THIS PLANET- I GAVE THE PEOPLE ROUND WHEELS
YIPPY
YIP
10-3
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I GUESS ME SON'S CONDITION IS PERTY SERIOUS- I'M WORRIED ABOUT HIM
ME SON'S GOT MELANKONKUS, HUH? GORSH! THA'S TURRIBLE
POPEYE LET SWEE'PEA GO BACK TO HIS MOTHER AN' HE GOT MELANKONKUS FROM GRIEVING
DELIRIOUS, EH? THE DOCTOR SEZ THAT A SWAB WHAT HAS MELANKONKUS WILL BELIEVE ANYTHING YA TELL HIM
YES, HE'LL BELIEVE ANYTHING HE'S TOLD- I TOLD HIM I WAS SWEE'PEA TO CHEER HIM UP
REMEMBER, LET HIM KEEP ON THINKING THAT I'M SWEE'PEA
WHERE ARE YA, SWEE'PEA?
TAKE YER BA-BA
AFTER I WASHES YER FACE YA KIN GO OUT AN' PLAY A WHILE
WHAT NEXT? I'M GETTING TIRED OF THIS
SWEE'PEA! OH, SWEE'PEA!
WHAT THE HECK DOES HE WANT NOW?
SWEE'PEA, COME 'ERE
YEAH- I WANTS YA TO TAKE THIS DISH-TOWEL AN' HELP WITH THE DISHES- NEVER TOO YOUNG TO LEARN, YA KNOW
BED-TIME, SWEE'PEA- COME, LEMME PUT YA IN YER CRADLE
WHA'SA MATTER WITCHA?
YA DON'T FIT NO MORE
QUIT STRETCHIN' YERSELF OUT!! RELAX SO AS I KIN GET YA IN YER CRADLE
RELAX!!
SWEE'PEA, YER A BAD CHIL' AN' I YAM GO'NER SPANK YA!
NOW I YAM GO'NER PUT YA IN YER CRADLE WHETHER YA RELAXES OR NOT
NOW- GO TO SLEEP!!
SEGAR


SAPPO
I'LL SHOW THE DUMBHEADS ON THIS PLANET THAT I'M A LOT SMARTER THAN SAPPO
Registered U. S. Patent Office
BY.
TOOLS
RADIO PARTS
SEGAR
THEY USED SQUARE WHEELS ON THEIR CARTS TILL SAPPO SHOWED 'EM ABOUT ROUND ONES- AND NOW THEY THINK HE'S A WHIZ
I'LL MAKE A RADIO AND SHOW THEM SOMETHING REALLY MARVELOUS
YOU GAVE THEM ROUND WHEELS, BUT I'LL TEACH 'EM HOW TO MAKE RADIOS- I'LL BE THE BIG SHOT THEN
LISTEN, YOU DUMBHEADS, WHEN I TURN THIS DIAL YOU'LL HEAR MUSIC
I'VE BEEN TRYING FOR AN HOUR AND I CAN'T GET A THING! BLAST THE DOGGONE THING! GOSH DING IT!!
OF COURSE, YOU CAN'T GET ANYTHING
THEY HAVE NO BROADCASTING STATIONS
HAW! HAW! IS YOUR FACE RED!!?
WELL I'LL BE I'LL BE WELL I'LL
10-10

POOR POPEYE
WISHT HE HAD SWEE'PEA BACK

DOCTOR, YOU JUST SIMPLY MUST CURE POPEYE OF MELANKONKUS
I'VE JUST INVENTED A MEDICINE THAT WILL CURE HIS DELIRIUM
M.D.

I YAM CURED OF BEIN' GOOFY, BUT I STILL FEELS MELANCHOLIS ON ACCOUNT OF I AIN'T GOT NO SWEE'PEA
LOTS OF SAILORS HAVEN'T GOT SWEE'PEAS, CHEER UP!

SWEE'PEA, WHY AREN'T YOU HAPPY HERE WITH ME? I'M YOUR REAL MOTHER

DON'T YOU SEE? I'M YOUR REAL MOTHER? POPEYE ISN'T EVEN ANY RELATION TO YOU

POOR LITTLE HONEY SWEET-HEART_ I WISH I COULD DO SOMETHING FOR YOU
I WISHT YA COULD, OLIVE

OH, IF I COULD ONLY HELP YOU!

OLIVE, I GOT A SWELL IDEAR
REALLY!
EVER'THING WILL BE ALL RIGHT

I KNOWS THIS IDEAR WILL WORK_ AN' I'LL GET SWEE'PEA!! HOT DORG
FINE! FINE!

TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT, DARLING
WELL, FIRST I'LL GO SEE SWEE'PEA'S MOTHER

-AN' I'LL SAY TO HER- "SAY- HOW ABOUT YOU AN' ME GETTIN' MARRIED?"
!

SO WE'LL GET MARRIED AN' I'LL HAVE ME LITTLE SWEE'PEA FOREVER AN' EVER!!

CRASH

AHOY! HOL' EVER'THING! WHA'S COMIN' OFF HERE
CRASH
BAM

WHAT HAPPINGED?
FIRST SHE TRIED TO DO EVER'THING FOR ME- THEN SHE TRIED TO DO EVER'THING TO ME_ SHE'S JUS'A FRICKLE WOMAN!!
POOEY!
10-17
EGAR

COME ON, GET ABOARD THE SHIP_ WE'RE LEAVING THIS DUMB PLANET
APPO
Registered U. S. Patent Office
BY
EGAR

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, PROFESSOR?
I'M SICK OF THIS PLANET!

ARE WE GOING VERY FAST PROF? MY WIFE AND I ARE AFRAID OF HIGH SPEEDS
NOT VERY FAST, SAPPO, I'LL SHOW YOU_ HAW! HAW

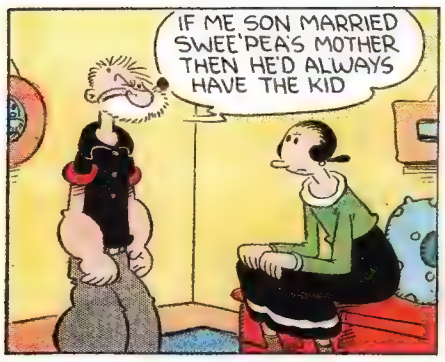
SEE THAT SPOT THERE THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOW? IT'S A HUGE PLANET FIFTY MILLION MILES AWAY- AHEAD OF US

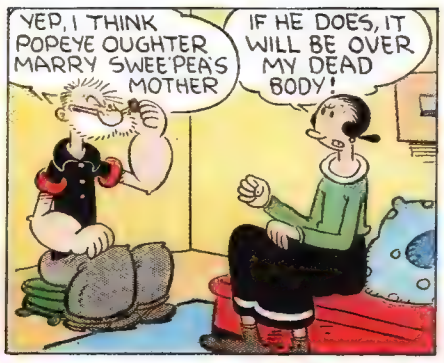
NOW LET'S RUSH TO THE BACK WINDOW
?
?

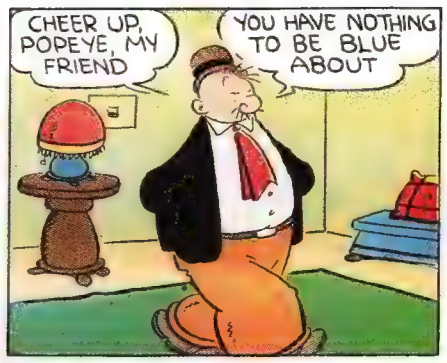
SEE THAT PLANET THERE THROUGH THE REAR WINDOW?
YEAH, WE SEE IT-

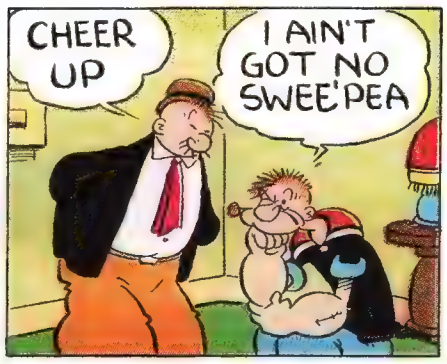
WHAT OF IT?
WELL, THAT'S THE SAME PLANET YOU SAW THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOW

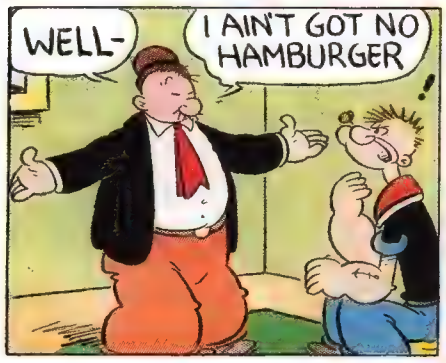
OH, NO- WE'RE NOT GOING VERY FAST
10-17
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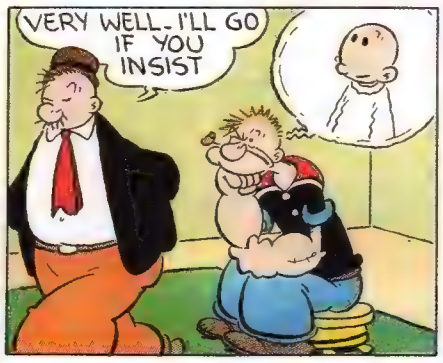

IF ME SON MARRIED SWEE'PEA'S MOTHER THEN HE'D ALWAYS HAVE THE KID

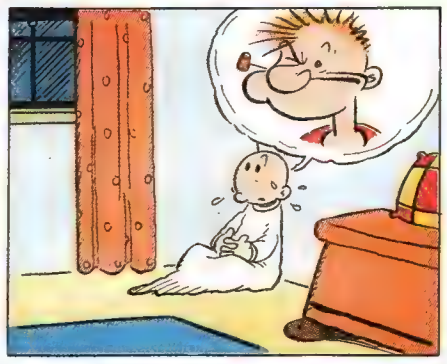

YEP, I THINK POPEYE OUGHTER MARRY SWEE'PEA'S MOTHER
IF HE DOES, IT WILL BE OVER MY DEAD BODY!

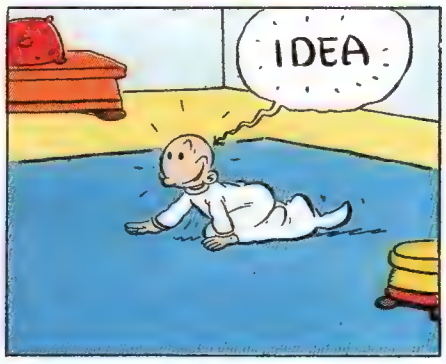

CHEER UP, POPEYE, MY FRIEND
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO BE BLUE ABOUT

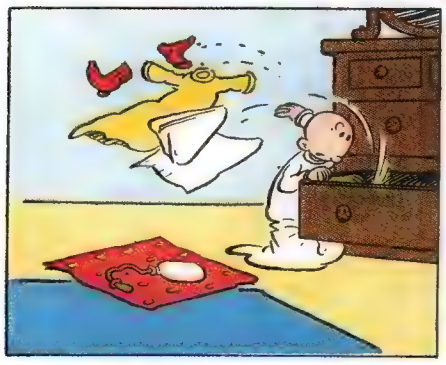

CHEER UP
I AIN'T GOT NO SWEE'PEA

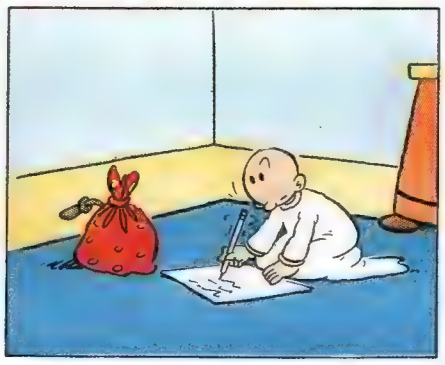

WELL-
I AIN'T GOT NO HAMBURGER

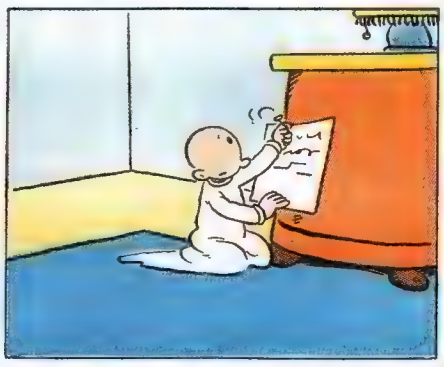

VERY WELL- I'LL GO IF YOU INSIST

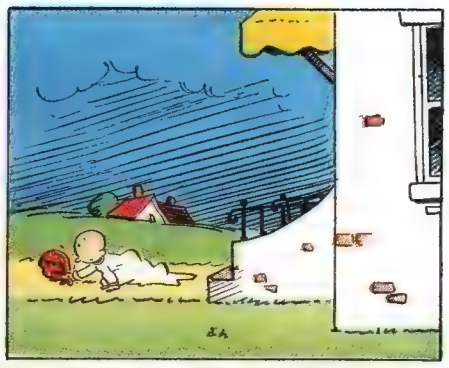


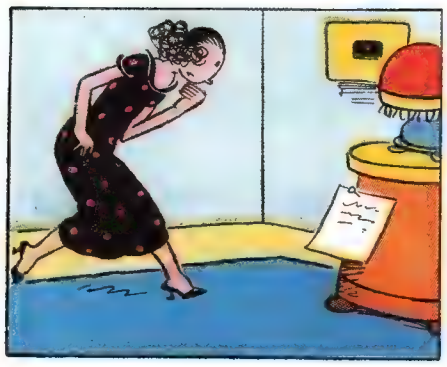

IDEA





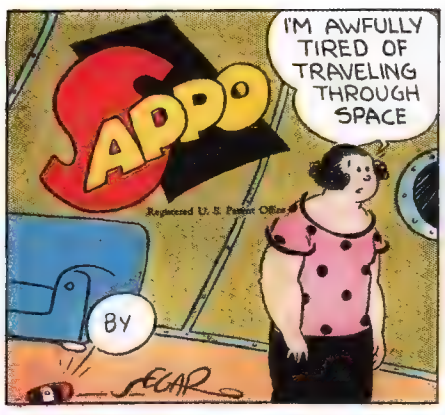


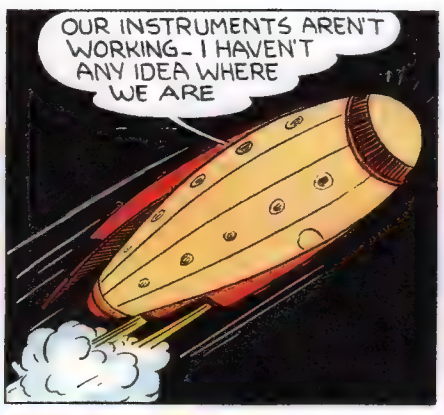


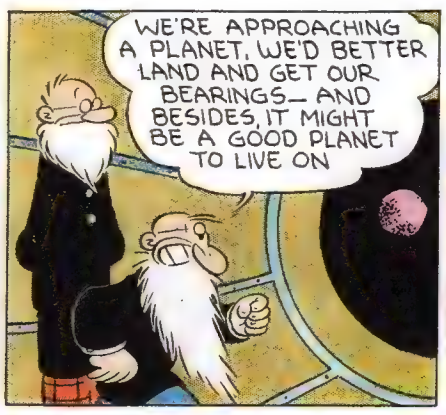



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10·24

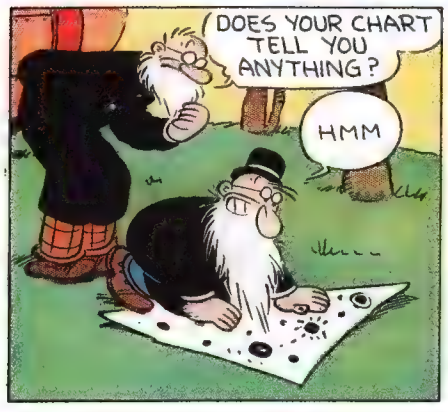

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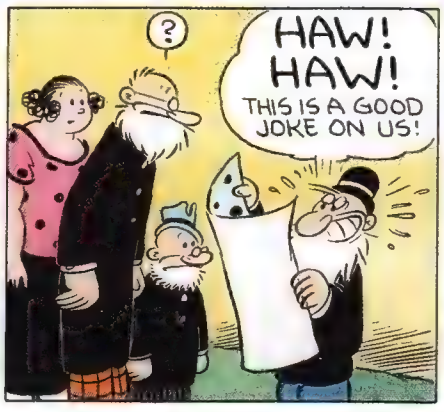

SAPPO
Registered U. S. Patent Office
I'M AWFULLY TIRED OF TRAVELING THROUGH SPACE
BY


OUR INSTRUMENTS AREN'T WORKING- I HAVEN'T ANY IDEA WHERE WE ARE

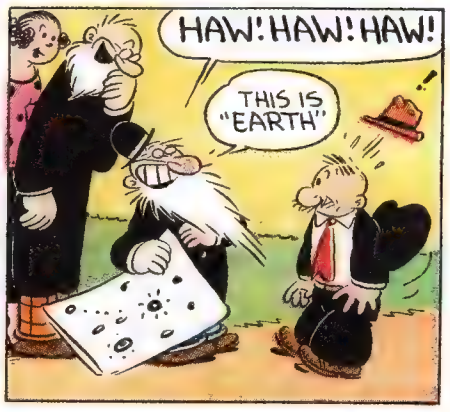

WE'RE APPROACHING A PLANET, WE'D BETTER LAND AND GET OUR BEARINGS— AND BESIDES, IT MIGHT BE A GOOD PLANET TO LIVE ON

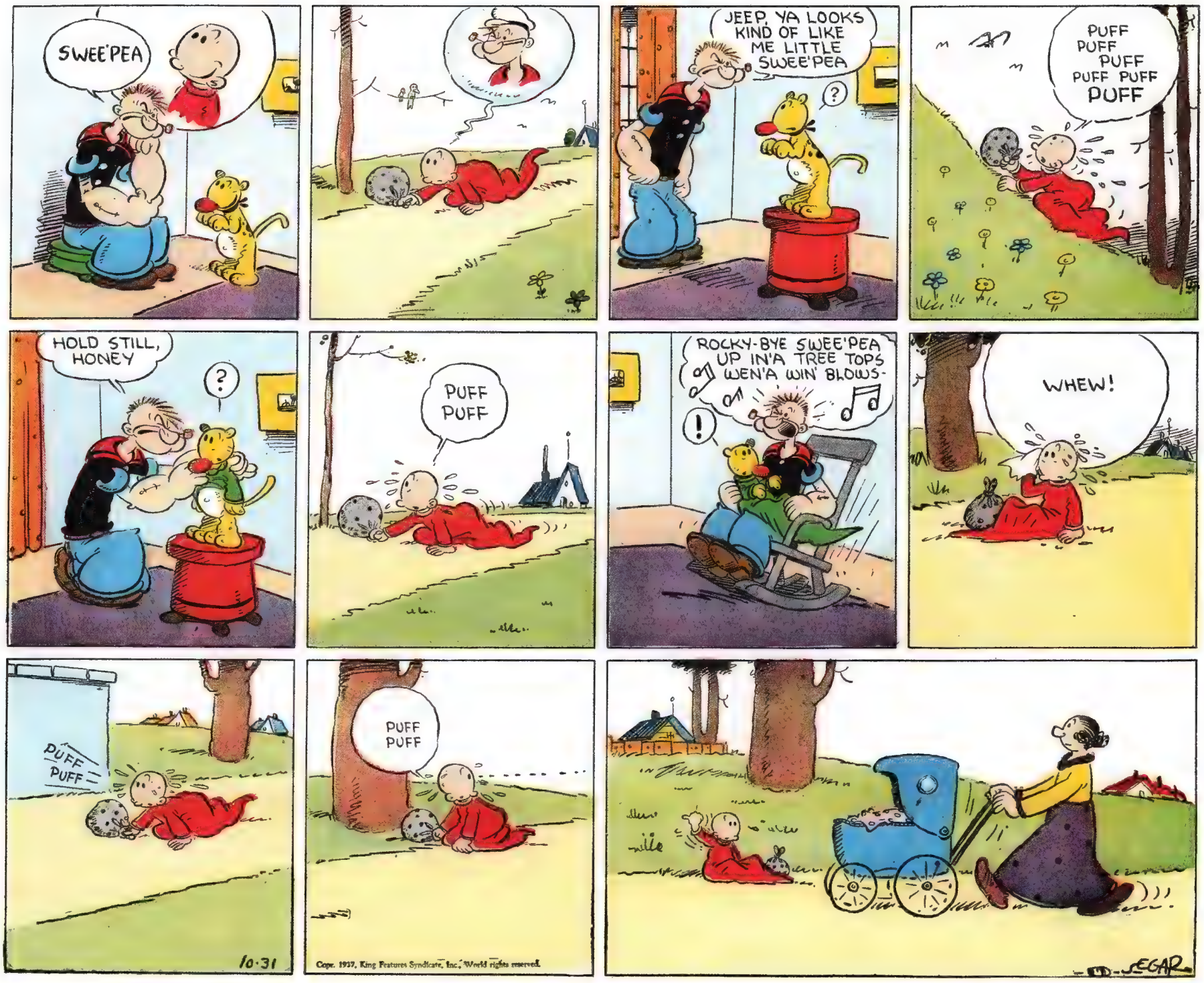

SAPPO, GO SCOUT AROUND AND FIND OUT SOMETHING ABOUT THIS PLANET
THERE'S A CITY OVER THERE

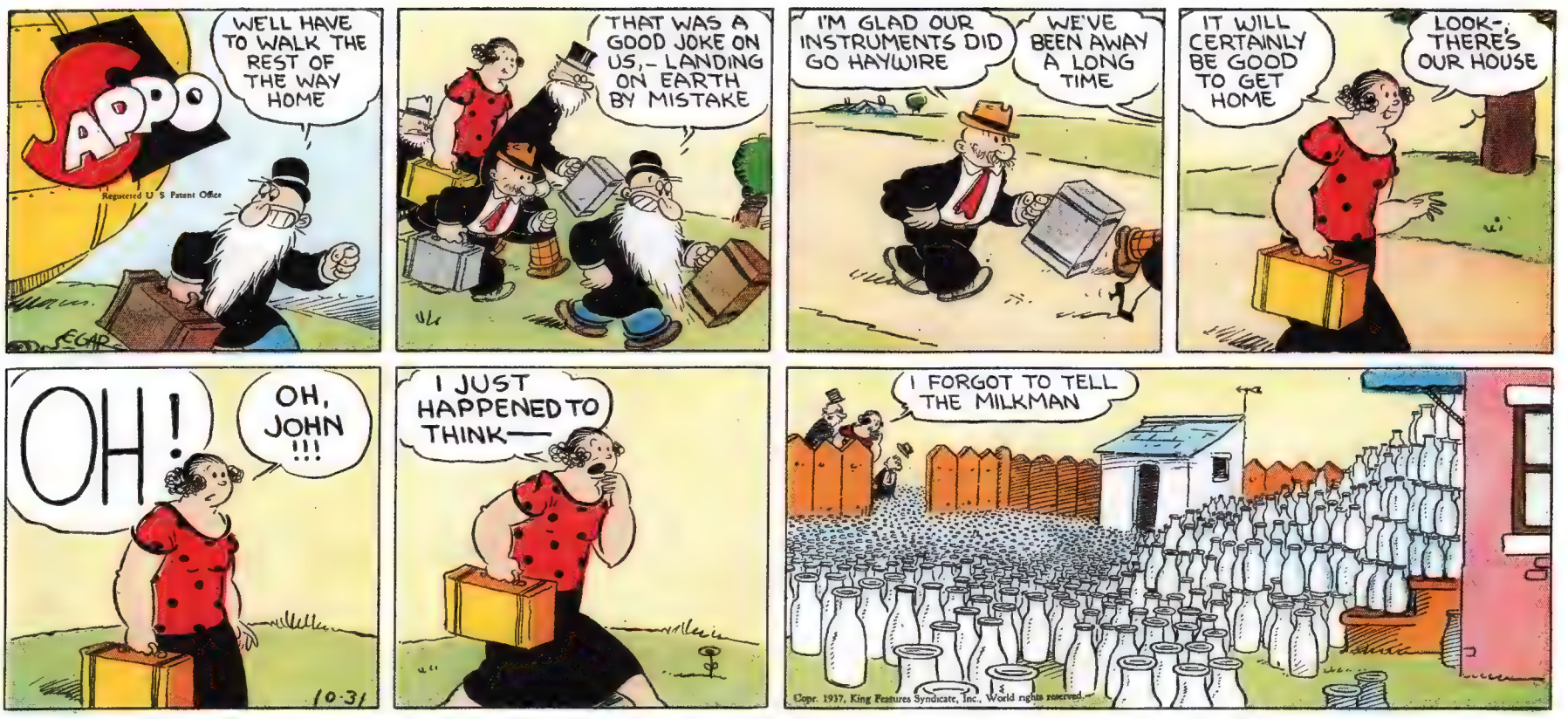

DOES YOUR CHART TELL YOU ANYTHING?
HMM


?
HAW! HAW!
THIS IS A GOOD JOKE ON US!

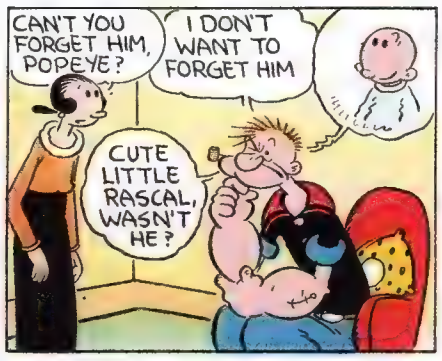

HEY, PROFESSOR- MAYBE WE'D BETTER NOT STAY ON THIS PLANET
I DON'T THINK IT'S CIVILIZED
10·24
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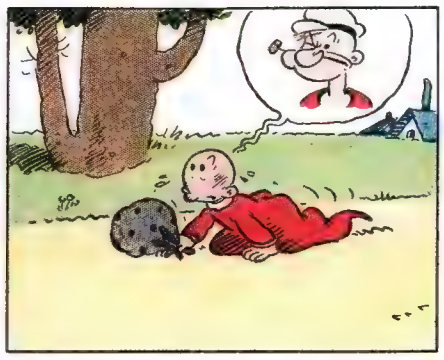

HAW! HAW! HAW!
THIS IS "EARTH"

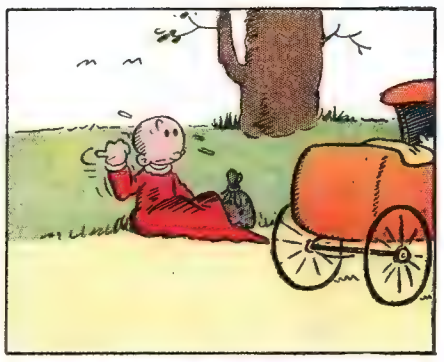

SWEE'PEA
JEEP, YA LOOKS KIND OF LIKE ME LITTLE SWEE'PEA
?
PUFF PUFF PUFF PUFF PUFF PUFF
HOLD STILL, HONEY
?
PUFF PUFF
ROCKY-BYE SWEE'PEA UP IN'A TREE TOPS WEN'A WIN' BLOWS-
!
WHEW!
PUFF PUFF
PUFF PUFF
10·31
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SEGAR

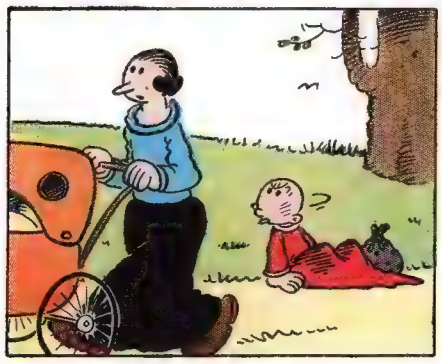

APPO
Registered U S Patent Office
WE'LL HAVE TO WALK THE REST OF THE WAY HOME
THAT WAS A GOOD JOKE ON US,- LANDING ON EARTH BY MISTAKE
I'M GLAD OUR INSTRUMENTS DID GO HAYWIRE
WE'VE BEEN AWAY A LONG TIME
IT WILL CERTAINLY BE GOOD TO GET HOME
LOOK-, THERE'S OUR HOUSE
OH!
OH, JOHN !!!
10-31
I JUST HAPPENED TO THINK—
I FORGOT TO TELL THE MILKMAN
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SEGAR


I'M AFRAID POPEYE WILL NEVER FORGET SWEE'PEA
YEAH, I'M AFRAID HE WON'T

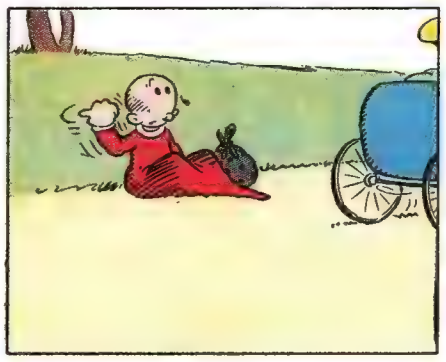

CAN'T YOU FORGET HIM, POPEYE?
I DON'T WANT TO FORGET HIM
CUTE LITTLE RASCAL, WASN'T HE?

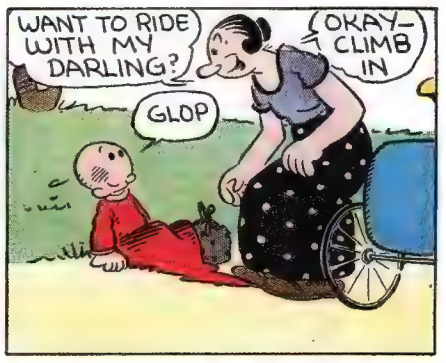


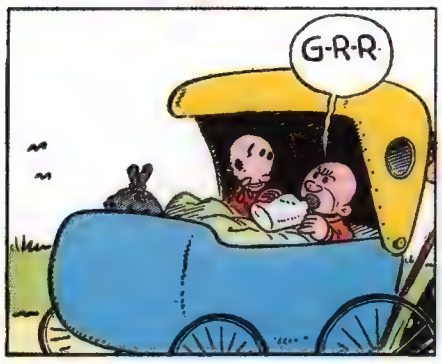


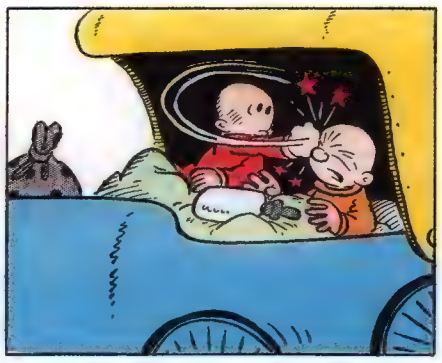




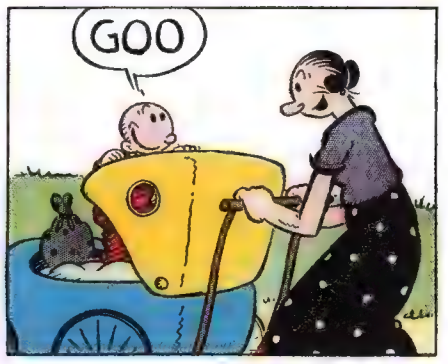


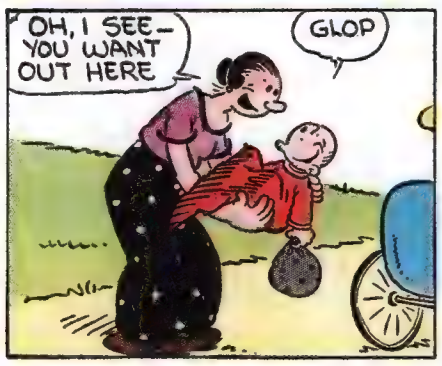

WANT TO RIDE WITH MY DARLING?
OKAY— CLIMB IN
GLOP

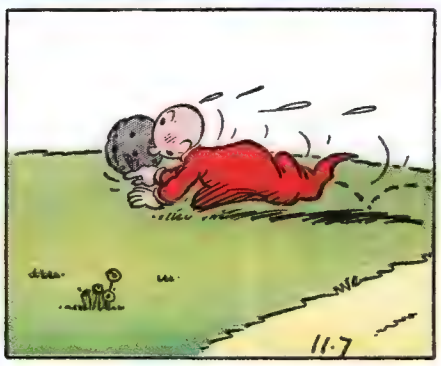

G-R-R



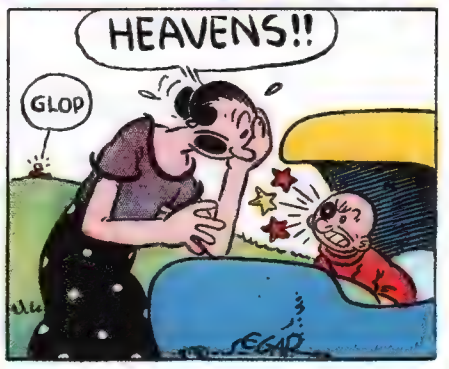

GLUG GLUG GLUG


GOO

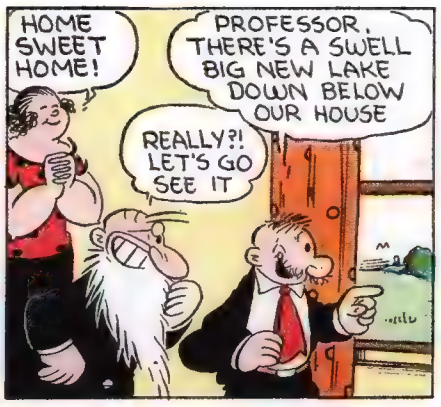

OH, I SEE— YOU WANT OUT HERE
GLOP


11-7


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HEAVENS!!
GLOP
SEGAR


SAPPO
GEE !!!! IT'S GREAT TO BE HOME AGAIN!
Registered U. S. Patent Office
BY
SEGAR

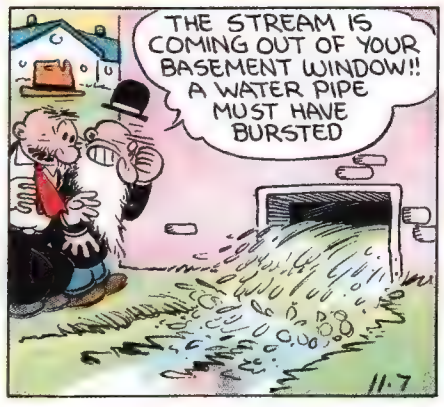

HOME SWEET HOME!
PROFESSOR, THERE'S A SWELL BIG NEW LAKE DOWN BELOW OUR HOUSE
REALLY?! LET'S GO SEE IT

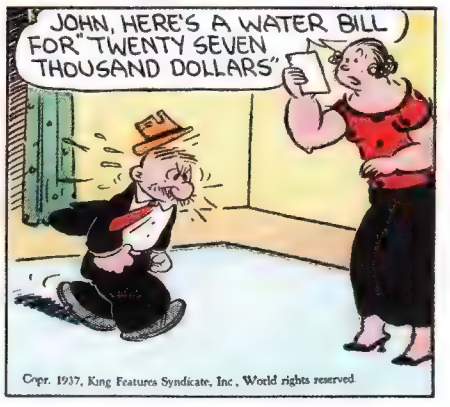

THE COMMUNITY DID SOMETHING BIG WHEN THEY PUT IN THIS FINE PLEASURE LAKE— LOOK AT THE HOUSES GOING UP ALONG THE SHORE

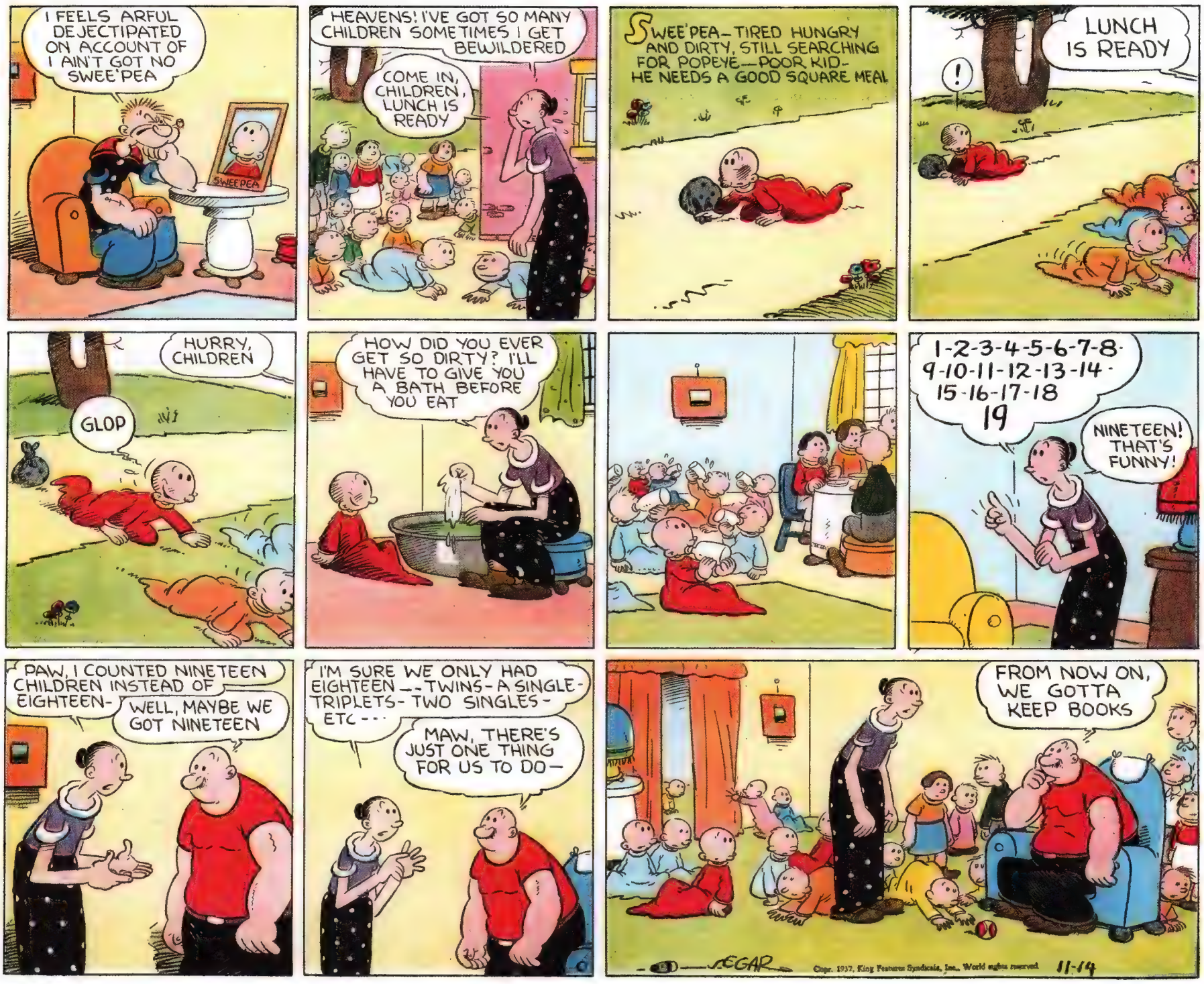

THEY'VE DONE GREAT THINGS DURING OUR ABSENCE— THERE'S A BIG RESORT GOING UP ON THE SOUTH SHORE

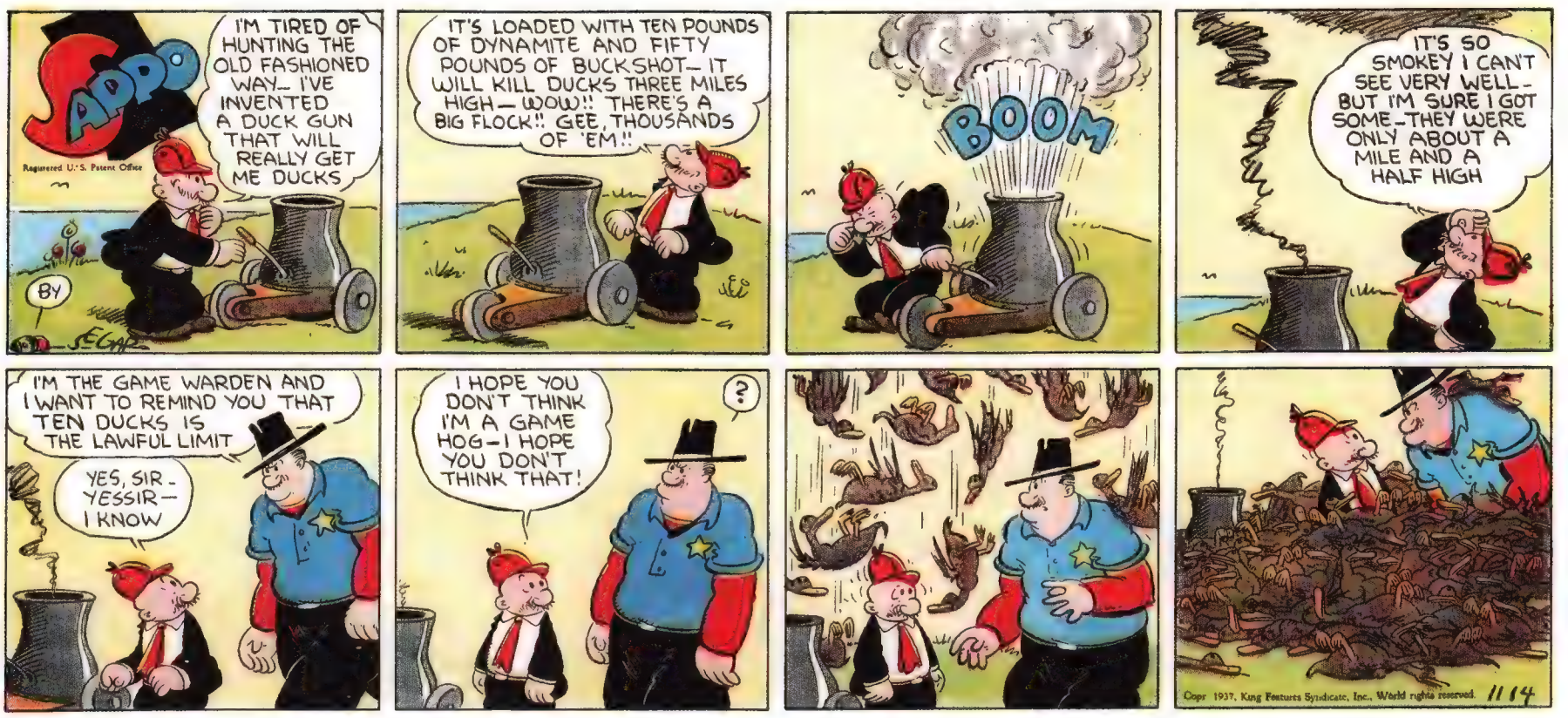

HERE'S THE STREAM THAT FEEDS THE LAKE— LET'S FOLLOW IT UP

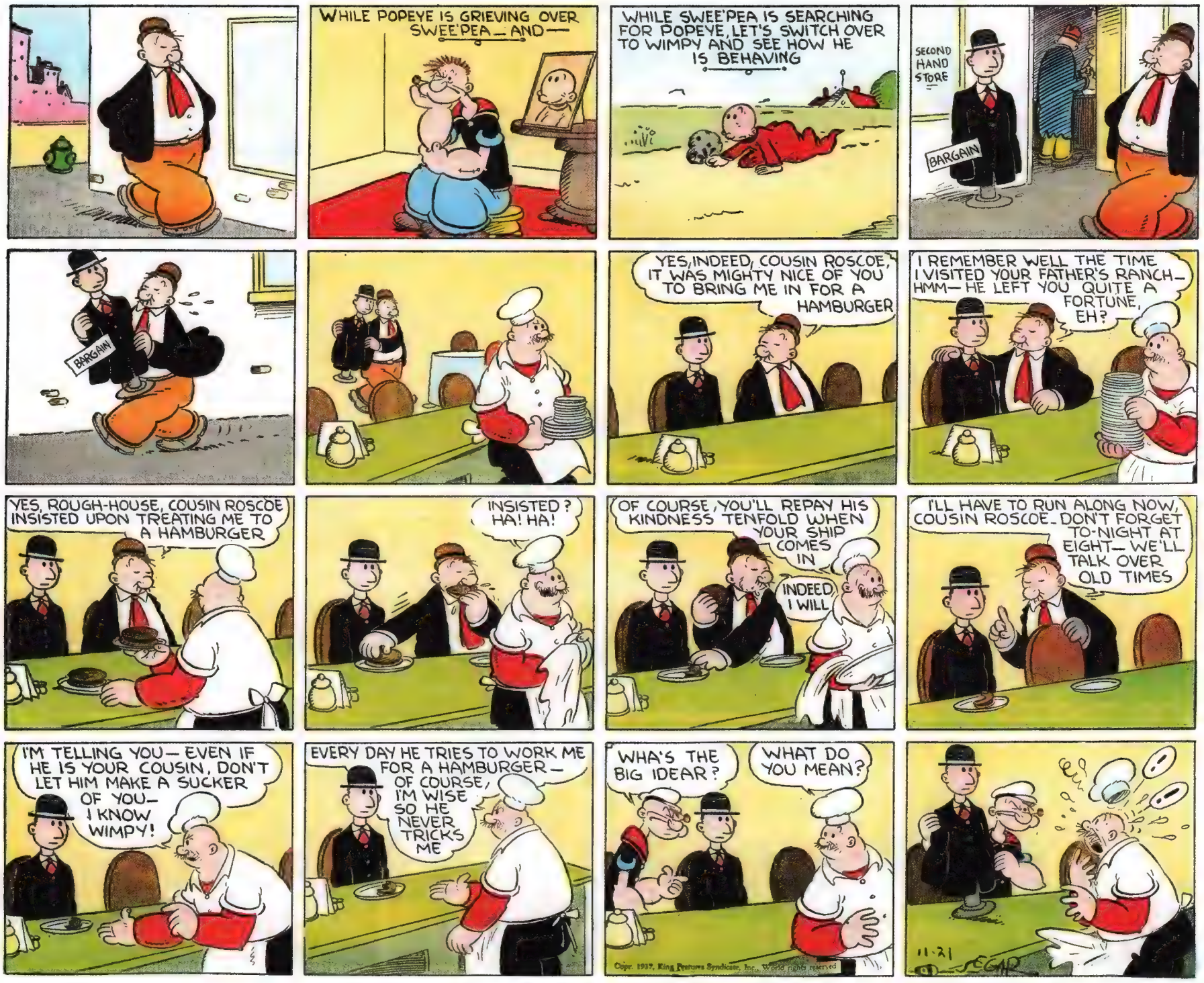

OH, MY GOSH!
SAPPO, LOOK THERE!!

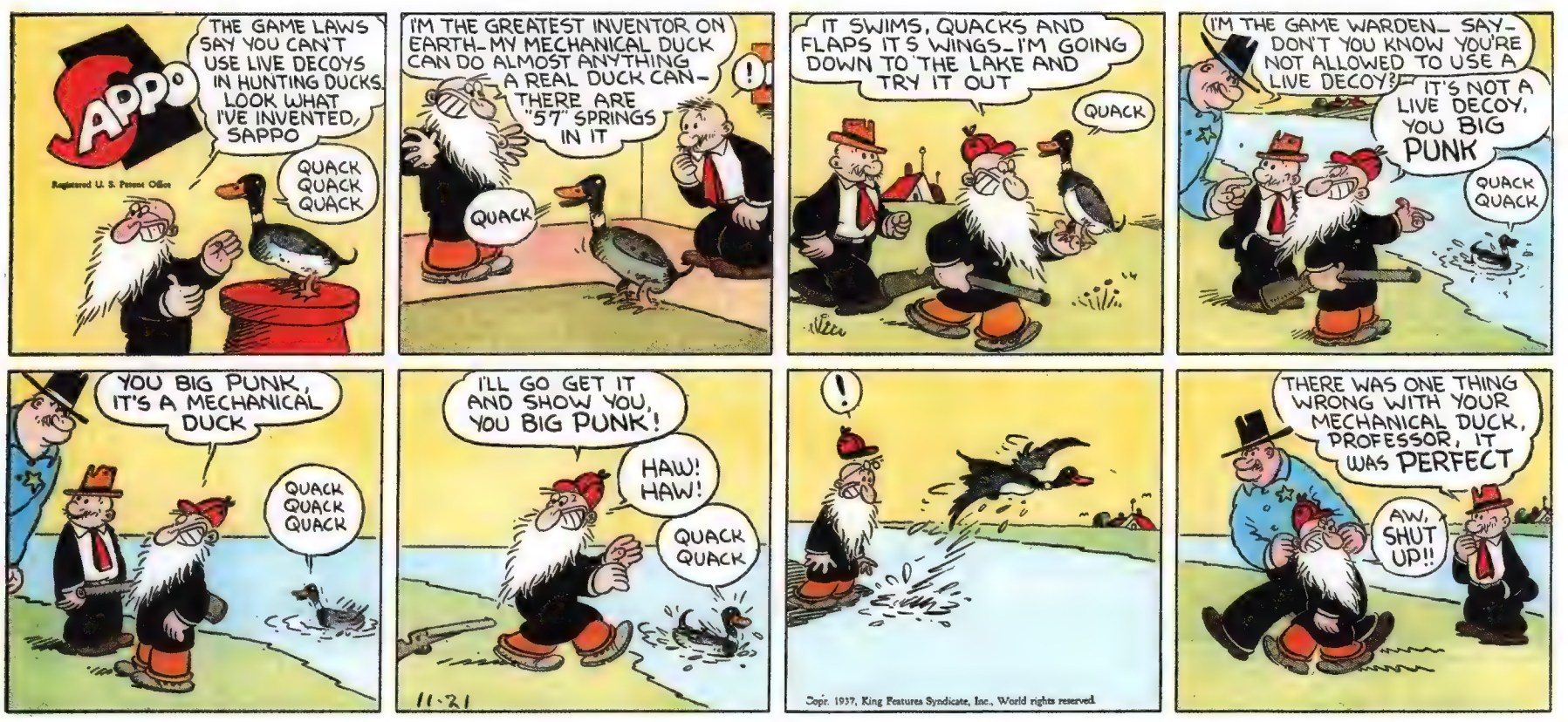

THE STREAM IS COMING OUT OF YOUR BASEMENT WINDOW!! A WATER PIPE MUST HAVE BURSTED
11-7

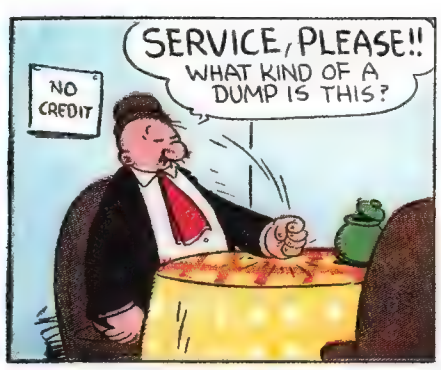

JOHN, HERE'S A WATER BILL FOR "TWENTY SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS"
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I FEELS ARFUL DEJECTIPATED ON ACCOUNT OF I AIN'T GOT NO SWEE'PEA
SWEEPEA
HEAVENS! I'VE GOT SO MANY CHILDREN SOMETIMES I GET BEWILDERED
COME IN, CHILDREN, LUNCH IS READY
SWEE'PEA—TIRED HUNGRY AND DIRTY, STILL SEARCHING FOR POPEYE—POOR KID—HE NEEDS A GOOD SQUARE MEAL
!
LUNCH IS READY
HURRY, CHILDREN
GLOP
HOW DID YOU EVER GET SO DIRTY? I'LL HAVE TO GIVE YOU A BATH BEFORE YOU EAT
1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18 19
NINETEEN! THAT'S FUNNY!
PAW, I COUNTED NINETEEN CHILDREN INSTEAD OF EIGHTEEN-
WELL, MAYBE WE GOT NINETEEN
I'M SURE WE ONLY HAD EIGHTEEN—TWINS-A SINGLE-TRIPLETS-TWO SINGLES-ETC---
MAW, THERE'S JUST ONE THING FOR US TO DO—
FROM NOW ON, WE GOTTA KEEP BOOKS
—SEGAR
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11-14


SAPPO
Registered U.S. Patent Office
I'M TIRED OF HUNTING THE OLD FASHIONED WAY— I'VE INVENTED A DUCK GUN THAT WILL REALLY GET ME DUCKS
BY
—SEGAR
IT'S LOADED WITH TEN POUNDS OF DYNAMITE AND FIFTY POUNDS OF BUCKSHOT— IT WILL KILL DUCKS THREE MILES HIGH—WOW!! THERE'S A BIG FLOCK!! GEE, THOUSANDS OF 'EM!!
BOOM
IT'S SO SMOKEY I CAN'T SEE VERY WELL— BUT I'M SURE I GOT SOME—THEY WERE ONLY ABOUT A MILE AND A HALF HIGH
I'M THE GAME WARDEN AND I WANT TO REMIND YOU THAT TEN DUCKS IS THE LAWFUL LIMIT
YES, SIR— YESSIR— I KNOW
I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK I'M A GAME HOG—I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK THAT!
?
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11-14

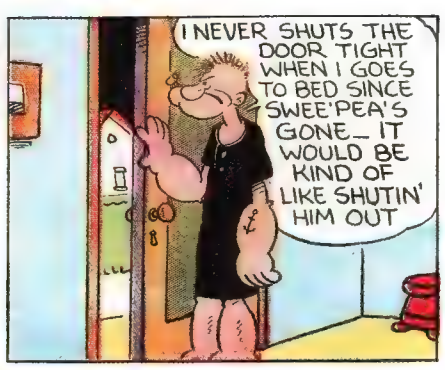

WHILE POPEYE IS GRIEVING OVER SWEE'PEA — AND —
WHILE SWEE'PEA IS SEARCHING FOR POPEYE, LET'S SWITCH OVER TO WIMPY AND SEE HOW HE IS BEHAVING
SECOND HAND STORE
BARGAIN
BARGAIN
YES, INDEED, COUSIN ROSCOE, IT WAS MIGHTY NICE OF YOU TO BRING ME IN FOR A HAMBURGER
I REMEMBER WELL THE TIME I VISITED YOUR FATHER'S RANCH— HMM— HE LEFT YOU QUITE A FORTUNE, EH?
YES, ROUGH-HOUSE, COUSIN ROSCOE INSISTED UPON TREATING ME TO A HAMBURGER
INSISTED? HA! HA!
OF COURSE, YOU'LL REPAY HIS KINDNESS TENFOLD WHEN YOUR SHIP COMES IN
INDEED, I WILL
I'LL HAVE TO RUN ALONG NOW, COUSIN ROSCOE— DON'T FORGET TO-NIGHT AT EIGHT— WE'LL TALK OVER OLD TIMES
I'M TELLING YOU— EVEN IF HE IS YOUR COUSIN, DON'T LET HIM MAKE A SUCKER OF YOU— I KNOW WIMPY!
EVERY DAY HE TRIES TO WORK ME FOR A HAMBURGER— OF COURSE, I'M WISE SO HE NEVER TRICKS ME
WHA'S THE BIG IDEAR?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
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11-21
SEGAR

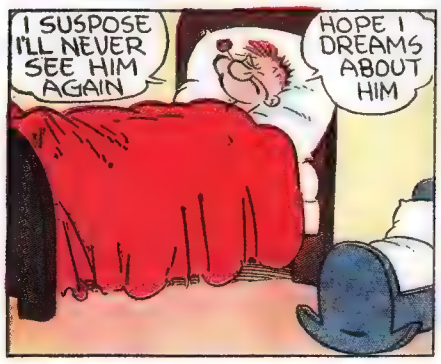

SAPPO
Registered U. S. Patent Office
THE GAME LAWS SAY YOU CAN'T USE LIVE DECOYS IN HUNTING DUCKS. LOOK WHAT I'VE INVENTED, SAPPO
QUACK QUACK QUACK
I'M THE GREATEST INVENTOR ON EARTH— MY MECHANICAL DUCK CAN DO ALMOST ANYTHING A REAL DUCK CAN— THERE ARE "57" SPRINGS IN IT
!
QUACK
IT SWIMS, QUACKS AND FLAPS IT'S WINGS— I'M GOING DOWN TO THE LAKE AND TRY IT OUT
QUACK
I'M THE GAME WARDEN— SAY— DON'T YOU KNOW YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO USE A LIVE DECOY?
IT'S NOT A LIVE DECOY, YOU BIG PUNK
QUACK QUACK
YOU BIG PUNK, IT'S A MECHANICAL DUCK
QUACK QUACK QUACK
I'LL GO GET IT AND SHOW YOU, YOU BIG PUNK!
HAW! HAW!
QUACK QUACK
11-21
!
Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved
THERE WAS ONE THING WRONG WITH YOUR MECHANICAL DUCK, PROFESSOR, IT WAS PERFECT
AW, SHUT UP!!


SERVICE, PLEASE!!
WHAT KIND OF A DUMP IS THIS?
NO CREDIT

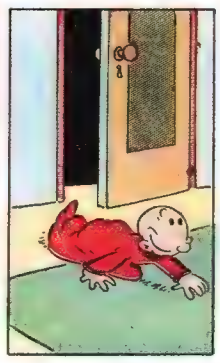

SIR,
DO YOU MEAN TO SAY MY CREDIT IS NOT GOOD HERE ?!!
IT AIN'T WORTH A @@×x!! AND YOU KNOW IT!!



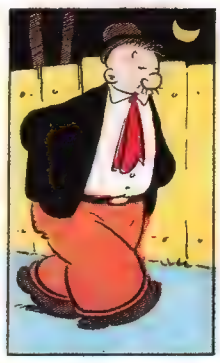

I NEVER SHUTS THE DOOR TIGHT WHEN I GOES TO BED SINCE SWEE'PEA'S GONE— IT WOULD BE KIND OF LIKE SHUTIN' HIM OUT

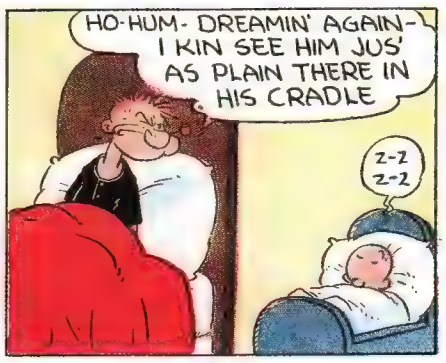

I SUSPOSE I'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN
HOPE I DREAMS ABOUT HIM

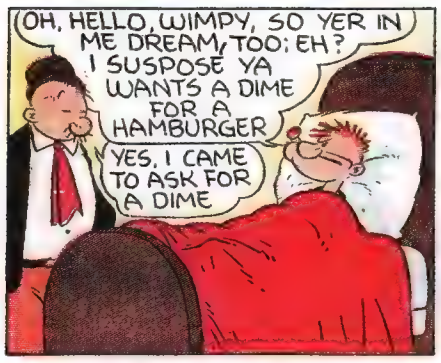




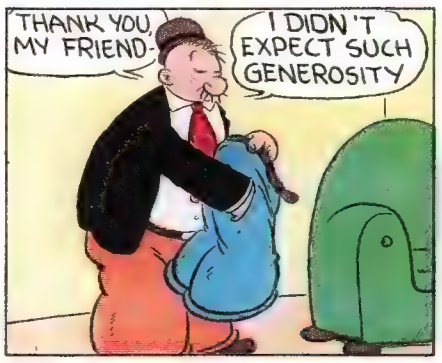

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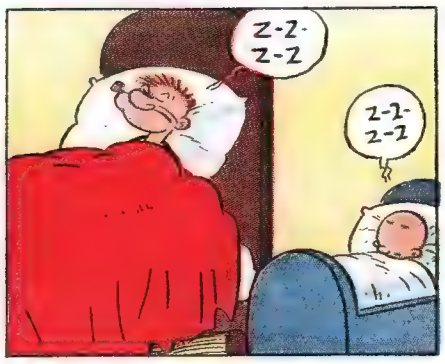


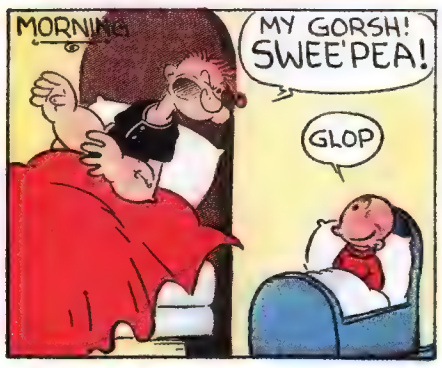

HO-HUM- DREAMIN' AGAIN- I KIN SEE HIM JUS' AS PLAIN THERE IN HIS CRADLE
Z-Z
Z-Z

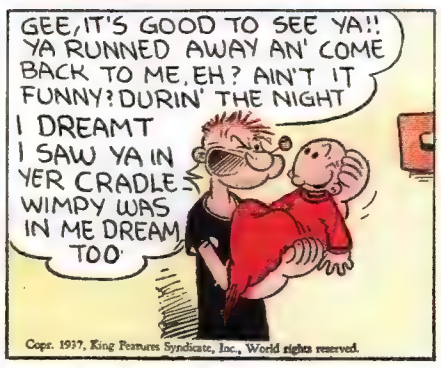

OH, HELLO, WIMPY, SO YER IN ME DREAM, TOO; EH? I SUSPOSE YA WANTS A DIME FOR A HAMBURGER
YES, I CAME TO ASK FOR A DIME

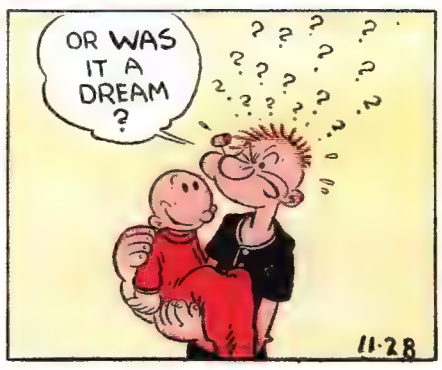

THERE'S A HUNERD-DOLLAR BILL IN ME PANTS POCKET- TAKE IT AN' BUY YERSELF A WHOLE COW- I MAY AS WELL BE LIBEROUS- THIS IS JUS'A DREAM, ANYHOW

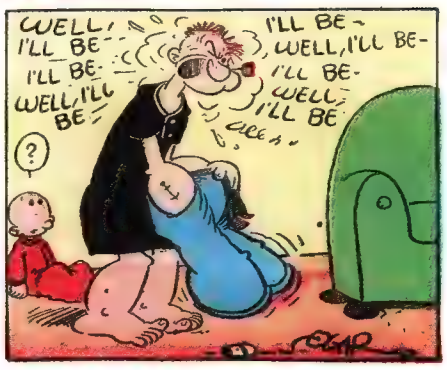

THANK YOU, MY FRIEND-
I DIDN'T EXPECT SUCH GENEROSITY

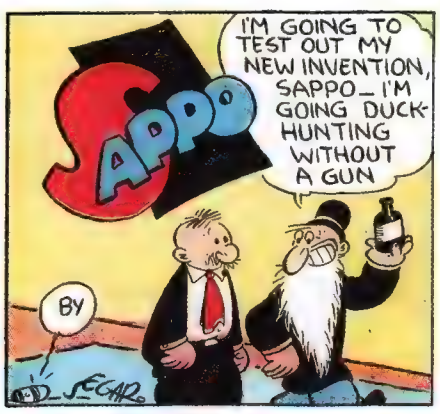

Z-Z-
Z-Z
Z-Z-
Z-Z

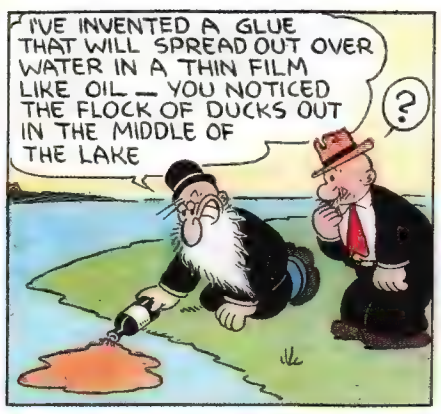

MORNING
MY GORSH! SWEE'PEA!
GLOP

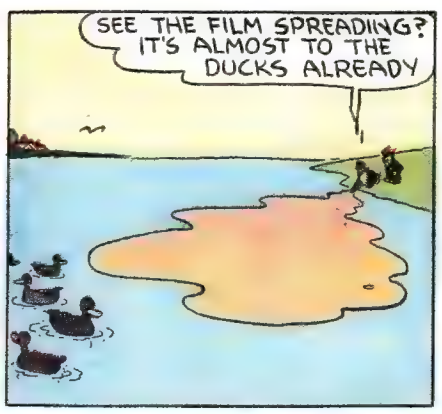

GEE, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YA!! YA RUNNED AWAY AN' COME BACK TO ME, EH? AIN'T IT FUNNY? DURIN' THE NIGHT I DREAMT I SAW YA IN YER CRADLE- WIMPY WAS IN ME DREAM TOO
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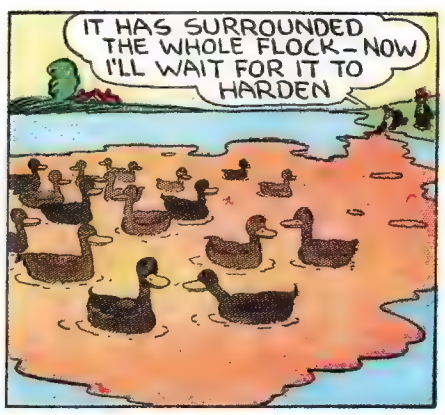

OR WAS IT A DREAM ?
11·28

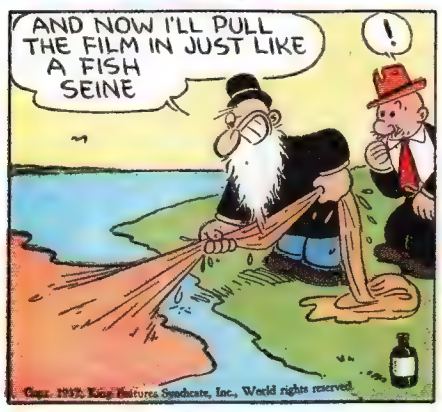

WELL, I'LL BE-
I'LL BE-
I'LL BE-
WELL, I'LL BE-
WELL, I'LL BE-
I'LL BE-
WELL, I'LL BE
?

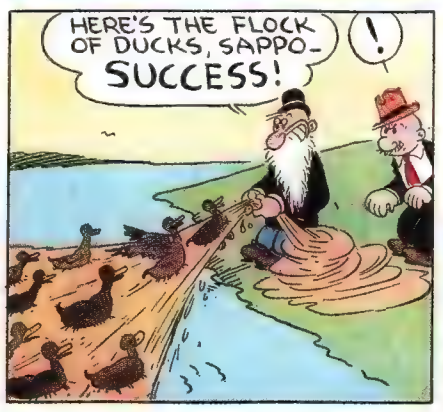

I'M GOING TO TEST OUT MY NEW INVENTION, SAPPO— I'M GOING DUCK HUNTING WITHOUT A GUN
SAPPO
BY

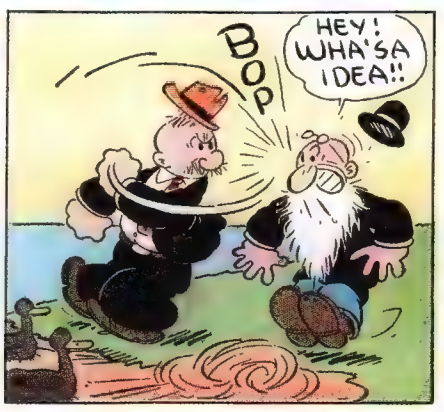

I'VE INVENTED A GLUE THAT WILL SPREAD OUT OVER WATER IN A THIN FILM LIKE OIL — YOU NOTICED THE FLOCK OF DUCKS OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LAKE
?


SEE THE FILM SPREADING? IT'S ALMOST TO THE DUCKS ALREADY

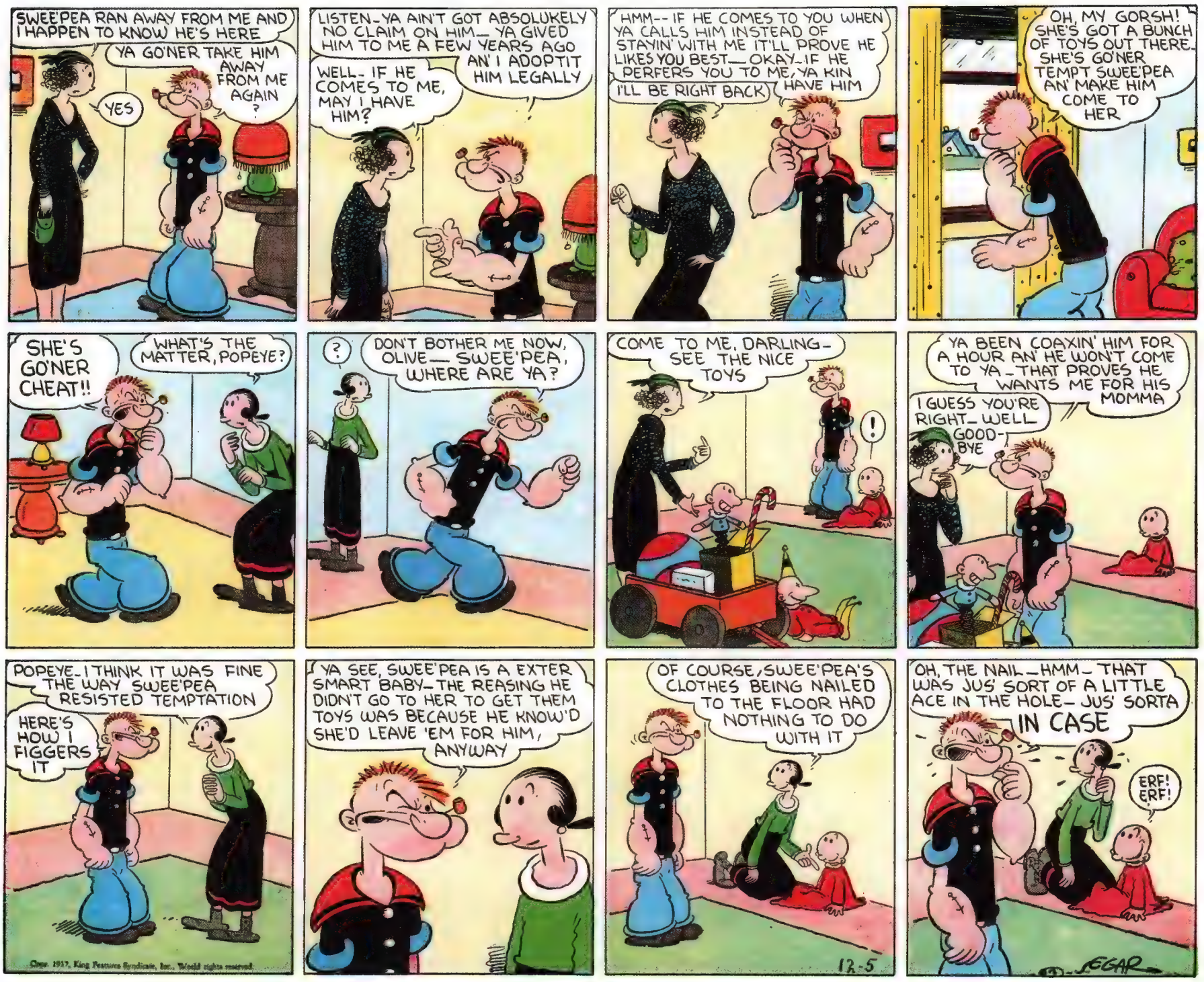

IT HAS SURROUNDED THE WHOLE FLOCK— NOW I'LL WAIT FOR IT TO HARDEN

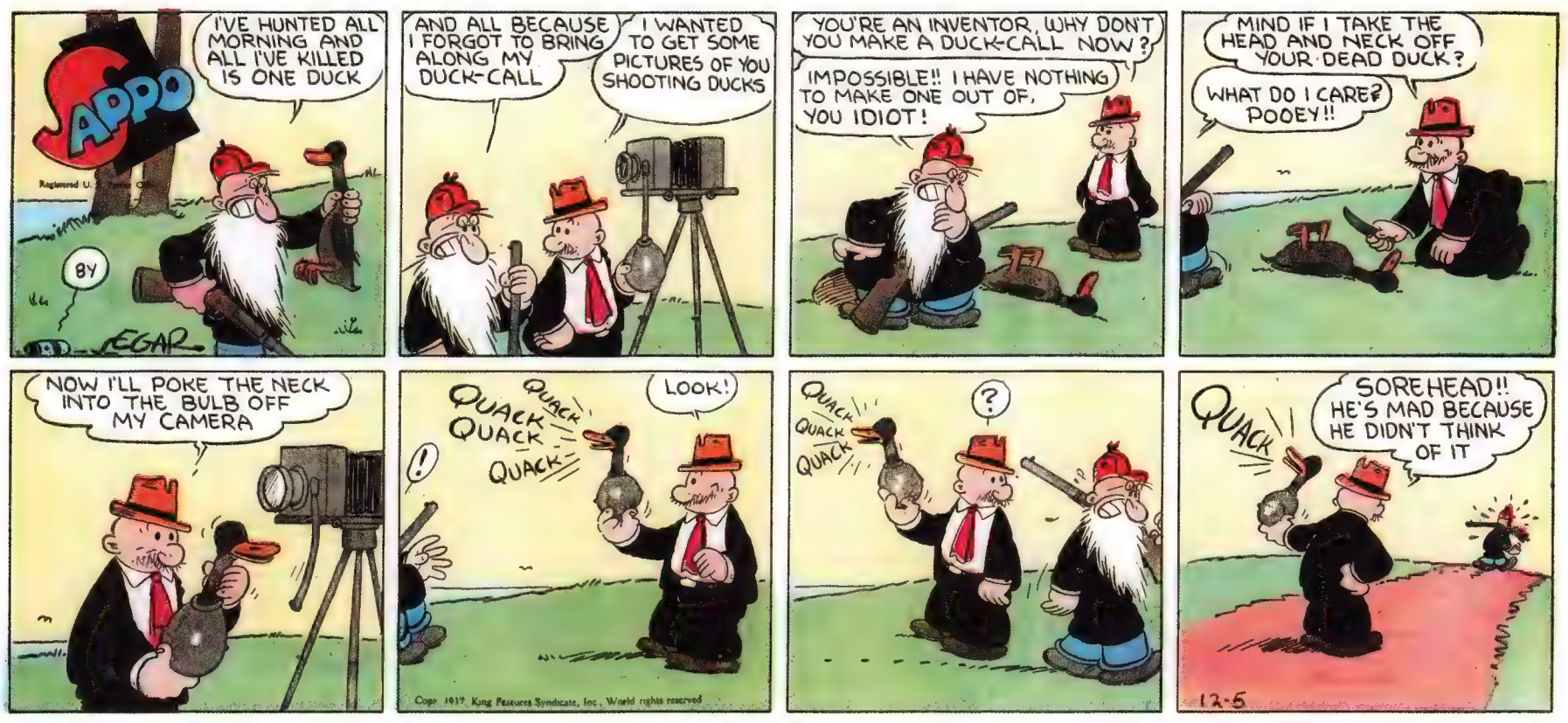

AND NOW I'LL PULL THE FILM IN JUST LIKE A FISH SEINE
!


HERE'S THE FLOCK OF DUCKS, SAPPO- SUCCESS!
!

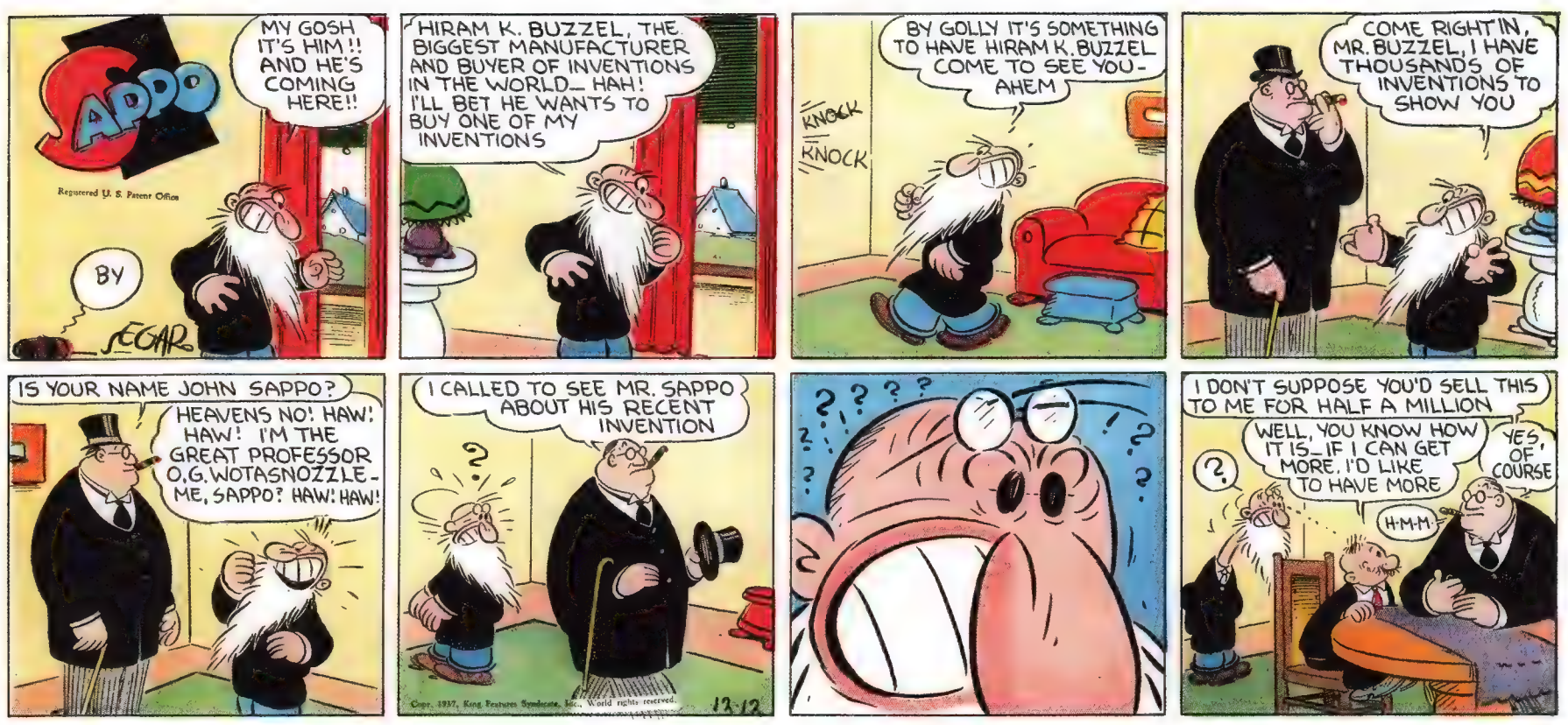

BOP
HEY! WHA'SA IDEA!!


EVER HEAR OF THE WORD "SPORTSMANSHIP"
I'M A GOOD INVENTOR
11·28

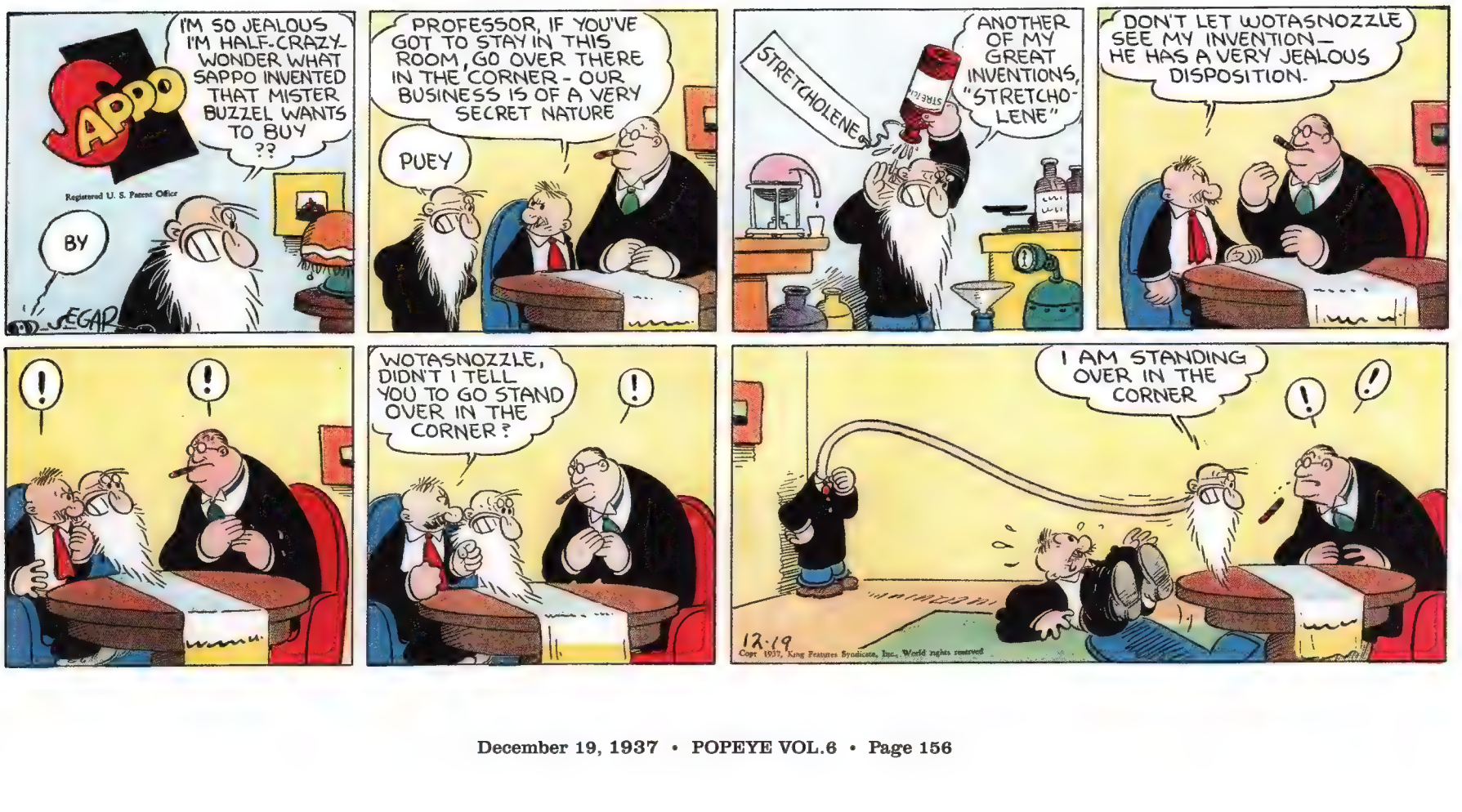

SWEE'PEA RAN AWAY FROM ME AND I HAPPEN TO KNOW HE'S HERE
YA GO'NER TAKE HIM AWAY FROM ME AGAIN?
YES
LISTEN-YA AIN'T GOT ABSOLUKELY NO CLAIM ON HIM— YA GIVED HIM TO ME A FEW YEARS AGO AN' I ADOPTIT HIM LEGALLY
WELL- IF HE COMES TO ME, MAY I HAVE HIM?
HMM-- IF HE COMES TO YOU WHEN YA CALLS HIM INSTEAD OF STAYIN' WITH ME IT'LL PROVE HE LIKES YOU BEST— OKAY-IF HE PERFERS YOU TO ME, YA KIN HAVE HIM
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK)
OH, MY GORSH! SHE'S GOT A BUNCH OF TOYS OUT THERE. SHE'S GO'NER TEMPT SWEE'PEA AN' MAKE HIM COME TO HER
SHE'S GO'NER CHEAT!!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, POPEYE?
?
DON'T BOTHER ME NOW, OLIVE— SWEE'PEA, WHERE ARE YA?
COME TO ME, DARLING- SEE THE NICE TOYS
!
YA BEEN COAXIN' HIM FOR A HOUR AN' HE WON'T COME TO YA - THAT PROVES HE WANTS ME FOR HIS MOMMA
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT- WELL GOOD-BYE
POPEYE- I THINK IT WAS FINE THE WAY SWEE'PEA RESISTED TEMPTATION
HERE'S HOW I FIGGERS IT
YA SEE, SWEE'PEA IS A EXTER SMART BABY- THE REASING HE DIDN'T GO TO HER TO GET THEM TOYS WAS BECAUSE HE KNOW'D SHE'D LEAVE 'EM FOR HIM, ANYWAY
OF COURSE, SWEE'PEA'S CLOTHES BEING NAILED TO THE FLOOR HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT
OH, THE NAIL- HMM- THAT WAS JUS' SORT OF A LITTLE ACE IN THE HOLE- JUS' SORTA IN CASE
ERF! ERF!
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12-5
EGAR


APPO
I'VE HUNTED ALL MORNING AND ALL I'VE KILLED IS ONE DUCK
BY
AND ALL BECAUSE I FORGOT TO BRING ALONG MY DUCK-CALL
I WANTED TO GET SOME PICTURES OF YOU SHOOTING DUCKS
YOU'RE AN INVENTOR, WHY DON'T YOU MAKE A DUCK-CALL NOW?
IMPOSSIBLE!! I HAVE NOTHING TO MAKE ONE OUT OF, YOU IDIOT!
MIND IF I TAKE THE HEAD AND NECK OFF YOUR DEAD DUCK?
WHAT DO I CARE? POOEY!!
NOW I'LL POKE THE NECK INTO THE BULB OFF MY CAMERA
QUACK QUACK QUACK
LOOK!
!
QUACK QUACK QUACK
?
QUACK
SOREHEAD!! HE'S MAD BECAUSE HE DIDN'T THINK OF IT
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12-5
EGAR


H-M-M
WHY ARE YA STANDIN' AROUND LOOKIN' LIKE A SICK COW, WIMPY?
GOOD-BYE, DEAR FRIEND- GOOD-BYE, OLD PAL OF MINE
?
G'BYE
? ? ?
MR. POPEYE- A MAN BY THE NAME OF WIMPY SAID TO GIVE YOU THIS NOTE
DEAR POPEYE- I HAVE DUG MY OWN GRAVE AND AS SOON AS I FINISH THIS NOTE TO YOU I SHALL JUMP DOWN INTO IT AND DO THE DEED THAT WILL REMOVE ME FROM THIS WORLD
A KINDLY TRAMP HAS PROMISED TO SHOVEL THE EARTH O'ER ME- DO NOT BRING FLOWERS TO THE MOUND OF EARTH BY THE OLD OAK TREE NEAR THE EDGE OF TOWN- BUT-
BUT IF YOU WANT TO, YOU MAY PLACE A HAMBURGER UPON MY GRAVE TO-NIGHT- JUST IN CASE MY SPIRIT MIGHT LIKE A BIT OF FOOD BEFORE BEGINNING THE LONG-LONG JOURNEY- GOOD-BYE, PAL- AS EVER, J. WELLINGTON WIMPY
AH, MY GOOD PAL, POPEYE!
IT WAS NICE OF HIM TO BUY A HAMBURGER FOR MY SPIRIT
GOOD HEAVENS!!!
THE SOLE OF AN OLD SHOE BETWIXT THE HALVES OF A BUN- YOU ARE A MEAN SKUNK, SIR!! A LOW MEASLY TRICKSTER !!
YA WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TRYIN' TO WORK ME, DIDN'T YA? OKAY, HERE'S A DIME
MY FRIEND- YOU MUST BE SOMETHING FROM HEAVEN!! YOU ARE THE GEM OF THE OCEAN!! YOU ARE-- ETC-ETC--
AW RIGHT- RUN ALONG


SAPPO
Registered U. S. Patent Office
MY GOSH IT'S HIM!! AND HE'S COMING HERE!!
BY
SEGAR
HIRAM K. BUZZEL, THE BIGGEST MANUFACTURER AND BUYER OF INVENTIONS IN THE WORLD-- HAH! I'LL BET HE WANTS TO BUY ONE OF MY INVENTIONS
BY GOLLY IT'S SOMETHING TO HAVE HIRAM K. BUZZEL COME TO SEE YOU- AHEM
KNOCK
KNOCK
COME RIGHT IN, MR. BUZZEL, I HAVE THOUSANDS OF INVENTIONS TO SHOW YOU
IS YOUR NAME JOHN SAPPO?
HEAVENS NO! HAW! HAW! I'M THE GREAT PROFESSOR O.G. WOTASNOZZLE- ME, SAPPO? HAW! HAW!
I CALLED TO SEE MR. SAPPO ABOUT HIS RECENT INVENTION
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12-12
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D SELL THIS TO ME FOR HALF A MILLION
WELL, YOU KNOW HOW IT IS- IF I CAN GET MORE, I'D LIKE TO HAVE MORE
YES, OF COURSE
H-M-M
?


"THE BIG LUMBERJACK CRUSHED THE FAIR MAIDEN TO HIS MANLY CHEST AND BROKE THREE OF HER RIBS"
LUMBER JACK LOVE
YOU SISSY!!
SISSY?!!
YEAH, I WANNA BE LOVED LIKE THE LUMBERJACKS LOVE
BUT, MY GORSH, OLIVE, I DON'T WANT TO BUST YER RIBS— I YAMA GEN'LEMAN-
AW, POOEY! I WANT A MAN THAT WILL LOVE ME LIKE HE REALLY MEANS IT!
WHAT DO I CARE ABOUT A FEW RIBS?!
I WANNA BE WRECKED!
OH, GOODY! GOODY! HE'S GOING TO HUG HER AGAIN! "CRACK"- ANOTHER RIB— JUST A FRACTURE THIS TIME— THE MAIDEN FAINTED-
AH!
YA BETTER QUIT READIN' SUCH BOOKS
YOU SHUT UP! SISSY!!
I GOT TO TEACH HER A LESSON!
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, OLIVE
YA SURE YA DON'T WANT NOTHIN' FOR HIM, JIM?
NOT A CENT, POPEYE - I CATCH ONE IN MY NET ALMOST EVERY DAY
I YAM GO'NER SHOW YA THAT A SAILOR KIN HUG BETTER'N A LUMBERJACK- BUT FIRST I GOT TO BLINDFOLD YA
ARF! ARF!
TEE-HEE!
WHAT A MAN!!
POPEYE, YOU DARLING BRUTE!
POOEY!— I YAM DISGUSTIPATED!!
12-19
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-SEGAR


I'M SO JEALOUS I'M HALF-CRAZY- WONDER WHAT SAPPO INVENTED THAT MISTER BUZZEL WANTS TO BUY ??
SAPPO
Registered U. S. Patent Office
BY
-SEGAR
PROFESSOR, IF YOU'VE GOT TO STAY IN THIS ROOM, GO OVER THERE IN THE CORNER - OUR BUSINESS IS OF A VERY SECRET NATURE
PUEY
STRETCHOLENE
ANOTHER OF MY GREAT INVENTIONS, "STRETCHO-LENE"
DON'T LET WOTASNOZZLE SEE MY INVENTION— HE HAS A VERY JEALOUS DISPOSITION.
WOTASNOZZLE, DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO GO STAND OVER IN THE CORNER?
I AM STANDING OVER IN THE CORNER
12-19
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BLASTED GOOFY DAME!

YER THE LIMIK, OLIVE! ARE YA STILL READIN' THAT "LUMBERJACK LOVE" BOOK?

YES, I AM! IT'S JUST WONDERFUL!!

LUMBER JACK LOVE

"AND THEN BIG STEVE, THE TERRIFIC LOVER, CRUSHED MYRTLE TO HIS MANLY CHEST, CRACKING FIVE OF HER RIBS— MYRTLE SIGHED AND SAID— "WHAT A MAN!"

LUMBER JACK LOVE

I WANT TO BE LOVED LIKE THE LUMBERJACKS LOVE

AW, GNATS !!

I WANNA BE WRECKED !!

YA THINK I OUGHTA DO THAT HUH ?

CERTAINLY, IF SHE WANTS LUMBERJACK LOVE THEN BE LIKE THEM— CRUSH HER! BE ROUGH!

WIMPY IS RIGHT— I'LL CALL ON OLIVE—

AN' DO ME STUFF LIKE NOBODY'S BIZNESS!

I'LL BUST ALL HER BLASTED RIBS!

I'VE FINISHED "LUMBERJACK LOVE" NOW I'LL READ THE BOOK LIZZY LOANED ME

"THE GENTLE LOVER"

LUMBER JACK LOVE

THE GENTLE LOVER

"RICHARD CARESSED VIVIAN'S BEAUTIFUL HAIR AS WOULD NATURE'S BREATH CARESS NEW MEADOW GRASS IN SPRINGTIME— VIVIAN FELT THE MELLOW GLOW OF LOVE

"HE STROKED HER FAIR CHEEK UPON WHICH HE GENTLY PLACED A MOST TENDER KISS AS ONLY A PERFECT LOVER COULD PLACE A KISS— VIVIAN THRILLED AT HIS PROXIMITY

OH, IF I ONLY HAD A LOVER LIKE HIM!

YA GOT ONE, KID— I'M HIM!!

COME TO POPEYE, ME FAIR LADY!!

? !

I YAM GO'NER WOO YA LIKE YA NEVER BEEN WOON B'FORE !!!

SMACK

SMACK

OUW! MY RIBS!!

POP

CRACK

POP

12·26

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YOU ROUGHNECK! GET OUT OF HERE!!

!

WIMPY, WHEN IT COMES TO WOMEN YA KNOWS A HECK OF A LOT ABOUT HAMBURGERS

BEG PARDON?

?

—SEGAR

SAPPO

ALL RIGHT, MR. SAPPO, I'LL GIVE YOU A MILLION FOR YOUR HAIRPIN

Registered U. S. Patent Office

HAIR-PIN?

BY

—SEGAR

HAIRPIN!!! IS THAT WHAT YOUR INVENTION IS, SAPPO?

YEAH, A NEW TYPE OF HAIRPIN

I SOLD EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS TO MR. BUZZEL FOR A MILLION DOLLARS— I INVENTED IT IN ABOUT TWO MINUTES— JUST TOOK A PIECE OF WIRE AND BENT IT

HEY, WHAT ARE YOU SO SORE ABOUT ?

BAH!

G-R-R

OH, G-R-R-R

G-R-R-R

COME INTO MY LABORATORY, GENTLEMEN, AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHY I'M SORE

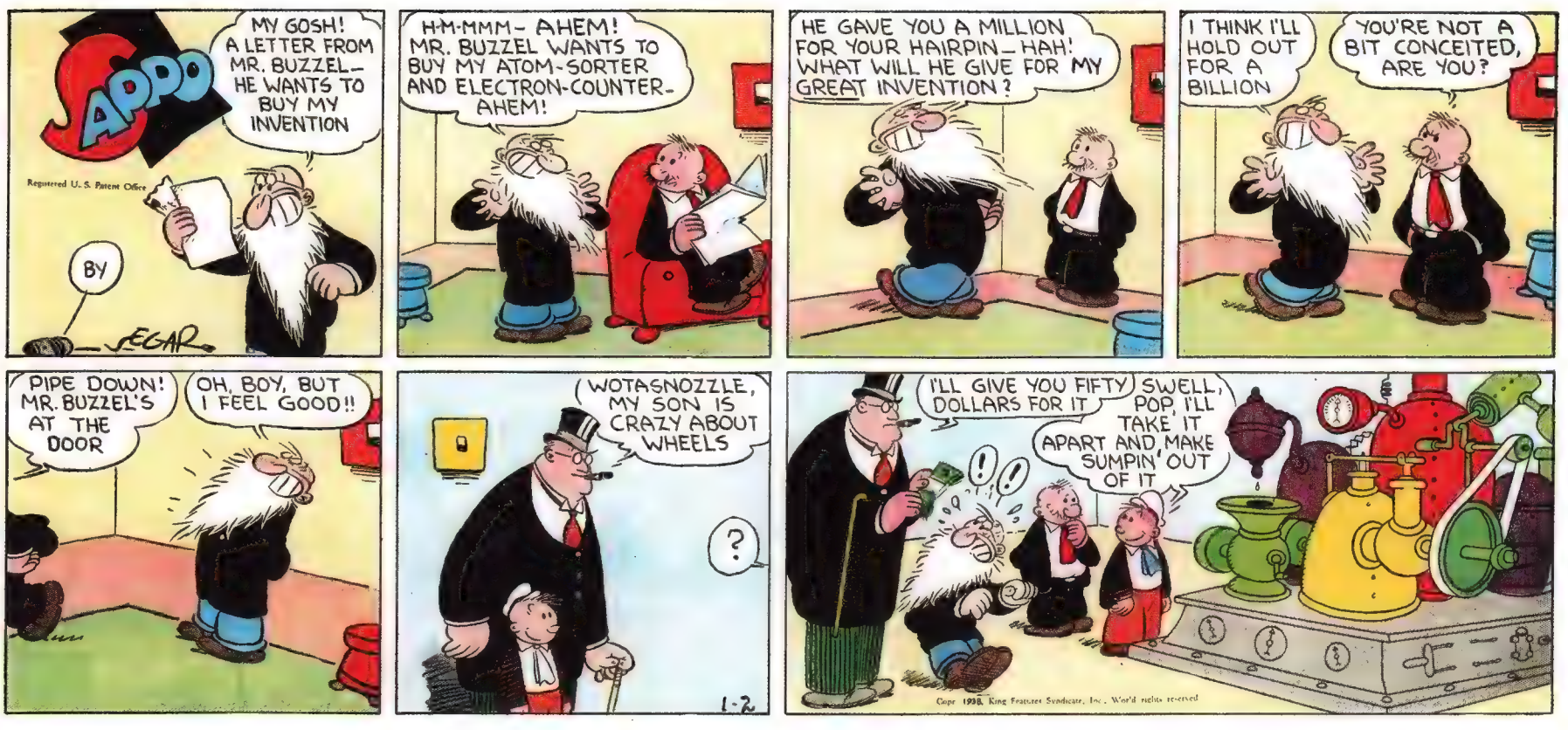
AFTER TEN YEARS OF HARD WORK I HAVE COMPLETED THIS MACHINE WHICH WILL SORT ATOMS AND COUNT ELECTRONS— AND I CAN'T SELL IT!!

AND HE INVENTS A HAIRPIN AND SELLS IT FOR A MILLION DOLLARS!! G-R-R-R

12·26

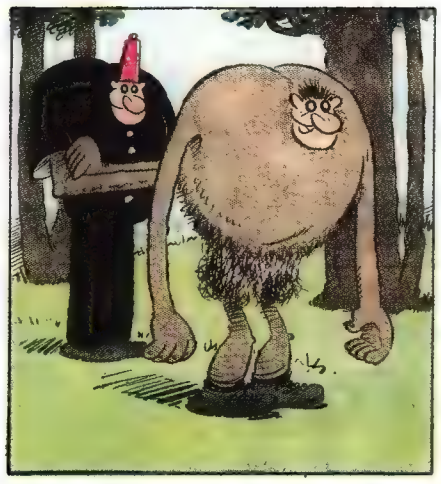
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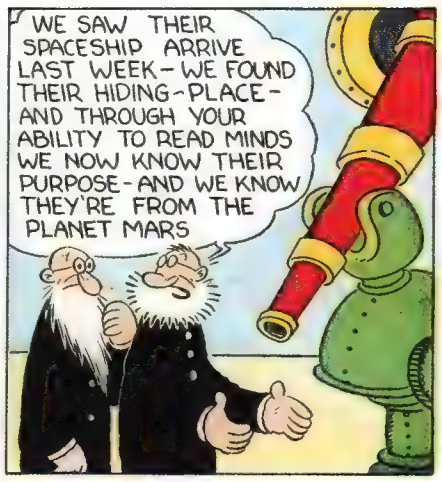

YOO-HOO! POPEYE THE SAILORMAN, WAIT FOR GEORGE W. GEEZIL
I HAVE NEWS
YEAH, I HAVE NEWS— I AM GOING TO OPEN A RESTAURANT, THE GEEZIL CAFE
IS AT SO?
S-SSH— DON'T TELLING ANYBODY— SH— I AM DOING IT FOR WIMPY PURPOSES
?
WHAT DO YA MEAN, WIMPY PURPUSSES?
I SHOULD SPEAK IT OUT IN PLAIN ENGLISH?
NO!
NICE PLACE YA GOT HERE, GEEZIL
YES, NICE PLACE, BUT NO WIMPY IS HERE YET FOR MY GRAND OPENING
AH, WIMPY BOY, YOU DID COME!! I AM TICKLISH TO HAVE YOU
?
I BEG PARDON? DO YOU MEAN ME?
SURE, YOU.
AND NOW, WIMPY, WHAT WILL YOU HAVE? MAYBE A HAMBURGER? DO YOU LIKE HAMBURGERS?
?
I'M QUITE FOND OF THEM
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, POPEYE ?
IT BEATS ME— I THOUGHT HE HATED THE SIGHT OF YOU
HERE, WELLINGTON, FROM ME TO YOU— IT IS MORE THAN A HAMBURGER— IT IS A GEEZILBURGER
HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH!
I SHOULD GET A MEDAL
AIN'T YA GO'NER EAT IT ?
I DON'T KNOW YET, POPEYE
KITTY-KITTY-HOP UP HERE, KITTY
I FEEL QUITE GENEROUS TO-DAY— HERE, HAVE A BITE OF MY HAMBURGER
JUST AS I THOUGHT— GEEZIL IS STILL TRYING TO REMOVE ME FROM THIS EARTH
LOOK! LOOK WHAT YOU DONE TO MY PUSSY CAT
HELLO! HELLO! IS THIS YOU— A DOG DOCTOR? QUICK! MY CAT IS DEAD! BRING A HOSPITAL!
I SHOULD REPORT YOU TO THE HUMANE SOCIETY FOR CRUELTY TO DUMB PUSSY CATS!
!
EGAR 1-2


APPO
Registered U. S. Patent Office
MY GOSH! A LETTER FROM MR. BUZZEL— HE WANTS TO BUY MY INVENTION
BY
EGAR
H-M-MMM— AHEM! MR. BUZZEL WANTS TO BUY MY ATOM-SORTER AND ELECTRON-COUNTER— AHEM!
HE GAVE YOU A MILLION FOR YOUR HAIRPIN— HAH! WHAT WILL HE GIVE FOR MY GREAT INVENTION ?
I THINK I'LL HOLD OUT FOR A BILLION
YOU'RE NOT A BIT CONCEITED, ARE YOU?
PIPE DOWN! MR. BUZZEL'S AT THE DOOR
OH, BOY, BUT I FEEL GOOD!!
WOTASNOZZLE, MY SON IS CRAZY ABOUT WHEELS
?
1-2
I'LL GIVE YOU FIFTY DOLLARS FOR IT
SWELL, POP, I'LL TAKE IT APART AND MAKE SUMPIN' OUT OF IT
!
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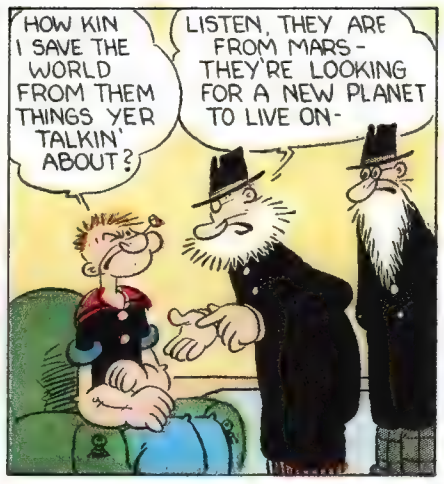
I SUPPOSE YOU KNEW MR. GEEZIL OPENED A CAFE NEXT DOOR
YES, THE BIG DUMBHEAD
GEEZIL MUST BE CRAZY, OPENING A CAFE NEXT DOOR — HE'S NOT FIT TO BE IN THIS BUSINESS — HE'S ABSENT-MINDED AND —
HE'S A CHRONIC KICKER —
HE'S EATEN MY SOUP HERE EVERY DAY FOR TEN YEARS — AND EVERY DAY HE KNOCKED IT-KNOCKED MY SOUP
AND NO MATTER HOW MUCH WATER YOU PUT IN IT, HE STILL KNOCKED IT
!
I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT MY SOUP HAS ABSOLUTELY NO WATER IN IT — I'M PROUD OF MY SOUP!
AHOY, MR. GEEZIL!
?
PUNK ZUPE
IT AIN'T EVEN GOOD WATER
BETTER IT SHOULD BE UNDER BRIDGES! BETTER IT SHOULD BE FOR FISHES
SLUP
SLUP
SLUP
POOEY
BLOW ME DOWN! YER KNOCKIN' YER OWN SOUP
HUH? HMM AIN'T IT SO!! POOEY I FORGOT- BAH! I GOT A HABIT FOR KICKING AT ZUPE!
!
MY GORSH, GEEZIL, YA OUGHTN'T TO RAZZ YER OWN SOUP — WHY, THA'S ARFUL
YES- AIN'T IT SO?
BUT SUCH A HABIT — HAH! MAYBE I SHOULD GO NEXT DOOR FOR ZUPE
ZUPE 10 ¢
I WANT A BOWL OF ZUPE!!
GOOD ZUPE!
WHY, MR. GEEZIL, I FEEL HIGHLY HONORED — YOU COMING HERE FOR YOUR SOUP
AND YOU, NEXT DOOR WITH A RESTAURANT OF YOUR OWN
YOU SHOULD FEEL GOOD? POOEY!
I CAN'T KNOCK MY OWN ZUPE, COULD I ?
BETTER- IT SHOULD BE UNDER BRIDGES
BETTER- STILL-FOR WASHING DISHES- BETTER- IT SHOULD BE IN GUTTERS- BETTER IT SHOULD BE FOR FISHES BUT-BETTER IT SHOULDN'T BE FOR ZUPE
SLUP
SLUP
POOEY
1-9
SEGAR
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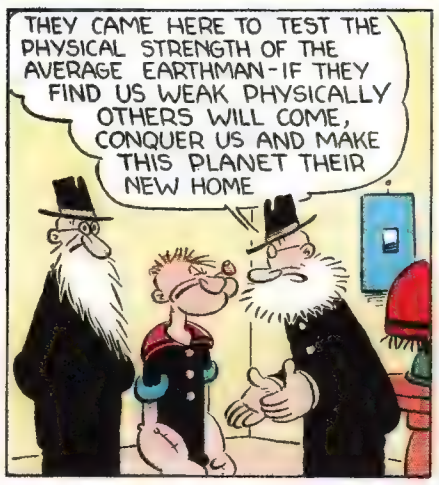
ZAPPO
Registered U. S. Patent Office.
HEY, SAPPO.
BY
SEGAR
SAPPO, I WANT TO SELL YOU AN INTEREST IN MY NEW INVENTION, "STRETCHOLENE"
WHAT GOOD IS IT?
I SPRAYED SOME "STRETCHOLENE" ON MY NECK- SEE HOW I CAN STRETCH IT
!
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW VALUABLE IT IS TO LOVERS- SEE THOSE SPOONERS ON THAT BENCH?
I'LL SPRAY A LITTLE ON THEIR NECKS
? ?
!
!
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1-9

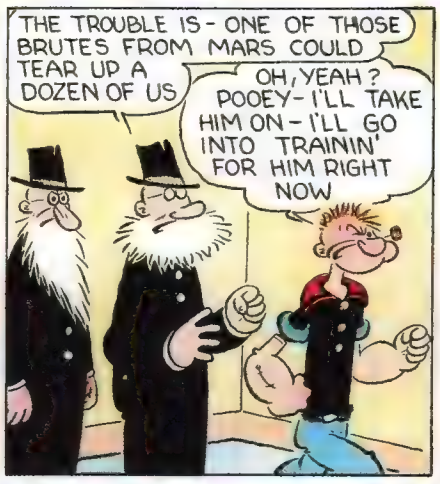


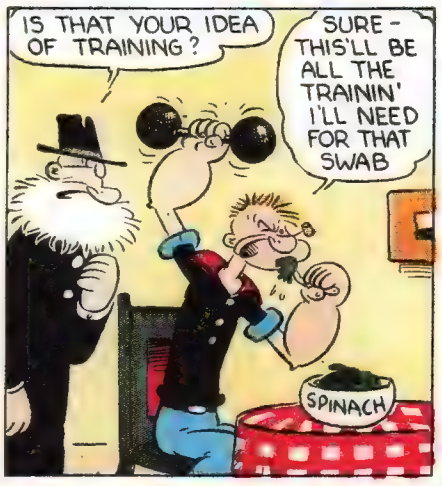

WE SAW THEIR SPACESHIP ARRIVE LAST WEEK - WE FOUND THEIR HIDING-PLACE - AND THROUGH YOUR ABILITY TO READ MINDS WE NOW KNOW THEIR PURPOSE - AND WE KNOW THEY'RE FROM THE PLANET MARS


YOU'RE RIGHT. WE MUST DO SOMETHING
THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN LIVING WHO CAN SAVE THE EARTH FROM THOSE CREATURES


HOW KIN I SAVE THE WORLD FROM THEM THINGS YER TALKIN' ABOUT?
LISTEN, THEY ARE FROM MARS - THEY'RE LOOKING FOR A NEW PLANET TO LIVE ON-


THEY CAME HERE TO TEST THE PHYSICAL STRENGTH OF THE AVERAGE EARTHMAN - IF THEY FIND US WEAK PHYSICALLY OTHERS WILL COME, CONQUER US AND MAKE THIS PLANET THEIR NEW HOME

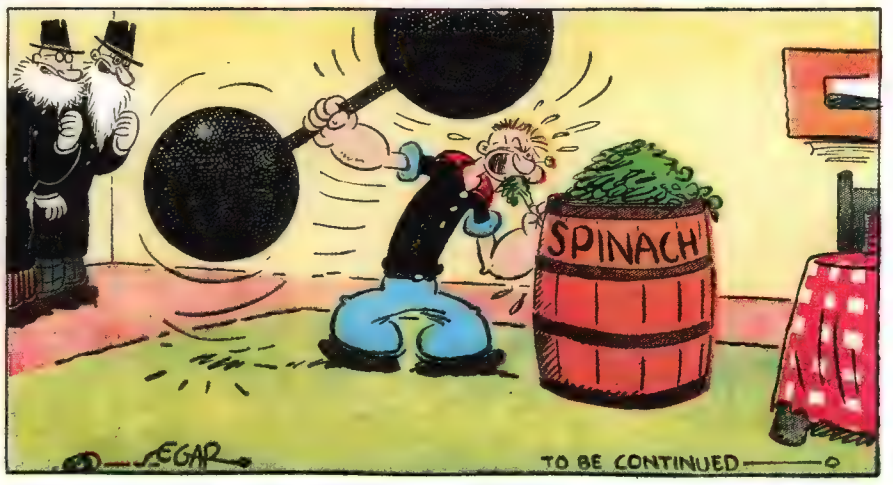

THE TROUBLE IS - ONE OF THOSE BRUTES FROM MARS COULD TEAR UP A DOZEN OF US
OH, YEAH? POOEY - I'LL TAKE HIM ON - I'LL GO INTO TRAININ' FOR HIM RIGHT NOW

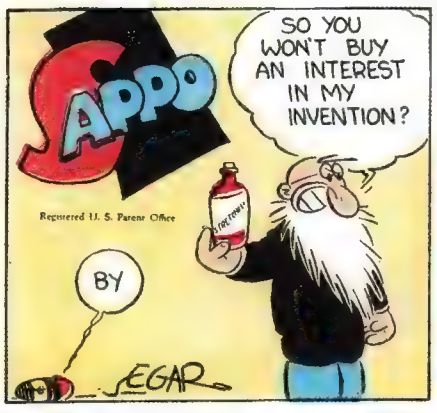

IS THAT YOUR IDEA OF TRAINING?
SURE - THIS'LL BE ALL THE TRAININ' I'LL NEED FOR THAT SWAB
SPINACH


I GUESS YOU'D BETTER COME WITH US AND TAKE A PEEK AT THIS MAN FROM MARS
OKAY

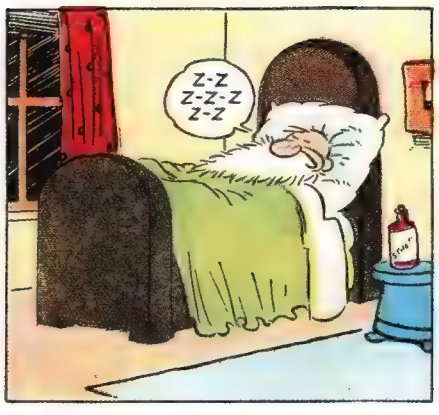

OH, MY GORSH! WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
S-S-SH - BE QUIET!! DON'T LET THEM HEAR YOU!


!
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1-16


SPINACH
EGAR
TO BE CONTINUED

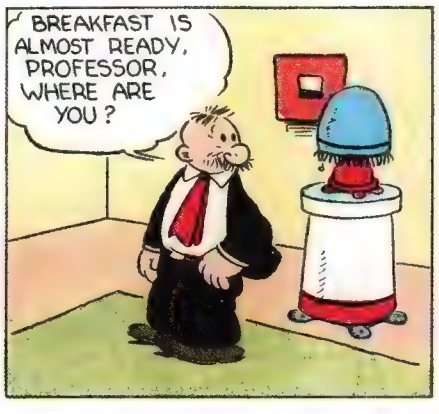

APPO
SO YOU WON'T BUY AN INTEREST IN MY INVENTION?
Registered U. S. Patent Office
BY
EGAR


YOU'RE PASSING UP A GOOD THING - "STRETCHOLENE" IS MARVELOUS STUFF
DON'T BOTHER ME. IT'S BED-TIME

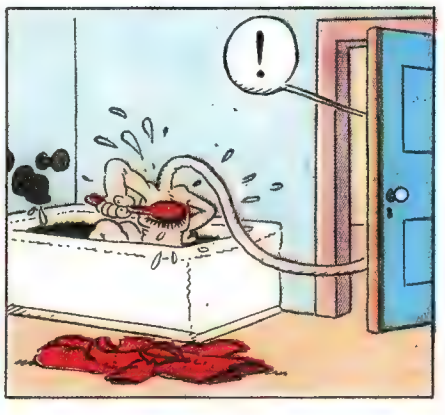

Z-Z Z-Z-Z Z-Z


I DON'T FEEL LIKE GETTING UP THIS MORNING - I'LL POUR SOME "STRETCHOLENE" ON MY NECK AND GET A FEW MINUTES MORE REST IN BED


IT'S MIGHTY HANDY SOMETIMES TO BE ABLE TO STRETCH YOUR NECK LIKE THIS
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BREAKFAST IS ALMOST READY, PROFESSOR, WHERE ARE YOU?


I'M IN BED TAKING A BATH IN THE BATHROOM
1-16


!

IT MAY BE THAT THE PLANET MARS IS DYING, AT ANY RATE, THESE MARTIANS CAME TO THE EARTH IN A SPACE-SHIP TO TEST THE PHYSICAL STRENGTH OF THE AVERAGE EARTH-MAN- THEY WILL WAIT IN THIS SECLUDED SPOT TILL A MAN HAPPENS ALONG- THEN THIS BIG BRUTE WILL TACKLE HIM

IF THE MAN FROM MARS WINS, THEN AN ARMY WILL COME AND CONQUER THE EARTH

THERE'S NO MISTAKE, THAT BRUTE WILL FIGHT THE FIRST HUMAN HE SEES - I'VE READ THEIR MINDS AGAIN

S-S-H— BE QUIET- LET'S GO SEE IF POPEYE IS TRAIN-ING

PROFESSOR LENZ SAW THEIR SPACE-SHIP LAND- PROFESSOR MINDZ, THE MIND-READER, LEARNED THEIR INTENTIONS

HE'S NOT TRAINING!

I KIN NOT FIND NO SPARRIN' PARTNER

BUT YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE SOMEONE KNOCK YOU AROUND AND TOUGHEN YOU UP- GO OUT AND INSULT SOME FELLOW

OKAY

YER POPPA- YER MOMMA- YER AUNT- YER UNCLE AN' GRA'MAW WAS NOTHIN BUT TRASH AN' SO ARE YOU

WHO, ME?

YAS, YOU

YA DONE A GOOD JOB, MISTER- HERE'S TWENTY BUCKS FOR YA

AN' HERE'S A SMACK IN THE MUSH JUS' TO SHOW YA, YA CAN'T REALLY LICK ME

GEE, BUT YOU'RE STRONG, POPEYE, I BELIEVE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO LICK THE MAN FROM MARS

I SEZ I WILL!

THE MAN FROM MARS IS NO WEAK-LING EITHER

CONTINUED

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1-23

APPO

Registered U. S Patent Office

I'M NOT GOING TO TELL HER I SOLD MY HAIRPIN INVENTION- I'M GOING TO KEEP THAT MILLION DOLLARS FOR SPENDING MONEY

BY

SEGAR

PROFESSOR, I'VE A HUNCH THAT MY HUSBAND HAS A LOT OF MONEY THAT I DON'T KNOW ABOUT- HE DOESN'T SLEEP IN MY ROOM ANYMORE, SO IT WOULD BE HARD TO GO THROUGH HIS POCKETS

HMM

HE SLEEPS DOWN-STAIRS ON THE COUCH, EH? LISTEN- AFTER HE'S ASLEEP I'LL COME INTO YOUR ROOM AND RUB "STRETCHOLENE" ON YOUR ARM

THAT NIGHT

IT'S MY LATEST DISCOVERY- FOR THIRTY MINUTES YOU'LL BE ABLE TO STRETCH YOUR ARM AS FAR AS YOU PLEASE

FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, LOOK HOW I CAN STRETCH MY ARM!! I'LL REACH DOWN-STAIRS AND GET JOHNS TROUSERS

GEE!! MY HAND IS LOST!! I DON'T KNOW WHERE IT IS!!

AH! AT LAST I FEEL TROUSERS!! I'LL PULL IN MY ARM NOW

GOOD HEAVENS!!!! THESE LOOK LIKE OUR NEIGHBOR'S PANTS!

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1-23

THE MAN FROM MARS EXERCISING WITH A TEN-TON BOULDER

YER SURE THEY'RE FROM MARS? I DON'T BELIEVE IN MIND-READIN'

I CAN READ MINDS! THINK OF SOMETHING AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT

MY GORSH! I KIN NOT THINK OF NOTHIN' TO THINK ABOUT

OKAY

JUST THINK OF A NUMBER- ANY NUMBER

THE NUMBER YOU THOUGHT OF WAS 3,676,452

BLOW ME DOWN! THAS RIGHT- I BELIEVES YA NOW!

I HID BEHIND A TREE AND READ THEIR MINDS, I KNOW THEIR INTENTIONS

THEY'RE HIDING IN THAT SECLUDED SPOT, WAITING FOR AN EARTHMAN TO HAPPEN ALONG- YOU SAW THEIR SPACESHIP YOURSELF

IF THEY FIND THE AVERAGE MAN OF EARTH TO BE WEAK, THOUSANDS WILL COME FROM MARS AND CONQUER US. IT'S UP TO YOU, POPEYE

I'LL GO DO ME STUFF RIGHT NOW!

I'LL ACK LIKE I YAM OUT PICKIN' WILD FLOWERS- THE BIG BRUTE FROM MARS WILL THINK I YAMA SISSY AN' WHEN I HITS 'IM HE'LL BE SUSPRISED

DAISIES! DAISIES! PERTY LITTLE DAISIES! TRA-LE-LA-LE-LA-

HELLO, BIG, BAD MAN- DO YA WANT A DAISY?-

G-R-R-

?

OR A SOCK IN THE MUSH?

!

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LOOK! BIG BAD MAN FROM MARS

?

!

1-30

G-R-R-

CONTINUED—

—EGAR

SAPPO

HEY, SAPPO, LET'S HAVE SOME FUN WITH MY "STRETCHOLENE" COMPOUND

Registered U. S. Patent Office

BY

—EGAR

WE'LL PUT "STRETCHOLENE" ON OUR NECKS AND WE'LL SEE THE AUTO RACES FREE—

OKAY- NOW I'LL PUT SOME ON YOUR NECK

AUTO RACES

R-R-R-ROAR

R-R-R

TO CES

?!

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DO IT, BUT PULL IN YOUR NECKS OR I'LL ARREST YOU

WILL YOU LET US LOOK OVER IF WE DON'T STRETCH OUR NECKS?

SURE! HA! THAT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE

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WELL, FOR-

!

WELL, I'LL BE-

AUTO RACES

1-30

COME ON, "13"!!

I GIVE UP!!

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK—

WHOP

?

BONK

SWISH

OH, SO YA WANNA FIGHT, HUH ?

?

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, POPEYE, DO SOMETHING!

BOP

SMACK

!

SPLAT

! ! !

AHOY, HELLO, OLIVE OYL-LO, WIMPY, WHAT'RE YA DOIN' HERE?

2·6

GET INTO YOUR SPACE-SHIP AND GO BACK TO YOUR OWN PLANET

YEAH, FROM MARS - THEY WANTED TO SEE IF EARTH-MEN WAS WEAKLINS.- IF I'DA GOT LICKED THEY'DA COME FROM MARS AND MADE WAR ON EARTH

THEN YOU SAVED OUR EARTH FROM THEM !?

LET'S ALL CELEBRATE BY BUYING HAMBURGERS FOR EACH OTHER- YOU BUY THE FIRST ROUND

EGAR

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SAPPO

Registered U. S. Patent Office

MY WIFE BOUGHT ONE OF THOSE GOOFY-LOOKING DACHSHUNDS

BY

EGAR

THE WORST OF IT IS SHE THINKS MORE OF THE DOG THAN SHE DOES OF ME

LET'S HAVE SOME FUN-WE'LL PUT STRETCHOLENE ON HIS BACK

HERE SHE COMES, TAKING HIM FOR A WALK

YOU HOLD HIS TAIL WHILE I PUT STRETCHOLENE ON HIS BACK

HA! HA! LOOK AT HIM STRETCH!!

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THAT'S AN AWFUL LONG DOG YOU HAVE, MRS. SAPPO

YES, IT'S A DACHSHUND

2·6

HAW! HAW! HAW! HAW! HAW! HAW!

WELL, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!!

I'LL GO SEE IF I KIN GET A GAME OF GOLF WITH WIMPY

HOW ABOUT A GAME OF GOLF, WIMPY ?

I HAVE NO CLUBS - BUT I'VE AN IDEA I CAN BEAT YOU WITH MY UMBRELLA

MY GORSH!! ARE YA GO'NER TAKE THAT BLASTED VENTRILOQUISK DUMMY WIT'CHA ?

YES, INDEED, I AM - HE'S MY BEST FRIEND

!

BOP

TOO HARD!! @&$X! ₪▼!! ⊙✦⁂ⁿ§!! ⊛ⁿ!! ₩!✕◉ ₪!!

MERCY! WHAT LANGUAGE!

YA WENT INTO A TRAP—WHY DON'T YA SWEAR ?

I WON'T SWEAR

BOP

IN ALL MY LIFE I HAVE NEVER USED PROFANITY. ASK OTTO

THAT'S RIGHT, POPEYE. HE NEVER SAYS BAD WORDS

IS MY FACE RED!? YER CATCHIN' UP TO ME WITH THAT BLASTED UMBRELLY

SWEARING DOES NO GOOD

SWEARING IS VULGAR— AND I, SIR, AM A GENTLEMAN

AW, GNATS !!!

EIGHTEENTH HOLE, AN' IF HE SINKS THAT EASY PUTT HE BEATS ME

AN' WITH A BLASTED UMBRELLY!! I NEVER WAS SO EMBARRISK AN' MORTNIFIED IN ALL ME LIFE !!

?

@✕!! ₩ ₪ ⊙:!!@!
✕⁂✕✦!!
✦⊙!!✕!

6-26

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EGAR

SAPPO

Registered U. S. Patent Office

BY "WOTASNOZZLE'S REDUCING MIST"

EGAR

HEY, PROFESSOR, THAT NEW NEIGHBOR IS A BIG BULLY - HE TRIED TO PICK A FIGHT WITH ME

I'VE GOT A NOTION TO SPRAY HIM WITH MY REDUCING MIST

YEAH, GO ON. DO IT!

YOU BIG SLOB! WANT TO FIGHT ?

SURE

BIG DUMB-HEAD!

?

WHAT DID YOU SQUIRT ON ME ? WHY, I'LL BREAK YOUR NECK!

HEH! HEH!

WAIT TILL I CATCH YOU!

G-R-R-

I'LL POUND YOUR HEAD!

G-R-R

WHAT YOU NEED IS A GOOD KICK IN THE FACE

!

6-26

?

!

!

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YOU'RE A MOOCHER!
MOST OF YER CUSTOMERS ARE OVER THERE TELLIN' WIMPY ALL ABOUT HISSELF
CHISELER!

YOUR'E A LOW-DOWN SCAMP!
EVERYBODY IS DISGUSTED WITH WIMPY AND THEY'RE TRYING TO GET UNDER HIS SKIN

YOU CROOK!
LE'S JOIN 'EM - HAH - HE NEEDS TO BE TOLD HOW ARFUL HE IS!
CHEAT!

AND YOU'RE LAZY!
YOU'RE AWFUL !!
YOU'RE A LEECH !!

AN' YA AIN'T NO GEN'LEMAN!
POOEY

SAY, LISTEN - WHY DON'T YOU DIE ?
IF WE HURTS HIS FEELIN'S MAYBE HE'LL REFORM

I'M DISGUSTED WITH YOU!!
BAH!

WE'RE ALL DISGUSTED WITH YOU!

IF YOU DON'T MIND - I'D LIKE TO SAY A FEW WORDS

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN -

I KNOW I'M A HEEL, SO WHAT ?

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SAPPO
BY SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
"SPEAK NO EVIL PILLS"

YEAH, PROFESSOR I'VE BEEN OUT ALL NIGHT PLAYING POKER - IS MY WIFE UP YET? I'LL SURE GET HECK!

GEE, BUT I HATE TO GET BAWLED OUT!
DO AS I SAY AND YOU WON'T GET BAWLED OUT - SEE — "SPEAK NO EVIL PILLS" - MY LATEST INVENTION

SHE'D NEVER AGREE TO TAKE A PILL SO I DISSOLVED ONE IN WATER AND PUT IT IN THIS HYPO SYRINGE

DON'T LET HER SEE YOU - SLIP UP ON HER — HAH!! AFTER THE HYPO SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO SAY ANYTHING BUT NICE WORDS

THAT'S SWELL

OUW

?
SWEETHEART SOCK

DARLING! HONEY! SWEETY SUGAR!!
BOO!

WELL, ANYWAY - SHE DIDN'T BAWL YOU OUT

ICE COLD LEMONADE! ONE CENT A GLASS
LEMONADE
HAH! A LITTLE KID SELLIN' LEMINGADE
ICE COLD LEMONADE! ONE CENT A GLASS
I'LL GO BUY A GLASS- I LIKES TO MAKE KIDS HAPPY
ICE COLD-
LEMON-ADE!
IT'S ONLY A CENT- WILL YOU PLEASE BUY A GLASS, MISTER- IT'S ICE COLD
SURE!
ARF! ARF!
H-M-M NICE AN' COLD, AIN'T IT?
?
IS IT REALLY COLD?
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!! THA'S THE BEST LEMINGADE I EVER TASTED
I GOT HIM EXCITED-ARF! I'LL KEEP IT UP AN' HAVE SOME FUN WITH HIM
IT'S JUS' SWELL SON!
!
EVEN NAPOLEON COULDN'T OF MADE SUCH GOOD STUFF
BY GOLLY I WANTS TO SHAKE THE HAND THAT MADE THIS LEMINGADE
WHY, IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR GEORGEY WASHENTING
WELL, SON, HOW MUCH DO I OWE YOU?
ONE DOLLAR
WHAT! ONE DOLLAR FOR A GLASS OF LEMINGADE ?!!
YEAH, THE PRICE WENT UP-YA SEE I DIDN'T KNOW HOW GOOD IT WAS
?
AND IF YOU DON'T PAY I'LL SCREAM AND CALL MOMMA
OKAY- OKAY- OKAY!
BAW!
POOEY
ICE COLD LEMONADE ONE DOLLAR A GLASS!

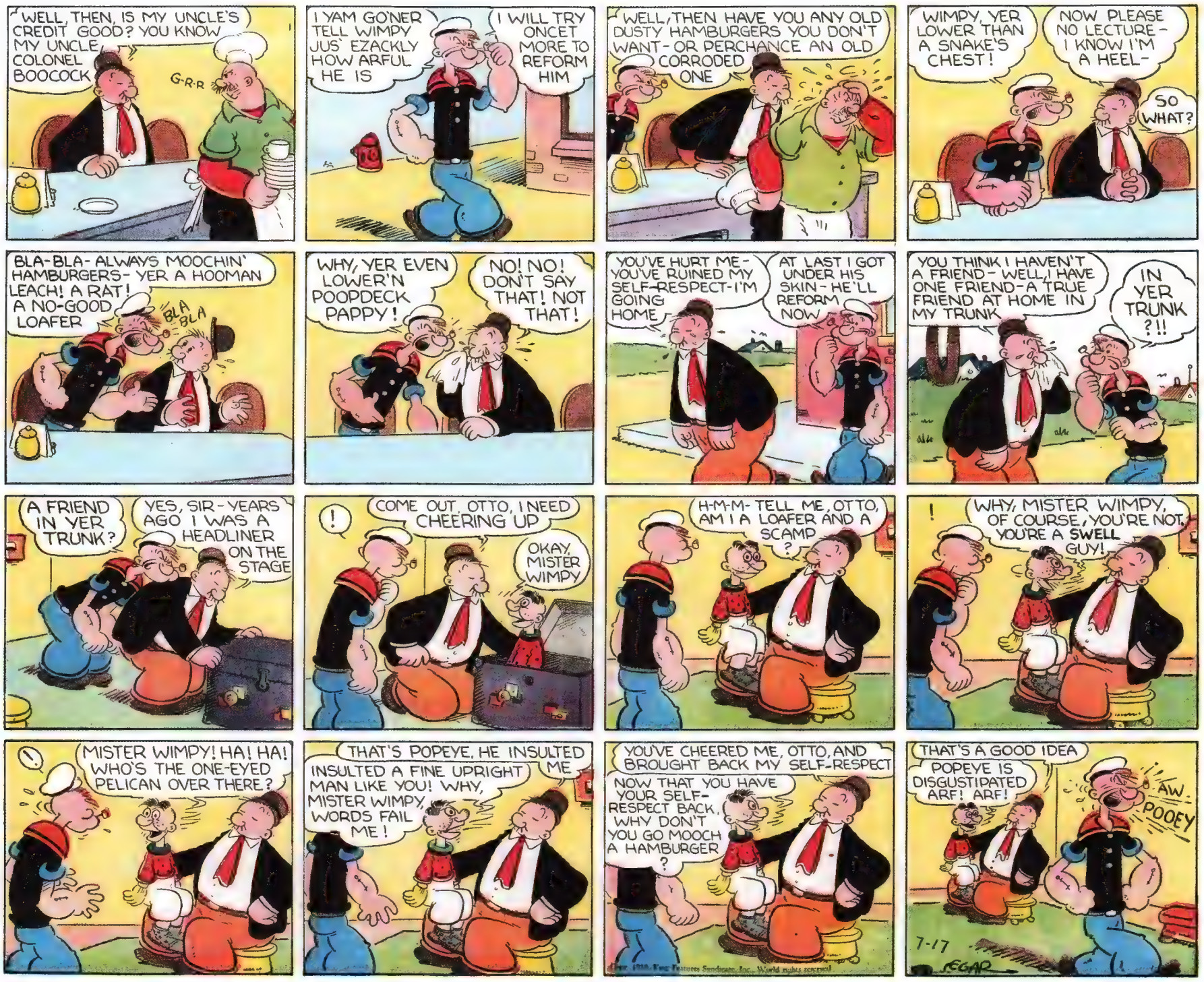
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7-10

SAPPO
BY SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
GOOD MORNING, PROFESSOR, WHAT'S THAT, ANOTHER INVENTION?
YES-THIS INVENTION WILL MAKE LIMBURGER CHEESE SMELL LIKE ROSES- SEE, I DROP THE CHEESE IN THIS SIDE
WOTASNOZZLE CHEESE CHANGER
I'LL BORROW THIS EXPENSIVE BOUQUET OF ROSES MRS. SAPPO JUST BOUGHT
I'LL PUT 'EM OVER IN THAT SIDE AND CLOSE THE LID
AND NOW I PRESS THIS BUTTON
OKAY, SMELL IT
MY GOSH! THE LIMBURGER CHEESE SMELLS JUST LIKE ROSES
SNZ-ZLE
BETTER PUT THOSE FLOWERS BACK, PROF.
YES, PROF, I THINK IT'S MARVELOUS. YOU'VE REALLY GOT SOMETHING!
YEAH, IT'LL CLICK OKAY
I'LL MAKE A MILLION ON IT BECAUSE IT HAS ABSOLUTELY NO DRAW-BACKS- IT'S PERFECT
PHEU— THESE ROSES SMELL LIKE LIMBURGER CHEESE

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7-10


WELL, THEN, IS MY UNCLE'S CREDIT GOOD? YOU KNOW MY UNCLE, COLONEL BOOCOCK
G-R-R
I YAM GO'NER TELL WIMPY JUS' EZACKLY HOW ARFUL HE IS
I WILL TRY ONCET MORE TO REFORM HIM
WELL, THEN HAVE YOU ANY OLD DUSTY HAMBURGERS YOU DON'T WANT - OR PERCHANCE AN OLD CORRODED ONE
WIMPY, YER LOWER THAN A SNAKE'S CHEST!
NOW PLEASE NO LECTURE - I KNOW I'M A HEEL -
SO WHAT?
BLA-BLA- ALWAYS MOOCHIN' HAMBURGERS - YER A HOOMAN LEACH! A RAT! A NO-GOOD LOAFER
BLA BLA
WHY, YER EVEN LOWER'N POOPDECK PAPPY!
NO! NO! DON'T SAY THAT! NOT THAT!
YOU'VE HURT ME - YOU'VE RUINED MY SELF-RESPECT - I'M GOING HOME
AT LAST I GOT UNDER HIS SKIN - HE'LL REFORM NOW
YOU THINK I HAVEN'T A FRIEND - WELL, I HAVE ONE FRIEND - A TRUE FRIEND AT HOME IN MY TRUNK
IN YER TRUNK ?!!
A FRIEND IN YER TRUNK?
YES, SIR - YEARS AGO I WAS A HEADLINER ON THE STAGE
!
COME OUT, OTTO, I NEED CHEERING UP
OKAY, MISTER WIMPY
H-M-M- TELL ME, OTTO, AM I A LOAFER AND A SCAMP ?
!
WHY, MISTER WIMPY, OF COURSE, YOU'RE NOT. YOU'RE A SWELL GUY!
MISTER WIMPY! HA! HA! WHO'S THE ONE-EYED PELICAN OVER THERE?
THAT'S POPEYE, HE INSULTED ME
INSULTED A FINE UPRIGHT MAN LIKE YOU! WHY, MISTER WIMPY, WORDS FAIL ME!
YOU'VE CHEERED ME, OTTO, AND BROUGHT BACK MY SELF-RESPECT
NOW THAT YOU HAVE YOUR SELF-RESPECT BACK, WHY DON'T YOU GO MOOCH A HAMBURGER ?
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA
POPEYE IS DISGUSTIPATED ARF! ARF!
AW.
POOEY
7-17
SEGAR


SAPPO
BY
Registered U. S. Patent Office
SEGAR
CONGRATULATE ME SAPPO - I'VE DONE IT!
DONE WHAT ?
COME INTO MY LABORATORY - OH! OH! WHAT AN INVENTION!
BUT WHAT THE HECK IS IT?
SEE - I PUT SAW-DUST IN HERE -
SAW DUST
I PRESS THIS BUTTON -
AND OUT COMES HAMBURGER
!
!
YEAH, BREAK IT UP WE DON'T WANT HIM HANGIN' AROUND
?
7-17
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I WONDER WHAT FATE HATH IN STORE FOR ME THIS FINE MORNING H-M-M

BLA-BLA- POOEY!! BUSINESS IS SO ROTTEN I COULD CRY MYSELF TO PIECES!!

GOOD MORNING, SIR- BOOCOCK IS MY NAME- I'M OF THE OLD BOOCOCK FAMILY- YOU'VE HEARD OF COLONEL BOOCOCK

!

BAH! YOU CAN'T FOOLING ME, WIMPY BOY- I'M EDUCATED- NOW GO 'WAY BEFORE I KILL YOU TO DEATH

BUSINESS IS SO BAD I COULDN'T STOOD IT!!

LISTEN! LISTEN! MAY I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU IN PRIVATE ?

WIMPY'S TALKIN TO YA

WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?

PST- COULD YOU LET ME HAVE A HAM- BURGER SANDWICH ?

NO!

KEEP STILL!! WHILE I AM TALKING BUSINESS TO POPEYE - OLD PAIN IN MY NECK!

DON'T IRK ME, SIR- I HAVE BOOCOCK BLOOD IN MY VEINS

IF YOU HAVE RECONSIDERED THE MATTER I'LL HAVE PICKLE ON IT

YOU GET NO HAMBURGER SANDWICH!

ARF! ARF!

WELL, THEN, SIR- WELL, THEN, MY GOOD FELLOW-

MAY I HAVE A BREAD SANDWICH ?

BREAD? BREAD SAND- WICH?

H-M-M- BREAD IS CHEAP- HOKAY, WIMPY, GO IN THE KITCHEN AND MAKE YOURSELF A BREAD SANDWICH AND DON'T BOTHER ME ANYMORE.

THANK YOU TOO MUCH

KITCHEN

ALL I GET OUT OF THIS BUSNESS IS SOMETHING TO KICK AT

THA'S ARFUL, AIN'T IT?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING SO LONG IN MY KITCHEN ?

HE'S COMIN' OUT NOW

WIMPY BOY- WHAT IS A BREAD SANDWICH ?

H-M-M

A BREAD SANDWICH IS A SLICE OF BREAD BETWEEN TWO HAMBURGERS

!

NO CREDIT

ARF! ARF!

7-24

SEGAR

SAPPO

BY SEGAR

Registered U. S. Patent Office

A MARVELOUS NEW INVENTION, "SPEAK NO EVIL PILLS"

"SPEAK NO EVIL PILLS." THE PERSON WHO TAKES ONE OF THESE PILLS WILL NOT BE ABLE TO UTTER EVIL WORDS TILL THE EFFECT WEARS OFF

PILLS

ATOMIC GENERATOR

COSMIC PASTE

I'LL TRY 'EM OUT ON MYSELF

IT WILL MAKE ME TALK NICE EVEN IF I TRY TO SWEAR

CONGRATULATE ME, SAPPO, I'VE JUST INVENTED SOME MARVELOUS PILLS

PROFESSOR, I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER!! MY CONSCIENCE HURTS- I MUST TELL YOU SOME- THING!

LAST NIGHT I NEEDED SOME MONEY TO PLAY POKER, SO I TOOK "#20" OUT OF YOUR DRESSER AND I DON'T KNOW WHEN I CAN PAY IT BACK

!

WHY YOU- YOU- YOU-YOU-

YOU DARLING!

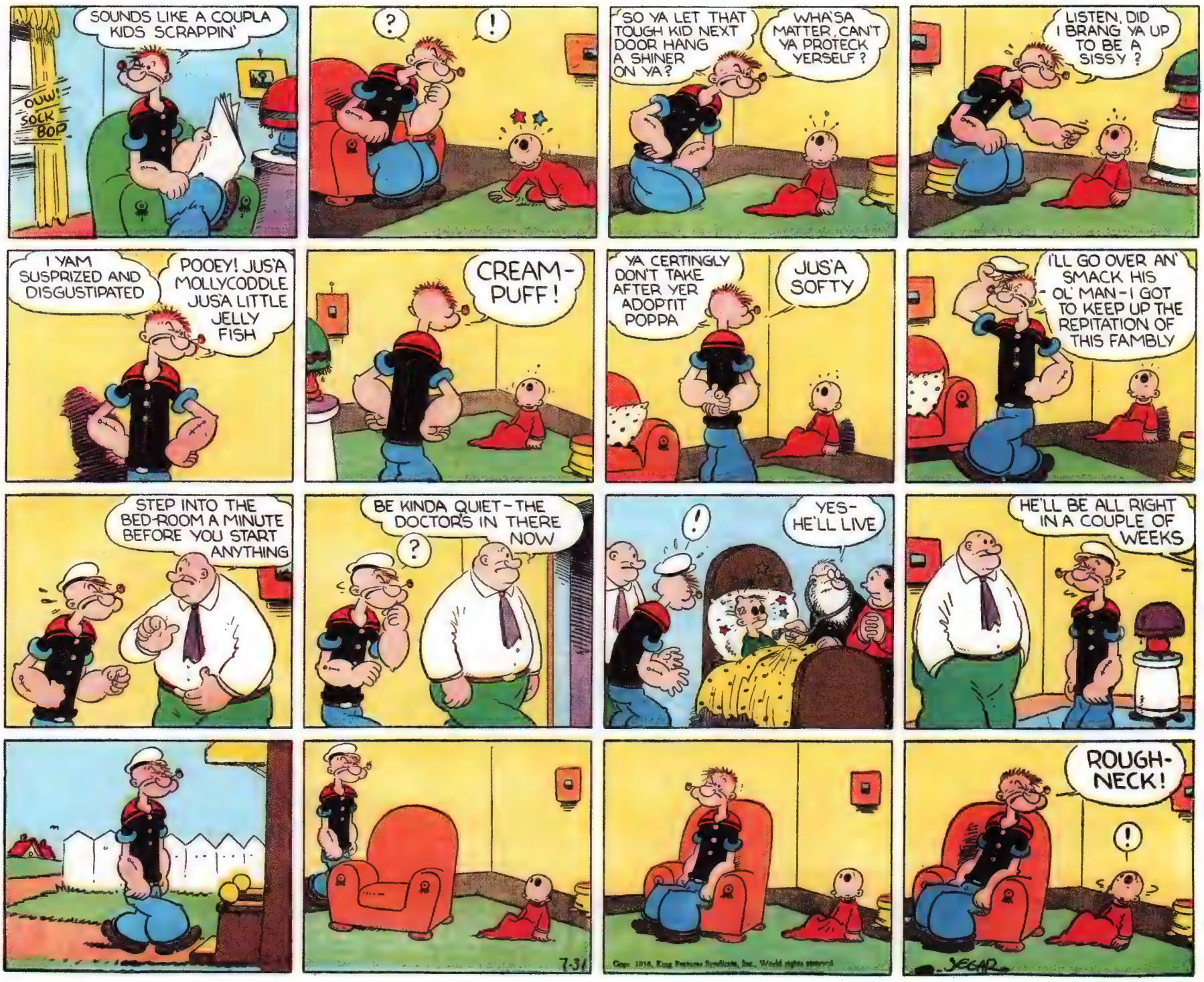
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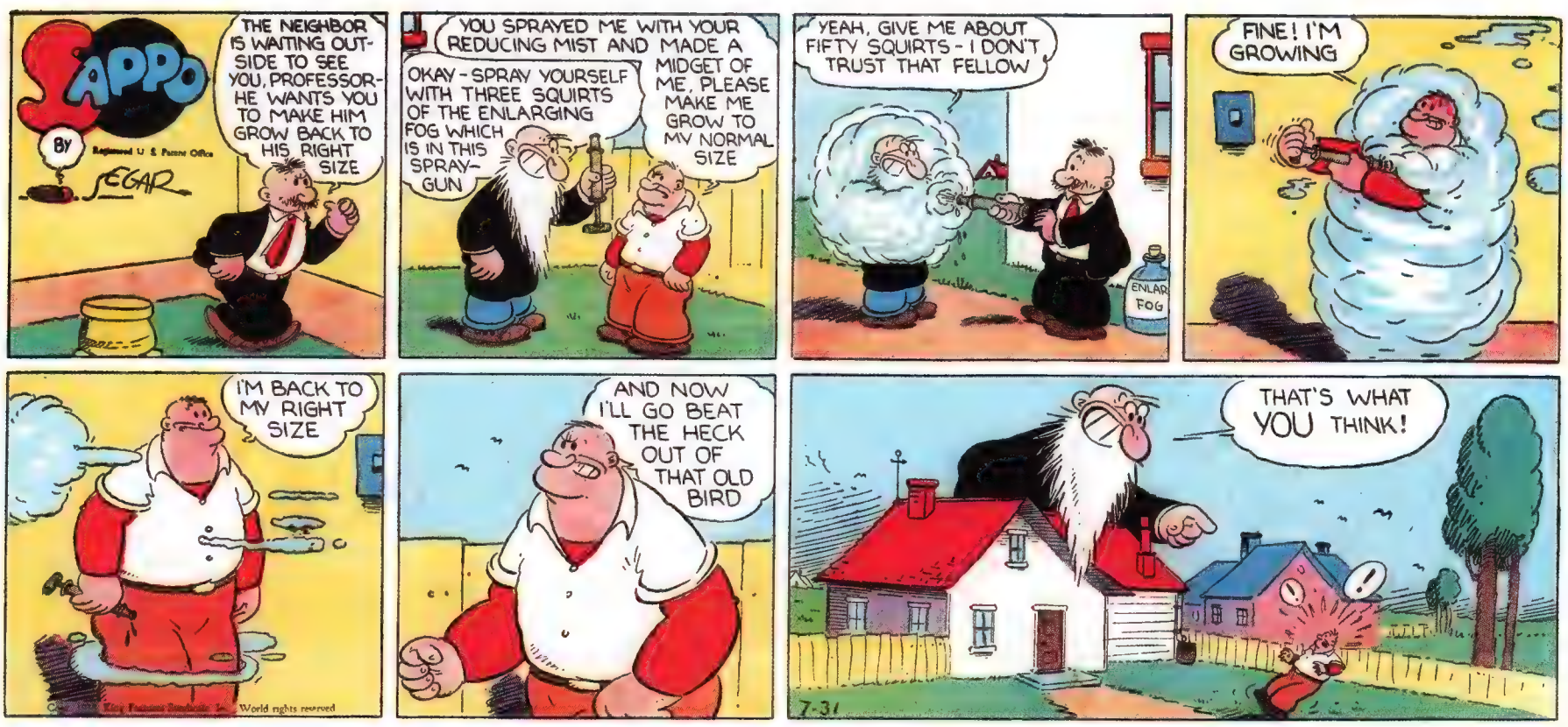
THAT'S FINE, PROF, I THOUGHT YOU'D BE MAD

I'D GIVE A MILLION DOLLARS IF I COULD CUSS HIM OUT

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7-24


SOUNDS LIKE A COUPLA KIDS SCRAPPIN'
OUW! SOCK BOP
?
!
SO YA LET THAT TOUGH KID NEXT DOOR HANG A SHINER ON YA?
WHA'SA MATTER, CAN'T YA PROTECK YERSELF?
LISTEN, DID I BRANG YA UP TO BE A SISSY?
I YAM SUSPRIZED AND DISGUSTIPATED
POOEY! JUS'A MOLLYCODDLE JUS'A LITTLE JELLY FISH
CREAM-PUFF!
YA CERTINGLY DON'T TAKE AFTER YER ADOPTIT POPPA
JUS'A SOFTY
I'LL GO OVER AN' SMACK HIS OL' MAN - I GOT TO KEEP UP THE REPITATION OF THIS FAMBLY
STEP INTO THE BED-ROOM A MINUTE BEFORE YOU START ANYTHING
BE KINDA QUIET - THE DOCTOR'S IN THERE NOW
?
!
YES - HE'LL LIVE
HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS
ROUGH-NECK!
!
7-31
SEGAR


POPPO
By SEGAR
THE NEIGHBOR IS WAITING OUTSIDE TO SEE YOU, PROFESSOR - HE WANTS YOU TO MAKE HIM GROW BACK TO HIS RIGHT SIZE
YOU SPRAYED ME WITH YOUR REDUCING MIST AND MADE A MIDGET OF ME, PLEASE MAKE ME GROW TO MY NORMAL SIZE
OKAY - SPRAY YOURSELF WITH THREE SQUIRTS OF THE ENLARGING FOG WHICH IS IN THIS SPRAY-GUN
YEAH, GIVE ME ABOUT FIFTY SQUIRTS - I DON'T TRUST THAT FELLOW
ENLAR FOG
FINE! I'M GROWING
I'M BACK TO MY RIGHT SIZE
AND NOW I'LL GO BEAT THE HECK OUT OF THAT OLD BIRD
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
7-31
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POPEYE, IT'S A WONDER I DON'T GO BATTY-ALL DAY LONG I HAVE TO LISTEN TO THIS
YEAH, IT'S ARFUL
WELL, THEN- HMM
WELL, THEN- IF YOU HAVE NO OLD MOLDY HAMBURGERS- MAY I ASK IF YOU HAVE ANY OLD CORRODED HOT DOGS AND PERCHANCE A STALE BUN?
S-S-H- WIMPY'S ASLEEP- LEMME HAVE A SPLIT BUN AN' A PIECE OF STRING I GOT A BIG IDEAR
NO CREDIT
Z-Z- Z-Z-Z- Z-Z
S-S-H-
Z-Z- Z-Z-Z Z-Z
HAVE YOU GOT IT TIED ON GOOD?
YEAH- TELL THE BOYS IN THE BACK ROOM
HO- HUM
!
GENTLEMEN, THAT WAS A MEAN TRICK!!
AND I SHALL NEVER SET FOOT IN THIS CHEAP DUMP AGAIN
EGAR
8-7
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SAPPO
Registered U. S. Patent Office
BY EGAR
THE MOST ASTOUNDING OF ALL MY INVEN- TIONS
"DREAM- SOLIDIFIER"
I'LL FILL THIS SPRAY GUN WITH IT
SAPPO IS ASLEEP ON THE COUCH- I'LL SPRAY THE AIR ABOVE HIM-
AND SEE IF HE'S DREAM- ING
Z-Z-Z
HIS DREAM IS NOW SOLIDIFIED SO I'LL TAKE IT WITH ME
HEY, PROF, I JUST HAD A SWELL DREAM- IT WAS A PERFECT DAY AND I WAS TAKING A WALK IN THE SUNSHINE
WERE YOU OUT WALKING ALONE IN YOUR DREAM ?
WHY, ER— NO— I WAS WALKING WITH MY WIFE
I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU WERE WALKING WITH THAT LITTLE MANICURIST DOWN THE STREET
?
!
8-7
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LUNCH-TIME- I SHALL CALL UPON MY WITS TO PRODUCE FOOD, AS USUAL

'TIS HAMBURGER-TIME, MY FRIEND- WILL YOU JOIN ME AT LUNCH?

YEAH, I'LL PAY FOR MINE AN' YOU PAY FOR YOURN

ARN'T YOU A BIT PREMATURE, SIR? DID I ASK YOU TO BUY MY LUNCH?

WELL, THEY WON'T GIVE YA NO FOOD UNLESS YA PAYS BEFORE YA GETS IT

WE'LL GO SOME PLACE WHERE I'M NOT KNOWN- SOME PLACE WHERE THEY DO NOT KNOW THAT I'M A HEEL

YA SLAYS ME, WIMPY

THE PLACE IS CROWDED- THAT SLEEPER WON'T MIND IF WE SHARE HIS TABLE

Z-Z-Z-Z

TWO HAMBURGERS

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

BUT, WIMPY, HOW'RE YA GO'NER PAY FOR YER SANRICH?

MY WITS HAVE NEVER FAILED ME YET

Z-Z-Z-Z

I HAVE NO PLAN, AS YET, BUT I REPEAT, SIR- THIS HAMBURGER WILL COST ME NOTHING

HMM- THE BOSS LOOKS PLENTY TOUGH

Z-Z-Z-Z

COME ON, GIMME A DIME! I CAN'T WAIT ALL DAY!!

I HAVE NO MONEY

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

THEN I'LL TAKE YOUR PANTS

I BEG PARDON?

GET DOWN UNDER THE TABLE- TAKE 'EM OFF AND HAND 'EM TO ME!!

YESSIR

COME ON-HURRY UP!

Z-Z-Z-Z

I'LL HAVE THEM OFF IN A MOMENT, SIR

OKAY-AND LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU

ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF!

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

THA'S ONE TIME YA PAID FOR YER SANRICH- YA PAID WITH YER PANTS

NOW YA AIN'T GOT NO PANTS ARF! ARF!

Z-Z-Z-Z

HAW! HAW!

HO HUM

8-14

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Registered U. S. Patent Office

SAPPO

BY SEGAR

WOTASNOZZLE'S DREAM SOLIDIFIER

SAPPO IS TAKING A NAP_ I'LL SPRAY THE AIR ABOVE HIM WITH MY DREAM SOLIDIFIER AND SEE WHAT HE'S DREAMING ABOUT

Z-Z-Z-Z

STILL DREAM-ING ABOUT THAT MANI-CURIST

HAH! MRS. SAPPO IS NAPPING, TOO_ I'LL SEE WHAT SHE'S DREAMING ABOUT

HA! HA! TONY, THE BARBER

HEY, SAPPO, LOOK AT YOUR WIFE'S SOLIDIFIED DREAM

THE BARBER!

MRS. SAPPO, LOOK AT YOUR HUSBAND'S SOLIDIFIED DREAM

THAT MANICURIST!

G-R-R-

G-R-R-

AW, LAY OFF- IT'S EVEN

8-14

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WELL, BLESS MY SOUL!! POPEYE AND OLIVE GOING ON A PICNIC

NOW ISN'T THAT LOVELY

MY GORSH!! HERE COMES WIMPY_ OUR DAY IS SPOILT

YOO-HOO! ARE YOU GOING ON A PICNIC? AH, SPLENDID. I SHALL JOIN YOU

BETTER LET HIM EAT WITH US_ HE'LL BE A PEST IF WE DON'T

OLIVE_ YA GOT EYES LIKE NOBODY'S BIZNESS AN' YER BREATH IS LIKE FOG ON THE MEADOW_ I LOVES YA

WHY SHOULD HE HAVE A SWEETHEART AND ME NOT HAVE A SWEETHEART?

MY DEAR, YOUR BEAUTY PUTS TO SHAME THIS FLOWER_ YOU MUST BE SOMETHING FROM HEAVEN

A FLOWER IN HUMAN FORM_ CHEEKS IN BLOSSOM_ BLOSSOMS, PINK LIKE TREE ROSES_ YOUR SKIN-THE SKIN OF THE LILY

OH, MISTER WIMPY, YOU SAY THE NICEST THINGS

LISTEN, HONEY, HE DON'T MEAN IT_ HE AIN'T SINCERE

HE DOE S, TOO, MEAN IT_ AW, SHUT UP!

YOUR BREATH THE BREATH-OF VIOLETS

OH, OLIVE OYL YOU ARE YOUTH IN BLOOM

MOOOOOO

I BEG PARDON?

AH, LITTLE HAMBURGER ON THE HOOF_ YOU MUST BE SOMETHING FROM HEAVEN

YOUR BREATH-THE BREATH OF VIOLETS_ LITTLE COWSY WOWSY, YOU ARE YOUTH IN BLOOM

HAW! HAW! HAW!

8·21

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APPO

Registered U. S. Patent Office

GET OUT YOUR DREAM-SOLIDIFIER DOPE, PROF_ MY WIFE'S ASLEEP AND I WANT TO SEE WHAT SHE'S DREAMING ABOUT

SHE'S DREAMING ABOUT THAT DARN BARBER AGAIN!

YOU KNOW I'M AN ARTIST_ WELL-I WANT TO ERASE THAT BARBER AND DRAW MY PICTURE INTO HER DREAM_ HAVE YOU GOT A DREAM-ERASER?

I INVENTED ONE THIS MORNING- I'LL GET IT

THERE. BY GOLLY! THAT'S BETTER

!!

POOEY

8·21

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YER SMILIN', ROUGH-HOUSE_ BIZNESS MUST BE GOOD
YES, BUSINESS IS GOOD, BUT THAT AIN'T WHY I'M SMILING
SAY!! WHAT THE HECK ARE YA DOIN' ?!
I'M THROWING TABLE SCRAPS AND STUFF UNDER THE COUNTER
I ALWAYS HATED TO WALK OUT TO THE GARBAGE CAN
WHY, THA'S ARFUL!! I'LL LEAVE IT TO YOU, MUG, AIN'T THAT ARFUL?
IT SURE IS!!
SURE IS
ROUGH-HOUSE, I YAM DISGUSTIPATED!!
AW, PIPE DOWN, POPEYE_ YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT
THIS DUMP AIN'T SANIKARY!
MY GORSH! HE'S DOIN' IT AGAIN!
CAN YOU BEAT IT?
YOU'RE MISTAKEN, GENTS_ THIS JOINT IS SANITARY_ IT'S JUST AS CLEAN AS A PIN UNDER THE COUNTER
OH, I SEE! ARF! ARF! THA'S GOOD!
YEAH, I'VE GOT WIMPY UNDER THE COUNTER_ A HUMAN SCRAP CAN!
YOU RASCAL!! DO YOU HAVE TO TELL EVERYBODY? SIR, YOU CAN GET YOURSELF ANOTHER SCRAP CAN!!
HEAVENS!! DO YOU THINK I HAVE NO PRIDE?
EGAR
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8-28


SAPPO
BY EGAR
Registered U S Patent Office
ANOTHER GREAT INVENTION_ "EXISTO GAS"
I'M GLAD SAPPO IS SLEEPING_ FIRST I'LL USE MY DREAM SOLIDIFIER
Z-Z-Z-Z-
HE'S DREAMING ABOUT HIMSELF_ THIS "EXISTO GAS" WILL MAKE HIS DREAM REAL AND THREE-DIMENSIONAL
Z-Z-Z
YOU RASCAL! HOW DARE YOU TAMPER WITH NATURE!!
MY EXISTO DREAM GAS WORKS_ HE'S SPEAKING
Z-Z-Z
BOP!
Z-Z-
WHY, I OUGHT TO BREAK YOUR NECK!
AW, SHUT UP, YOU OLD GOAT!
WHAT THE-?!
XX!
X!!X!
HEY, STOP SWEARING
YOU SHUT UP, TOO, YOU LITTLE FAT-HEAD!
8-28

I WONDER IF POPEYE REALLY LOVES ME? WE'VE BEEN GOING TOGETHER FOR YEARS

I HATES TO ADMIT IT AT ME AGE_BUT I FEELS LOVE CREEPIN' THROUGH ME VEINS

G' MORNIN', OLIVE. I BRING'D YA A SWELL BOKAY

BUT, POOPDECK, WHY BRING ME FLOWERS?

B'CAUSE I LOVES YA_ YA CRAZY SHE SWAB_ WHA'D YA THINK?

!

LISTEN, WOMAN_ I LOVES YA LIKE CLAM CHOWDER_ WILL YA MARRY ME?

NO, POOPDECK_ I LOVE YOUR SON, POPEYE

WHAT!! THAT FUNNY-LOOKIN' ONE-EYED RAT?! YA MUST BE KA-RAZY!

BLAST HER HIDE! SHE TURNT ME DOWN FOR A LUBBER

I'LL CUT OFF SOME OF THE HAIRS ON THE BACK OF ME HEAD

AN' I'LL SHAVE OFF ME WHISKERS

WHO YAM I NOW? I YAM WHO I YAM, THA'S WHO I YAM

NOW I'LL DRAW ANCHORS ON ME ARMS

AN' I'LL BORROW SOME OF ME SON'S CLOTHES

...I YAM WHAT I YAM AN' THA'S ALL I YAM_ I'M POPEYE, THE SAILOR-MAN

OH, POPEYE_I'VE GOT THE FUNNIEST THING TO TELL YOU! OLD POOPDECK PAPPY, YOUR POPPA, PROPOSED TO ME

HE DID? WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! BLOW ME DOWN! WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! BLOW ME DOWN!

ISN'T THAT SOMETHING!! HAW! HAW!

THINK OF IT_HA! HA! POOPDECK MAKING LOVE TO ME! OH, HA! HA!

WHY, THE OL' GOAT! HAW! HAW! HAW!

HAW! HAW!

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9-4

CONTINUED

APPO

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

By SEGAR

YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT AFTER YOU SOLIDIFY A DREAM YOU CAN SPRAY IT WITH YOUR "EXISTO DREAM GAS" AND MAKE THE DREAM REAL?

YEP

I'M GOING TO TAKE A NAP, PROF_ AND I WANT YOU TO SOLIDIFY AND MAKE REAL THE DREAM I DREAM

2-2-

I'VE SOLIDIFIED HIS DREAM, NOW I'LL MAKE IT REAL_ WAKE UP, SAPPO_ ALL DONE

2-2-2

HELLO, JOHN, COME ON UP

OKAY, MYRTLE

!

CAREFUL THERE, JOHN SAPPO_I'M WATCHING THIS DREAM EXPERIMENT

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9-4

?

YOU'RE WATCHING, EH? WELL_ SEE YOU LATER

WELL, I'LL BE!

YES, MOTHER, I THINK POPEYE IS GOING TO PROPOSE - HE SEEMS TO BE VERY MUCH IN LOVE WITH ME LATELY

REALLY ?!

ME WHISKERS SURE GROW FAST - I'LL SHAVE 'EM OFF AGAIN AN' GO CALL ON OLIVE OYL LIKE I DONE LAST WEEK

I LOOKS JUS' LIKE ME SON, POPEYE, WITH ME WHISKERS OFF - I THINK I'LL STEAL HIS GAL FOR KEEPS

IT WOULD BE PERTY NICE HAVIN' A YOUNG WIFE TO WAIT ON ME

I HOPE POPEYE DON'T MISS HIS EXTER CLOTHES

I'M NINETY-NINE YEARS OLD, BUT I'M MIGHTY YOUNG FOR ME AGE - I GOT A BODY LIKE EIGHTEEN YEARS

AN' I GOT A BRAIN OF A BOY OF TEN

HONEY, I THOUGHT WE OUGHT TO GET MARRIED SO I BRING'D A LICENSE AN' THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

OH, POPEYE, THIS IS SO SUDDEN !!

GEE, POPEYE - YOU SURE WORK FAST WHEN YOU ONCE MAKE UP YOUR MIND!

HO-HUM - NOTHIN' TO DO - GUESS I'LL GO OVER AN' SEE OLIVE OYL

HE PROPOSED AND WE'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED RIGHT AWAY

OH, FINE

TRA-LA-LE-LA LE-LA -

BLAST IT!! HERE COMES ME SON - I'LL HAVE TO SLIP OUT

? ?

JUST THINK, POPEYE DEAR, IN A FEW MINUTES WE'LL BE MARRIED

MARRIED? WELL, BLOW ME DOWN, THA'S THE FIRST I KNOW'D ABOUT IT

HUH?

?

I JUS' DROPPED IN TO SAY HELLO - NOT TO GET MARRIED

!

YOU RAT! SHE'S FAINTED! I HOPE SHE SUES YOU FOR BREACH OF PROMISE!

!

PLOP

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

CONTINUED

D. EGAR 9-11

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APPO

Registered U. S. Patent Office

BY D. EGAR

PROFESSOR, YOUR GOOFY INVENTIONS CAUSE TOO MUCH TROUBLE

"DREAM-SOLIDIFIER" AND "EXISTO DREAM GAS"

JOHN DREAMED ABOUT A GIRL - YOU SOLIDIFIED HIS DREAM AND SPRAYED IT WITH YOUR "EXISTO GAS" AND MADE THE GIRL REAL

THEN JOHN CLIMBED UP INTO THE DREAM AND WALKED AWAY WITH HER

WIGGLE LINE - MOVIE -

CUT OUT ALL OF HEAVY BLACK LINES IN EYES — CUT SLITS ALONG THE FOUR DOTTED LINES - CUT OUT WIGGLE STRIP AND -

LENGTHEN IT BY PASTING BLANK PAPER TO EACH END. THEN PUT IT THROUGH SLITS — PASTE ENDS OF SMALL STRIPS AND STICK OVER TOP AND BOTTOM SLITS —.

I SEE YOU AND THAT FUNNY-LOOKING DAME SITTING THERE - JOHN, COME HERE!

OKAY, HONEY

AW, SHE'S ONLY A SOLIDIFIED DREAM

SHE'S A LITTLE BRAT!

WOTASNOZZLE SOLIDIFIED AND MADE REAL MY DREAM - THAT'S YOU AT SIXTEEN

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND POPEYE— WE WERE GOING TO GET MARRIED— THEN SUDDENLY HE ACTED LIKE HE KNEW NOTHING ABOUT IT

HERE IS OL' POOPDECK PAPPY, POPEYE'S POPPA, WITH HIS WHISKERS SHAVED OFF AND WEARING POPEYES CLOTHES—

ME SON MESSED THINGS UP LAST WEEK— BUT I'LL TRY AGAIN

I GOT TO GET ME A YOUNG WIFE TO WORK FOR ME

I ALMOST HAD HER LAST WEEK ERF! ERF!

OL' POOPDECK GETTIN HIS-SELF A SQUAB-PERTY SMART-HAH! AN' I'LL MAKE 'ER STEP, TOO

JUS' IN CASE YA WANTS TO GET MARRIED I BRING'D THE JUDGE ALONG

YOU MEAN IT?

YOU'RE NOT FOOLING?

A'COURSE, I AIN'T, HONEY— WE'LL GET HITCHED RIGHT NOW

ALL RIGHT

HE ISN'T FOOLIN' THIS TIME, MOTHER! WE'LL BE MARRIED IN A FEW MINUTES

AH, AT LAST I'M GOING TO MARRY POPEYE

OKAY, JUDGE, DO YOUR STUFF

YES, PLEASE HURRY BEFORE SOMETHING HAPPENS

--ETC-ETC--- I DO HEREBY PRONOUNCE YOU—

STOP!

? ?

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? SAY WHO ARE YOU?

I YAM POPEYE, THE SAILOR !!

WHO ARE YOU?

I YAM POPEYE, THE SAILOR, MESELF!!

YA AIN'T- I YAM

ONE OF US IS LYIN' AN' IT AIN'T ME— SO IT MUST BE YOU

AW, PIPE DOWN

PLOP

YA AIN'T ME BECAUSE YA AIN'T GOT ANCHORS ON YER ARMS— YER A IMPOSKER—

!

9-18

BLAST IT! I FERGOT TO PAINT 'EM ON THIS TIME

"THIS TIME"— HEAVENS! HOW MANY TIMES HAS HE MADE LOVE TO ME?!

SEGAR

I GOT RID OF THAT LAST DREAM OF YOURS— I SPRAYED IT WITH LIQUID DREAM-ERASER

SAPPO

BY SEGAR

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

SAPPO, I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT WILL MAKE US VERY RICH— IT'S FUNNY I DIDN'T THINK OF IT BEFORE

YEAH ?

YOU GO TO SLEEP AND DREAM ABOUT A BIG BAG OF MONEY— THEN I'LL SOLIDIFY IT AND MAKE IT REAL

GREAT IDEA!

WIGGLE LINE— —MOVIE—

CUT OUT ALL OF HEAVY BLACK LINES IN EYES— CUT SLITS ALONG THE FOUR DOTTED LINES— CUT OUT WIGGLE STRIP AND—,

LENGTHEN IT BY PASTING BLANK PAPER TO EACH END. THEN PUT IT THROUGH SLITS— PASTE ENDS OF SMALL STRIPS AND STICK OVER TOP AND BOTTOM SLITS—.

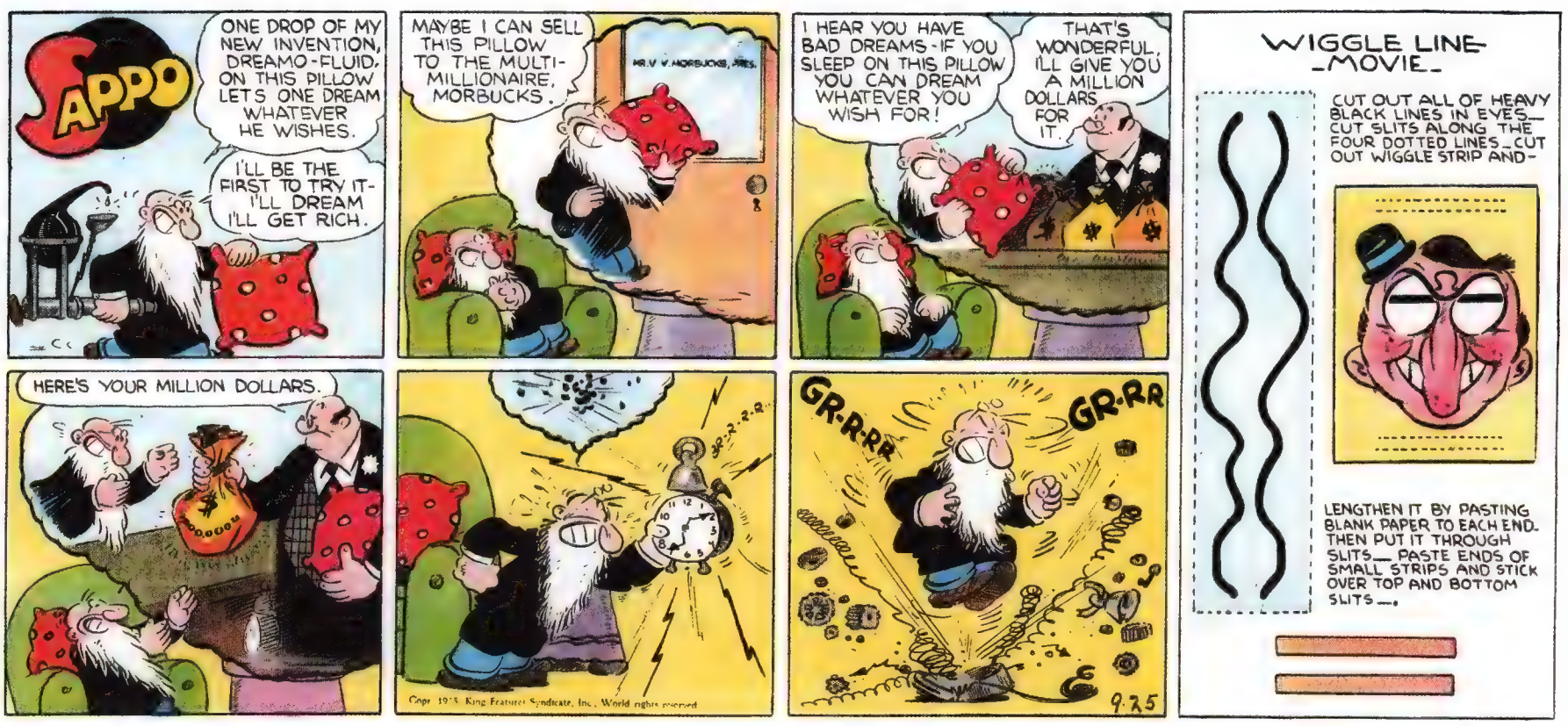
AH, WE'RE RICH, SAPPO— WAKE UP

WE'RE RICH !!

OF ALL THINGS— COIN SLUGS

9-18


DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY, POPEYE
SOCK HIM!
DON'T WORRY. I WON'T LET THE IMPOSKER GET AWAY TILL HE TELLS ME WHO HE IS
I WON'T TELL YA
GO ON, POPEYE, SOCK HIM
I JUS' KIN NOT DO IT, OLIVE_IT WOULD BE LIKE SMACKIN' MESELF IN THE FACE
LISTEN, IF YA DON'T TELL US WHO YA ARE WE'LL LOCK YA IN A CLOSET AN' KEEP YA THERE TILL YA DO TELL
I WON'T TELL
I GUESS WE GOT TO GET ROUGH. OPEN THE CLOSET DOOR, OLIVE
WE WON'T LET YA OUT OR GIVE YA NO FOOD TILL YA TELLS US
I WON'T TELL YA WHO I AM
I YAM GOIN' HOME. I'LL SEE YA TOMORRY. DON'T LET HIM OUT
OKAY, POPEYE
I'M GOING TO BED NOW_ YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY IN THERE ALL NIGHT IF YOU DON'T TELL
-TELL YA NOTHIN' !!
NEXT MORNING
I BETTER GO SEE IF HE TALKED YET
WELL_ WHO ARE YA?
YA'LL NEVER KNOW
I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW DAYS, OLIVE. LEMME KNOW IF HE TALKS_
ALL RIGHT
FIVE DAYS LATER
LE'S LET HIM OUT_ WE CAN'T KEEP HIM THERE NO LONGER IT'S TOO CRUEL
HE SURE IS STUBBORN
YA'LL NEVER KNOW WHO I AM
OKAY, YOU WIN_LET HIM OUT, OLIVE
9-25
I WON'T TELL
WHISKERS? ME WHISKERS GROW'D
SURE, POPPA, WE KNOWS YA
POOPDECK, I HATE YOU!
SEGAR


APPO
ONE DROP OF MY NEW INVENTION, DREAMO-FLUID, ON THIS PILLOW LETS ONE DREAM WHATEVER HE WISHES.
I'LL BE THE FIRST TO TRY IT- I'LL DREAM I'LL GET RICH.
MAYBE I CAN SELL THIS PILLOW TO THE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE, MORBUCKS.
MR. V. V. MORBUCKS, PRES.
I HEAR YOU HAVE BAD DREAMS-IF YOU SLEEP ON THIS PILLOW YOU CAN DREAM WHATEVER YOU WISH FOR!
THAT'S WONDERFUL, I'LL GIVE YOU A MILLION DOLLARS FOR IT.
WIGGLE LINE-MOVIE-
CUT OUT ALL OF HEAVY BLACK LINES IN EYES— CUT SLITS ALONG THE FOUR DOTTED LINES_CUT OUT WIGGLE STRIP AND-
LENGTHEN IT BY PASTING BLANK PAPER TO EACH END. THEN PUT IT THROUGH SLITS— PASTE ENDS OF SMALL STRIPS AND STICK OVER TOP AND BOTTOM SLITS—.
HERE'S YOUR MILLION DOLLARS.
GR-R-RR
GR-RR
9-25
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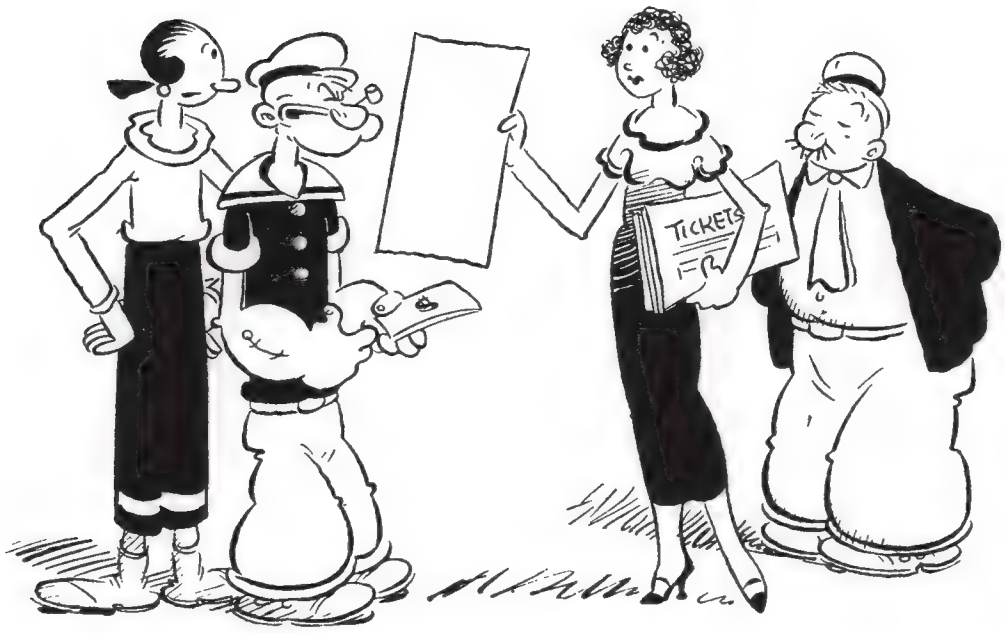
MOTHER, I'LL NEVER GET OVER IT!! I'D LIKE TO BUST HIS HEAD!
IT WAS A MEAN TRICK
I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO LIVE THAT DOWN. WHY, THE OLD GOAT, SHAVING HIS WHISKERS
FIXING HIMSELF TO LOOK LIKE POPEYE AND MAKING LOVE TO ME!!
I COULD KILL POOPDECK PAPPY
AW, DON'T THINK TOO HARD OF ME POPPA - HE'S A OL' MAN
HECK, YES, I ADMITS IT WAS A ARFUL THING TO DO - BUT HE WAS JUS' HAVIN' SOME FUN
I'LL NEVER FORGIVE HIM - I HATE HIM!
I SUSPOSE ME POOR OL' POPPA NEVER HAD NO BRANGIN' UP
IMAGINE MY EMBARRASSMENT! IMAGINE THAT HORRID OLD POOPDECK KISSING ME! UGH!
POPEYE - YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN THAT CAN KISS ME
SMACK! SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK
POPEYE, I'VE GOT AN IDEA - MY BROTHER HAS A TATTOOING OUTFIT - I'M GOING TO MARK YOU
YOUR POPPA WON'T BE ABLE TO FOOL ME ANYMORE - I CAN LOOK AT YOUR BACK AND TELL IF IT'S YOU OR NOT
TWO WEEKS LATER
I THINK I'LL DROP OVER AND SEE MY SWEETY
HELLO, POPEYE, DARLING, HOW ARE YOU?
OKAY, HONEY
AND - POOEY TO YOU, YOU OLD GOAT!!
GNATS TO YOU, MADAM
MY BROTHER IS DOING FINE IN HIS NEW BUSINESS!
ZAT SO?
YES - HE CALLS HIMSELF A TATTOO ARTIST NOW
SPEAKIN' OF TATTOOS -
ME POPPA, JUS' LATELY GOT A STAR TATTOOED ON HIS BACK
? ? ?
ERF! ERF!
10-2
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SAPPO
Registered U. S. Patent Office
SAPPO IS TESTING MY DREAM PILLOW - I'LL SPRAY THE AIR AND SEE WHAT DREAM HE WISHED FOR
I HOPE WOTTASNOZZLE DOESN'T SHOW UP - ANYWAY, HE WON'T RECOGNIZE ME WITH THIS BEARD
HE ISN'T SO DUMB I THINK I'LL JOIN HIM
H'YA, SAPPO? HOW'S MY PAL?
I BEG YOUR PARDON?
WIGGLE LINE - MOVIE -
CUT OUT ALL OF HEAVY BLACK LINES IN EYES - CUT SLITS ALONG THE FOUR DOTTED LINES - CUT OUT WIGGLE STRIP AND -
LENGTHEN IT BY PASTING BLANK PAPER TO EACH END. THEN PUT IT THROUGH SLITS - PASTE ENDS OF SMALL STRIPS AND STICK OVER TOP AND BOTTOM SLITS -.
DON'T TRY TO KID ME. YOU'RE JOHN SAPPO.
MY NAME IS JONES - I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS.
WHY, YOU #@:&%@ -- TAKE THEM OFF. I KNOW YOU!
OUCH! LET GO MY BEARD!
!?!
NO, DOCTOR, HE'S NOT VIOLENT, BUT YOU'D BETTER COME QUICK -- RIGHT AWAY.
10-2

Elzie Crisler Segar

DECEMBER 8, 1894 – OCTOBER 13, 1938





LICENSING AND MERCHANDISING MOVE TO CENTER STAGE OF THE THIMBLE THEATRE

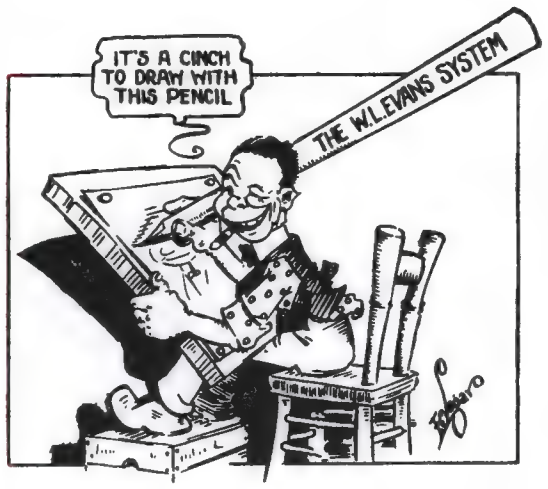
POPEYE FISKS HIS WAY INTO AMERICAN CULTURE

Afterword by Richard Marschall

The comic strip's internal rules of language and structure help classify it as an art form. But among the factors that make it largely an American art form is its unashamed identification with commercialism. The comic strip, as we have noted in previous essays in this book series (but shall treat differently here, be assured), was centuries in the making; but a peculiar set of factors coalesced in its definitive form around 1895 – for instance, commercial rivalries between newspapers, and new printing technologies – meaning that commerce and invention were there at the birth.

By coincidence or rare prescience, the newspaper cartoon's First Citizen, Richard Felton Outcault, found his Yellow Kid as the rope in the tug of war between publishers Joseph Pulitzer and William Randolph Hearst. He was able somehow to maintain an income share of the Kid's substantial extracurricular activities. Simultaneously, Yellow Kid cookies and cigarettes and Broadway musicals and pinbacks and chewing gum and cigars and toys and soap and games and dolls and so forth… *a)* confirmed the cartoon's popularity; and *b)* established the color newspaper comic section as an irreducible component of Sunday papers.

Outcault's next major creation, *Buster Brown*, was, if anything, more popular in the Sunday funnies, and surely was more of a merchandising colossus. The cartoonist once again saw two major newspapers fight over rights to the comic strip. And once again, perhaps more airtight than with the Yellow Kid, he retained licensing and merchandising control. Eventually Outcault established the Outcault Advertising Agency of Chicago and installed as one of its officers his son-in-law, a nephew of Gen. John "Black Jack" Pershing. The agency produced hundreds of pamphlets and ad-message post cards, most of them adorned with Outcault's artwork and characters.

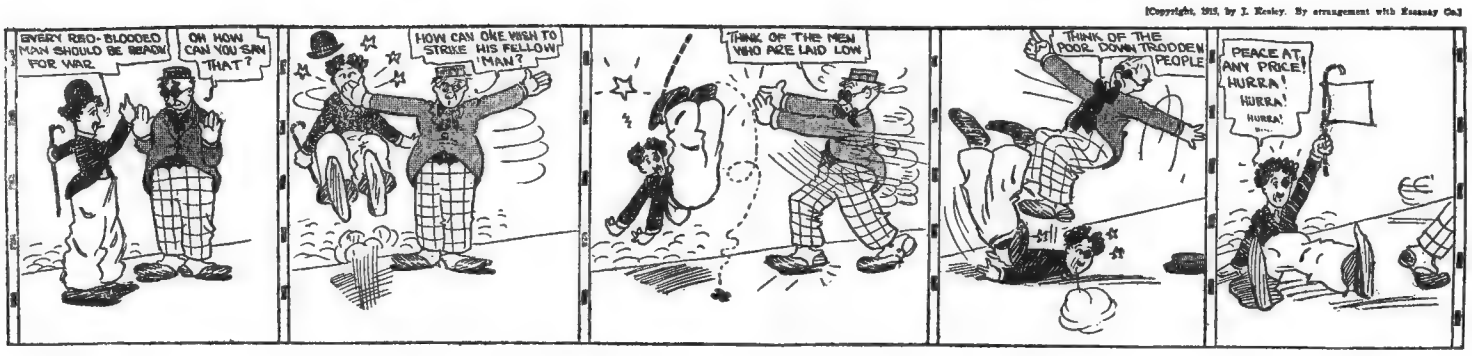




The early years of the comics resembled the Wild West on both sides of the drawing board. Cartoonists were blueprinting the architecture and writing the dictionaries of comic-strip expression: panels; speech balloons; borders; parallel action; sound effects; sweat beads; motion lines. On the business side, there variously was order and chaos. The Yellow Kid and Buster Brown were fought over by rival publishers, as we have noted; so were other comic characters, often the objects of lawsuits. Hans and Fritz, the Katzenjammer Kids (or Fritz and Hans, after one set of brothers took up residence in another newspaper); Foxy Grandpa; Mutt and Jeff; Little Nemo; the Newlyweds; Lady Bountiful; the Hall Room Boys; and others. Likewise, cartoonists themselves were enticed to switch teams with the avidity and emoluments of the free-agency orgies of contemporary sports.

Outcault had charted the paths for comic-strip licensing and merchandising. (My recent book with Warren Bernard, *Drawing Power*, Marschall Books/Fantagraphics, 2011, displays many of comics' early advertising appearances, and cartoons' self-promotion.) Almost every strip success of the comics' first decade inspired a musical comedy. I can recall my grandmother recalling that, in her childhood, she was taken to a *Foxy Grandpa* comedy on Broadway, and

ABOVE: Segar had barely become a professional — that is, he was paid to draw cartoons, but scarcely drew better than many amateurs — when he parlayed his position. The entrepreneurial lad drew an autocaricature for the "school" whose mail-order lessons he received (left); and then established his own correspondence agency to evaluate the work of aspiring cartoonists by mail (right). *Circa* 1917.



seeing a fat man in the audience laugh so hard that she thought he might die.

Today, collectors seek posters, buttons, songsheets, and post cards that are the fingerprints of such licensing activities. For "Hassan" and "Tokio" cigarettes alone, around 1912, there were approximately 500 pinbacks produced with cartoons by Rube Goldberg, George Herriman, Rudolph Dirks, TAD, Bud Fisher, and George McManus. Reprint books collected Sunday and daily strips of *Happy Hooligan*; *The Katzenjammer Kids*; *Foxy Grandpa*; *Little Nemo*; *Mutt and Jeff*; *Bringing Up Father*; and, into the 1920s, *Little Orphan Annie*; *The Gumps*; *Moon Mullins*; and *Barney Google.*

These lists can document activity, but they should not suggest too much to us. For all of the newspaper moguls' commercial priorities, and all of the cartoonists' coveted prerogatives, the actual "game" of comic-strip licensing and merchandising was different before Popeye than after his emergence. We have claimed many *firsts* and *uniques* for *The Thimble Theatre*, but the commercial revolution wrought by the sailorman – ushering comics' second wave of licensing and merchandising modes – is one of the most impactful events in comics history.

So Elzie Segar re-enters our story. Around his 20th birthday (that is, around 1914), his desire to become a cartoonist evidently outpaced the satisfaction he gained as a movie-theater projectionist. According to legend, the owner of the theater where Segar worked staked Elzie to a subscription to the W. L. Evans Cartoon Correspondence Course, one of several "schools," with the Landon and the Federal courses, that proliferated in the 'teens. Possessed of a "go-getter" spirit in the style soon to become familiar in the screen persona of Harold Lloyd, Segar travelled upstate to Chicago and sought an interview with our old friend R. F. Outcault. The latter's influence landed Segar a staff position with the *Chicago Herald.*

The cartooning gods smiled on young Segar. On the *Herald* was James Keeley, late of the *Tribune*, where a decade earlier, he contracted with the German cartoonist Lyonel Feininger to draw comic strips. Just prior to Segar's office call, Keeley had concluded an agreement to produce a comic strip starring the most sensational personality in the land, Charlie Chaplin. Young Segar, whom the cartooning gods had not yet graced with an ability to draw well, nevertheless found himself in charge of a major strip about a major character, with a major audience. The entrepreneurial young cartoonist sent off a letter to the W. L. Evans people, complete with self-caricature at the drawing board, attesting to the efficacy of mail-order lessons, and then he launched upon the seas of cartooning on the Good Ship Licensing. What I am saying is that without the magic name and image of the Little Tramp, *Charlie Chaplin's Comic Capers* probably would have folded quickly.

As it was – *with* the magic name and image of the Little Tramp – the strip folded quickly enough. Unlike Bill Nye's assessment of Richard Wagner's music, this comic strip was *not* better than it looked. It was badly drawn; Charlie spoke; Charlie was the straight man and other characters the main comic foils. However… it was on-the-job training. Segar came up with gags, met deadlines, and when the *Herald* itself folded after two years, he was not on the streets, but was transferred with the rest of the staff to the Chicago *Examiner*. It was a Hearst paper – the cartooning gods were still smiling – and Segar moved cross-town with his stable-mates Billy DeBeck and Frank Willard (soon to draw *Barney Google* and *Moon Mullins*, respectively).

Looping the Loop, a one-column feature with virtual stick figures, about local doings, was his assignment. Then Hearst lost the parodical *Midget Movies* to a rival syndicate, where its cartoonist Ed Wheelan re-packaged it as *Minute Movies* – the personnel raids were still active! – and Segar was moved to syndicate offices in New York, there to draw a substitute parody of stage and movie serials.

And so Elzie Segar, cartoonist, languished for a decade, drawing *The Thimble Theatre* and, for a time, another daily strip. He languished in comfort and security, for the Hearst chain was a ready customer for the strip, even if most other American newspapers survived quite well without it.

It is hard to believe, and the occasional flurries of comic-strip licensing and merchandising would seem to contradict the fact, but syndicates and the major newspaper chains were casual about the commercial exploitation of their strips and characters at the time. We have seen that they were fiercely protective about their ownership rights, and it is clear that they were receptive to characters' appearances in other media. However, they simply were not aggressive about such activity into the 1930s.

Hearst, for instance, in the 'teens, forbad his cartoonists to appear on vaudeville stages, despite the greater fame and public acceptance that personal appearances would have engendered. It was a general rule that when licensing or merchandising deals were struck, either the artists retained the income, or – unbelievably – neither of them did. It is reported, for instance, that Billy DeBeck received no royalties from the hugely successful song by Billy Rose and Con Conrad, *Barney Google With the Goo-Goo-Googly Eyes.* Syndicates might see to the quality of licensed products (not often) or referee the indiscriminate use of properties, but for the most part such uses were viewed as helpful to the strip's reputation, and not a source of revenue.

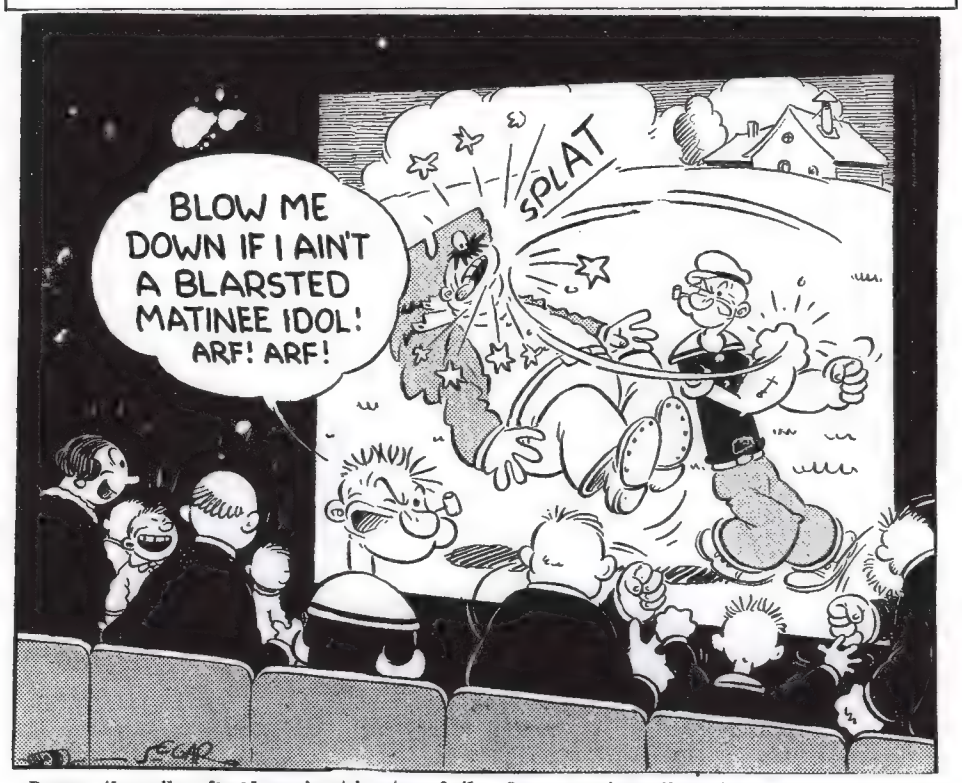
In those days, syndicates and newspaper chains chiefly were concerned with a paper's popularity, and therefore circulation numbers, and therefore advertising rates. Profits from the sales of papers themselves forever has been negligible; and before the 1930s, syndicated features like comics existed to promote the papers, not generate revenue. A wrinkle is provided by Harold Gray, creator of *Little Orphan Annie.* I have a copy of a letter he wrote in 1962 to the editor of his syndicate, Mollie Slott, in which he recalled their early days together at the *Chicago Tribune*:

"Our prices [rates charged for Tribune Syndicate comics] may be high, but those prices were set to cover exclusive territory. We never had but two or three [sales] men out on the road for we were supposed to cover only the big cities…. In fact *the whole dam syndicate was set up only to make enough to give the TRIBUNE it's* [sic] *features free…* (emphasis added)."

It is truly instructive that *Fortune* magazine, the upscale business monthly, published a major story about "The Funny Papers" in its April, 1933, edition. With color illustrations, a table of major cartoonists' incomes, and a graph limning readership patterns of strips' vast audience… there is not one word about syndicates' efforts to license their properties or encourage manufacturers to purchase rights. This is because, even in 1933, efforts were minimal, and encouragement was desultory. The article is relatively reverent about incomes – a reported $1600 a week for Sidney Smith, Bud Fisher, George McManus, and Harold Gray; $1000 a week for Frank King and Cliff Sterrett – but these are straight salaries, or splits of sales as syndication was then in full swing; not including licensing fees or merchandise royalties.

In addition to the irony of syndicates getting wise to syndication, *Fortune* mentions the recent innovation of syndicates being more intentional about marketing pre-printed Sunday sections, and selling ads in them. Hearst's "Comic Weekly" and the Tribune-backed "Metro" enterprises sold ads that actually competed with the comics on their home turf… although, quickly, a synthesis was discovered. Enter, the Golden Age of comic-strip ads. (Again, this is treated more fully in *Drawing Power.*) But, significantly, the large-scale licensing of strips, and large-scale merchandising of

Popeye Goes Hollywood



Popeye, the sailor, famed comic strip star of the 8-page comic section of The Sunday Advertiser, has gone Hollywood. He is fast becoming a full-fledged movie actor on his own merits. The hard-hitting sailor, granted permission by his creator, Mr. Segar, ventured Hollywood-way, determined to break into the movies either by gentle persuasion or by the use of his two powerful "fisks." Popeye, with his stove-pipe imbedded in his determined, comical face and his club-like lower arms blazing the trail, took Hollywood by storm. He came through his screen tests with flying colors while curious producers, tears in their eyes, rocked with laughter as they sat on the sidelines. Popeye's first venture, which Max Fleischer is animating, will be known as "I Yam What I Yam."

comic characters, still had not happened.

But it was imminent. We can discern the evolution in the syndicate business. We can wonder why it took companies that were devoted, after all, to making profits, so many years before they became aggressive marketers. We can speculate on the role of the Depression, which forced companies to discover new income where they could. We can debate whether licensing and merchandising made special creations even more beloved, or violated their integrity (the view of *Calvin and Hobbes* creator Bill Watterson, among others). Such questions seemed to play no role in the glacial pace of change. But change did come to the comics, and it was Popeye who brought it about. Other strips were popular (*Orphan Annie* had her own radio show and many books and toys) and some even counted the comics page as part of *their* licensing strategies (Disney's *Mickey Mouse*, for instance)... but Popeye revolutionized everything in the world of comics.

In 1936, largely because of the Depression, the Hearst newspaper entities made adjustments. These included retrenchments, mergers of constituent agencies, and corporate expansion. King Features President Joseph V. Connolly issued an internal corporate report, dated Jan. 6, 1938, which takes 38 fascinating pages to trace the Hearst entities' growth between 1927 and 1936. It presents some data back to 1914, and presents a summary of the services offered to newspaper outside the Old Man's papers and magazines, up to the minute. And, in considerable detail, it reviews the explosion of income from the comics in general and *Popeye* in particular.

"Prior to 1935 the syndicate's traffic in these rights [revenue derived from the sale or lease of its property rights in certain features, the titles thereof and the characters therein] *was left largely to chance and such inquiries as were made*, but in that year a department was organized to push aggressively the sale of rights to manufacturers of novelties, toys and games, to the motion pictures, to radio sponsors and to book publishers. [Emphasis again added.]

"In 1935 one hundred new licenses were granted to manufacturers of toys, games, novelties, wearing apparel and the like; in 1936 seventy-three new licenses were issued and sixty-eight old licenses renewed; in 1937 fifty-five new licenses were issued and sixty old licenses were renewed; licenses are now outstanding on toy, novelty, games and book rights in more than six hundred King items. [King Features did not have that many properties; this must refer to individual licensing agreements.]

"The syndicate's revenue from novelty, games, toy and book rights has grown from a gross of $19,819.69 and a net of $8,500.83 in 1933 to a gross of $214,716.61 and a net of $82,445.16 in 1937."

Another newcomer to the table was Hollywood. Today, as with vintage toys and collectible books, funky movie serials of the day provide contemporary fans the charm and appeal of old strip creations that often outstrip that of the old strip creations themselves. "Motion picture sales brought the syndicate a gross of $49,33696 and a net of $29,527.86 in 1937....

"The syndicate's radio department has engaged not only in selling syndicate features for profit but in promoting the syndicate's features on the air. ... The syndicate records show no revenue from radio until 1935, but in that year the gross revenue was $22,800 and the new $10,395, while in 1936 the gross was $63,815 and the net $29,557."

King Features Syndicate did not just wake up smarter one morning in 1935; nor can the Depression-driven desire for increased revenue explain the new paradigm. There was a perfect storm of factors. Hard economic times often expand, not diminish, the public's appetite for certain products – usually of the popular-culture, "low-art," instant-gratification variety. Therefore, in the 1930s, comic books, movie serials, radio shows, toys, Big Little Books, and games based on comics, proliferated. Yes, cartoonists welcomed the royalties, and syndicates needed them, but local newspapers also were happy to have innumerable licensed products and merchandised items "working" as silent publicists for the comics on their pages. The 1930s saw most Sunday funny sections increase from four or eight pages to 16 or 32.

One does not have to be an economic determinist to recognize that the explosion of comic-strip licensing and merchandising was inevitable, and overdue by the mid-1930s. Yet it clearly was Popeye the sailor man who made it happen, at least at King Features, when it did.

Popeye was the syndicate's line-leader by far: 168 separate licensing agreements are listed in the King Features report. To provide a sense of the magnitude of Popeye's popularity (and to excite completist/collectors who read this!), these are the product lines listed in the report, just for the use of Popeye's likeness: *children's marbles; statuettes; mufflers; puzzles, nailing sets, musical toys; registering banks, cast metal banks, flashlights; neckties; dolls (composition and wood); tablets, composition books (Canada); overalls, playsuits, shorts, knickers, snow suits;*


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SEGAR, ARTIST
Creator of "Thimble Theatre"

PAST master in creating the comic strip with a side-splitting wallop. Segar's inspirations are light, frivolous humor based on some ridiculous suggestion. The "Thimble Theatre" in the Evening Journal plays to the largest audience of evening newspaper readers in America. That means nearly half of all the people in New York who buy any New York evening newspaper.

More buy it—more read it—more like it than any other evening newspaper.

above: A page from a promotional book published by the *New York Evening Journal*, 1928. Pows and wallops were ballyhooed as his stock in trade. A year before Popeye, and *Thimble Theatre*'s metamorphosis as a masterpiece of characterization and continuity, the Hearst flagship paper seemed happy enough with one-a-day broad slapstick.



Popeye: Gee, if I could be in a picture with Carole Lombard – ho-hum.

sand toys and sand swings; cloth materials and crib blankets; acrobat toys; pencil box sets, fountain pens, mechanical pencils; lead pencils (Canada); 16-mm film rolls; push and pull toys; soft stuffed dolls; greeting cards and party invitation cards; masquerade costumes; birthday candle holders; kites;

Children's hosiery; pocket knives; knives, forks, spoons, plates, etc., in nickel silver, silver plate, chromium plate, etc.; jointed wood toys, bifbat toys, featherbounce toys; molded soap figures and wood plaques; children's dishes and handkerchiefs; roly-poly toys; cookies; tooth brushes; overalls, pants, slacks, jackets (Canada); mechanical toys; comic magazines and newsstand reprint books; tie racks; inflated rubber toys, beach balls, rubber balloons; children's military and hair brushes; clocks and watches; boys' and girls' house slippers; musical pipes and wheel-of-fortune toys; knit outer- and underwear; transfer papers, Easter egg paper manikins; buttons and pins; pencil sharpeners and catalin napkin rings; coaster wagons;

Cardboard ring-toss games; molded rubber figures and ash trays; gas-inflated and sponge-rubber balls; novelty jewelry; printing sets; filled Christmas stockings; bubble sets, garden spinach sets, toy boats (non-mechanical); change aprons, carrier bags; novelty jewelry; fly swatters; pillow tops; story books, reprint books, paint books, card games; packaged hard and chewy candy; celluloid dolls and rattles; boys' cloth headwear; glow lamps; picture gun film; modeling clay packages; music boxes; harmonicas; belts; gloves; candy (Canada); wall paper.

We may infer that it was Popeye's essential personality, not his superficial attributes (sailor, fighter) that impressed his young fans, otherwise we might see, say, toy boxing gloves amidst the Popeye neckties, pencil sets, slippers, soap, and harmonicas. This list was not a wish-list of the syndicate, either; the report lists the names and addresses of the companies with whom agreements existed.

The report continued: "The movies have secured from the syndicate animated Popeye cartoons, animated Krazy Kat cartoons and feature picture rights to such comics as Flash Gordon, Jungle Jim, Ace Drummond, Secret Agent X-9, Tim Tyler's Luck, Radio Patrol, and Red Barry." In the radio "department," the report announced that "one sale alone, that of Popeye to the Wheatena Corporation, brought the syndicate $30,000 in 1936 and 1937. Popeye has again been sold to a radio sponsor in 1938."

… and that is the year that Elzie Segar died, in Santa Monica, only 42 years old, of a liver disease.

The maintenance of *The Thimble Theatre* by its syndicate masters subsequent to its creator's death, and for two decades thereafter, inspires melancholia – or, to put it another way, disgust. Bullpen hand Doc Winner ghosted work when Segar was ill (strips lacking signatures are telltale). Then, into the 1950s, writer Tom Sims and cartoonist Bela Zaboly delivered 365 strips a year, except for leap years, when an extra strip was squeezed out. The work resembled Segar's in appearance; and the team – can we say it took two men to even attempt emulation? – was somewhere between adequate and competent.

Left-handed compliments and faint praise aside, it is doubtful that any cartoonist could have replaced Segar. Only succeed him.

Nevertheless, the coincident timing of Popeye's merchandising rise and Segar's apotheosis, will forever suggest that Popeye's masters intended a metamorphosis: that Popeye's chief personality trait had become that of a licensing matrix, a mannequin to dress up, a template for others' purposes. If Popeye was now more at home on model sheets than comic pages, ready (as an actor, after all, on the Thimble Theatre) to pitch toys and games, pajamas and mittens… then any colorful adventures on the comics pages might, um, rock the boat.

Popeye became, not the face that launched a thousand strips, but a trademark.

After all the books in this reprint series, after the essays and analyses, after reading thousands of Segar's strips, we must still confess that the appeal of the one-eyed seaman remains elusive. We have dissected the cartoonist's antecedents, inspirations, influences, assignments, techniques, drawing style, narrative construction, character development, continuity methods… yet to this all we must add something else. We cannot recognize it but not explain it. Perhaps a cavalry regiment of semiotics theorists can do the job; but probably not.

There is something about that face, the bulbous nose, the simultaneous frown and smile, the outrageous chin, the illogically placed pipe, the misshapen arms and legs below, that attracts us and engages our sympathy. The same argument, or guess, can be made about the arrangement of circles that comprise Mickey Mouse, or the pantheon of macrocephalic cartoon kids from the Yellow Kid to Charlie Brown to Calvin. We seem to have a sweet tooth in our processes of perception. There *is* something about that sailor's face. It is proven by the large number of professional cartoonists who recall that the first things they ever drew (or attempted to) was the face of Popeye. And by the number of professional cartoonists who, when making public appearances today, ask children what they would like for a sketch, receive requests for Popeye and not their own characters!

How many children today pick up chalk and attempt to draw Popeye on blackboards… or on sidewalks, in the manner of a young Elzie Crisler Segar himself, drawing cartoons on the sidewalks of Chester, Illinois, when he was a child?

The art form of the comic strip can be seen as the endless art – stories that continue; narratives that essentially are bridges, with indeterminate beginnings and inconclusive endings (there always is a Monday…); of landscapes that extend behind and beyond the panel borders. And for all the technology and commercialism we have discussed, it is somewhat comforting – no; it is *very* comforting, as well as profoundly affirming – that in the person of E. C. Segar we see the primal elements: Chalk for drawing; a sidewalk as canvas; a creator's imagination; and an audience's curiosity. There, comics begin. As logical, very logical indeed, as a theater the size of a thimble. Blow me down.

ABOVE: A drawing by Segar, satirizing his satires of movies (and recognizing the success of the Fleischer animated cartoons), for an article by Martin Sheridan for *Rural Progress* magazine, ca. 1937.



THIS PAGE: A young E.C. Segar.
FOLLOWING PAGES: Although amusing (and featuring five original Segar drawings!), this "biography" of Popeye should probably not be considered gospel, and may have been written by anonymous syndicate hands. Given that Prohibition was repealed in 1933, and the relative elongation of Popeye's nose (it grew rounder and "cuter" over the years), this was likely published around 1930. Popeye's slicked back hair in the "Chapter 3" illustration looks exactly like Segar's own hair in this photo, doesn't it?

Blow Me Down! Popeye Born at Age of 2, But Orphink from Start

Doughty Sailor Laid His Keeper 'Among Swee' Peas' at Four

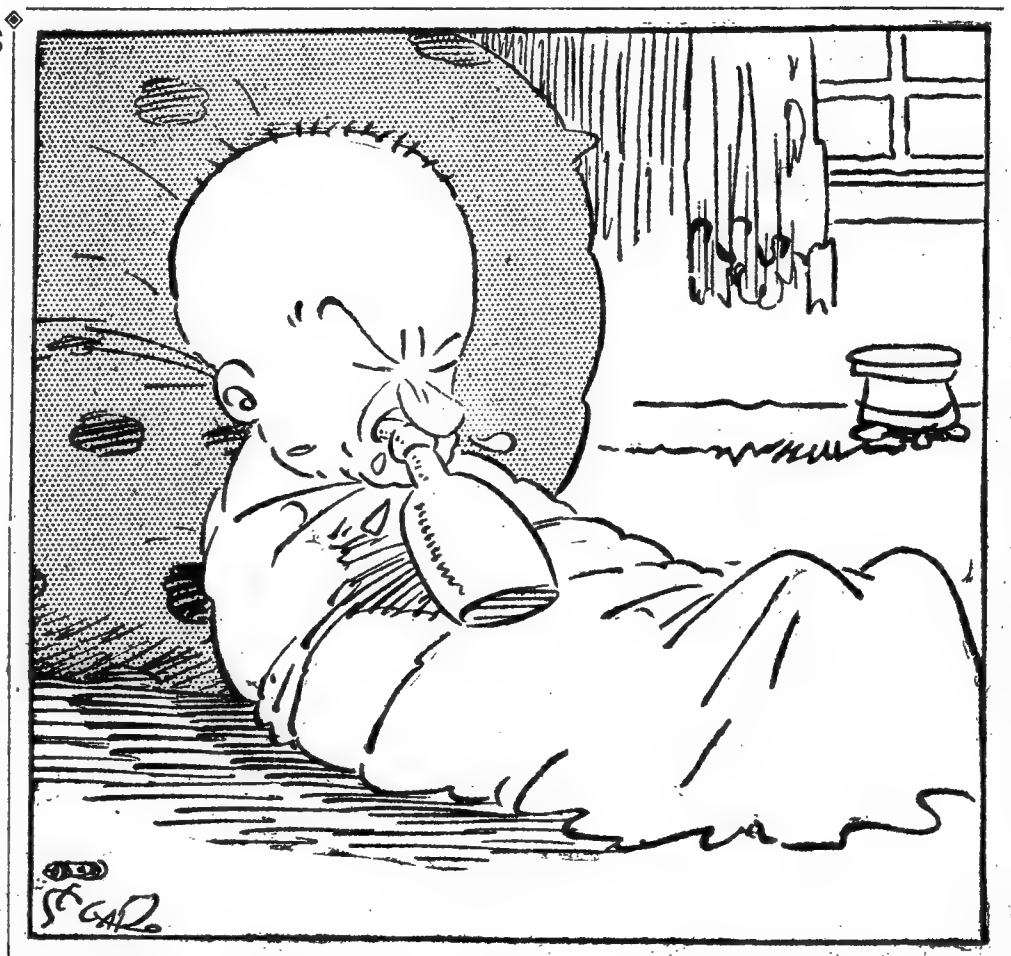
Here is the first chapter in the unusual life of "Popeye," star of "The Thimble Theater," the funniest comic in newspaper history.

Rumors now current that Popeye was born at the age of 40 and is steadily growing younger are totally unfounded. The horseshoe-fisted sailor was only two or three years old at birth, a normal infant in every way. He was always willing to take his pipe out of his mouth for the morning bottle of malted hardtack.

Impressed by early home training, as Number 185764, Popeye refrained from getting into serious fights until he was almost four and the keeper tried his patience once too often. He was a prize baby in many shows and always took great pride in his Bertillon measurements.

Unfortunately, Popeye was born an orphan. Today he often says: "Blow me down, I never had no ma or pa. Tha's why I'm a orphink." One of the hard-hitting mariner's chief charms is his ability to reason things out.

The accompanying unretouched picture shows the gifted infant, Popeye himself, at the age of two weeks. Earlier pictures do not do him justice, because in all of them, particularly the one taken many years before and captioned "Spinach," the photographer's head clamp is plainly visible and also his brother, Joe, who has often been mistaken for Popeye.



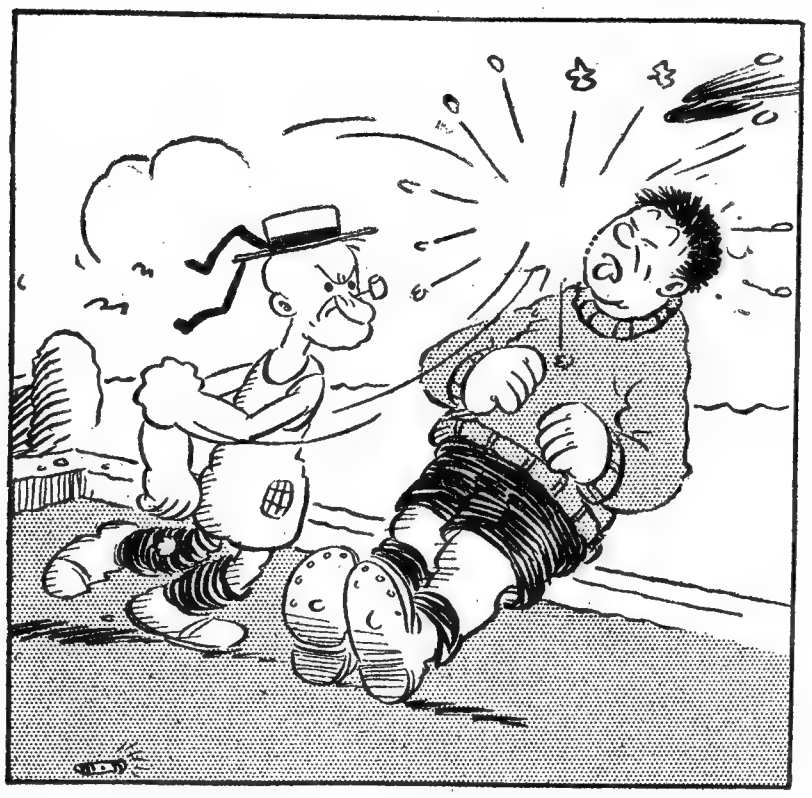
Notice the article Popeye has clamped in his manly teeth. At first glance it appears to be a bottle, but in reality it is a hickory pipe which has suffered a stoppage in the stem.

Popeye has refused to be daunted by the molar which has shaken loose and clogged his "briar." He is endeavoring to blow it on through into the bowl, with a result which is plainly evident.

The attractive piece of furniture at the right is a loving cup presented to Popeye by other inmates in token of his long distance yelling prowess.

Monday: The story of Popeye's boyhood.

Popeye at 6 Begins to Lay Foes 'Among Geraniums'



CHAPTER TWO

Poor little Popeye was an orphan, due to the fact that both of his parents were dead and also to the sad circumstances that he had neither pa nor ma. His clothing consisted mainly of old flour sacks, cigar coupons and old blades from a straight razor. Then Whaler Joe picked up the luckless lad on the docks and bought him a new pipe and a fascinating straw skimmer with handsome radio antennae by which marooned dandruff could send SOS calls.

Popeye at the age of six began to fulfill his earlier promise. None of the bullies around the docks needed to lose their first teeth with the aid of a doorknob. Popeye relieved them of useless bicuspids with his famous left-right to the jaw. He was a great factor for good in discouraging crapshooting among the rough dock children. He did this by invariably making 18 straight passes when he got the dice.

But times grew hard and Whaler Joe didn't catch many whales that year. Popeye had to sell his dice to the junk man for the lead in them.

One day little Popeye came home through the snow with old Whale Joe's evening slug of white mule, guarding the precious burden against the elements with his frost-bitten boyish biceps. Then he fared forth again awhaling with a bent pin and a spool of thread.

The whales noticed the tot's meager fishing equipment when he really should have come prepared with a net, and thrashed about impudently, giving, in a word, the horse-laugh to Popeye. Like a flash the quick-tempered youngster called to the deep-sea upstarts:

"Blow me down, you——"

There was immediately quiet like a pall around Popeye's frail bobbing craft. The largest of the whales, deeply offended, climbed into the boat and gave Popeye a jet of water straight on the chin. The boy grinned, feeling his strength for the first time, and delivered a fast one-two to the place where the whale's chin might have been. The big beast staggered and fell limply to the bottom of the boat.

Popeye brought home a nice string of whales that night.

Tomorrow: The story of Popeye's great battle to win his name.

Popeye Gets 'Liberous' Education Aboard Ship

CHAPTER 3

By the time our hero was 12 he startled everybody by proving himself a full-grown man. He had to shave after every meal, and this was for the purpose of removing whiskers, not mulligan. His muscles were so hard that he used them regularly as a grindstone for pocket stilettos and picked up a lot of change this way renting them out to friends.



It was about this time that he went to sea. He was shanghaied with knockout drops in his soda pop. When he came to he administered knockout drops to the chins of everybody on the boat, including the captain. So the barkentine "Josie Lee" drifted out to sea.

Popeye was on another craft of the same name. After a few days he discovered he liked the life and spent his time practicing a sailor's walk to use later in his comic strip, "Thimble Theater."

It was on this first voyage that "Popeye" got his nickname, "Popeye." Before that everyone had referred to him simply as "Popeye." Now they call him "Popeye" after he lost a blinker, and he has never been known by any other name.

Ask any old sailorman what happened back in 1910. All right—that's his story. The real events had nothing to do with the woman called "Marseilles Minnie." She is not concerned in this story at all, because, as everyone knows, Olive Oyle is Popeye's girl. He met her much later. But anyway, Popeye lost one peeper.

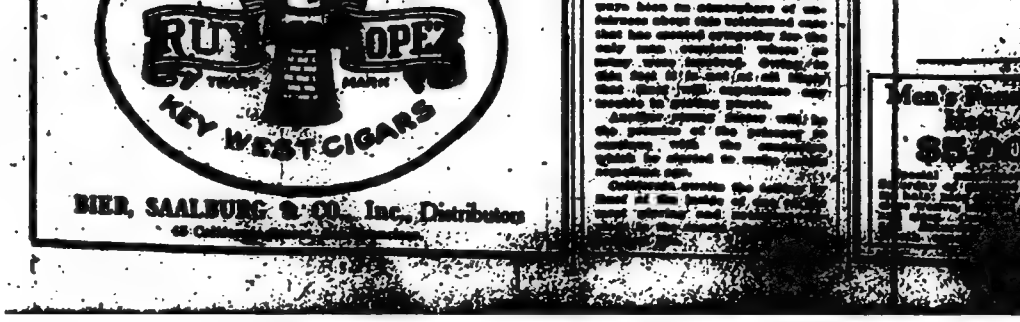
He had just finished shooting a few craps with his trusty trapgun. The first, second, third, fourth and fifth mates were stretched out on deck, and Popeye was making pass after pass—at the money in the middle of the floor. Up stepped the bloodthirsty cook of the "Josie Lee," known to his intimates as "The Ape."

"Blow me down," said Popeye, "I'll lay you among the swee' peas."

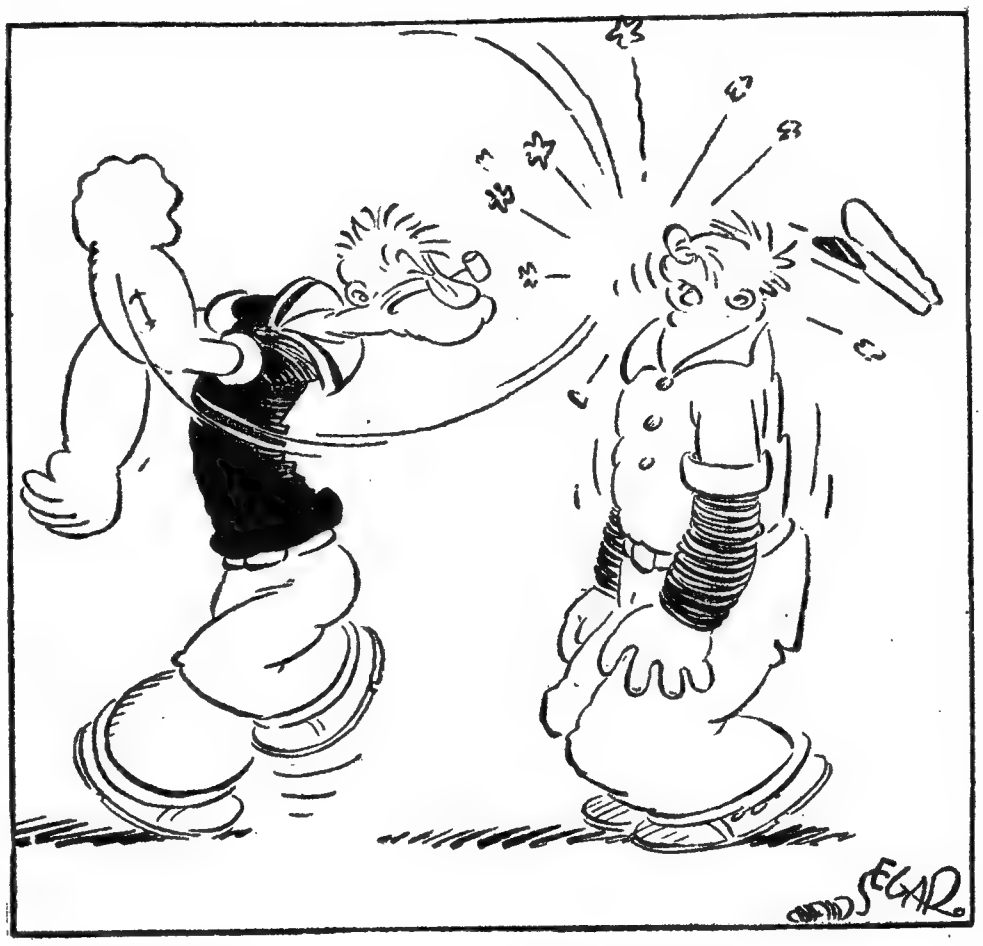
Popeye cast about him hastily for a handy sweet pea bed. To his horror, there was not a one on the boat. He could not go back on his promise and lay "The Ape" anywhere else—say, for instance, in the handsome sunflower patch amidships—so all he could do was stand still and take his punishment.

That was how he lost one optic and had his name changed from "Popeye" to "Popeye."

Tomorrow: Bringing Popeye's life story up to date.



Ol' Popeye Is Gentleman, Blow Me Down If He Aint!





CHAPTER FOUR

Careful students of Popeye's history should study the accompanying picture. Here you see the famous sailorman in one of his gentler moods. Notice that he has caressed the big bully with his LEFT hand, which he is able to control because his left optic is intact. If he had hit with his right, under the missing peeper, the recipient of the blow might have disintegrated into thin air.

As a matter of fact, Popeye doesn't know his own strength to this day. He has sought introductions on many occasions, but always has met with a chaste rebuff. In the old days, when Popeye made his nightly rounds winding the anchor of the Josie Lee, always careful to stay in front of the mast so he could say afterwards, "Blow de down!. I spent four years before the mast!" —in those days it was a brave mariner who would incur Popeye's wrath.

One of the famous salt's chief characteristics was his gallantry. He never hit a woman without some justification. Whenever the talk in the glory hole of the Josie Lee turned to the fair sex, Popeye would take off his hat and one sock, turn his eyes reverently to the sky and say with real emotion, "Blow me down!" So all the sailors knew Popeye was a gentleman.

There was the time when an albatros salighted on deck to refuel, and "The Ape," bloodthirsty cook of the Josie Lee, seized the poor bird and was about to make off with him. "Off" was a kind of gruel, a dish that was a favorite among the crew. "The Ape" could make "off" with almost anything. He frequently boasted that before taking to the sea he was so talented he could make "off" very nicely with a bag of silverware!

Popeye, noticing from the tiny slippers which the Albatross wore that the bird was a girl, or "Albatress," unwound a quick right to "The Ape's" jaw and rescued the hapless creature.

"Blow me down!" said Popeye, bowing deeply before the little lady, "maybe you is sometbody's sister, tha's a fack! Nobody but a crinimal would do a hurt to anybody's sister!"

Tomorrow: Popeye airs his views on This and That.

Popeye Tells All in Newspaper Talk

CHAPTER 5

No life story of Popeye could be complete without a few words from the sagacious salt himself. The interview was brief and snappy. Twice Popeye gave every appearance of winding up his deadly right to terminate the soiree more abruptly than the questioner liked. One of these occasions was when Popeye was asked:

"Are you and Miss Oyl betrothed "

Popeye scratched his chin and readjusted his pipe. Then color, like a miniature prairie fire, began to march across the noted mariner's chin. Stubble wilted before the crimson flood and Popeye's valid blinker began to flash warningly.

"Blow me down! Does a swab have to be frothed up over his friancay?"

The interviewer moved rapidly away, making soothing noises in his throat, but it was several minutes before Popeye could be placated and the questioning continued.

"What do you think about the world economic crisis, Mr. Popeye?"

"They's too many diff'rent countries, and that's a fack! I never thinks about the creases in other ports on account of it's hard enough to straighten out things in home waters. Blow me down! People looks for trouble in fur places without hoisting anchor."

"Do you believe in vivisection?"

"They's another thing—every swab these days does a lot of talking about sex. They's men in the world and they's women and that's why! Blow me down!"

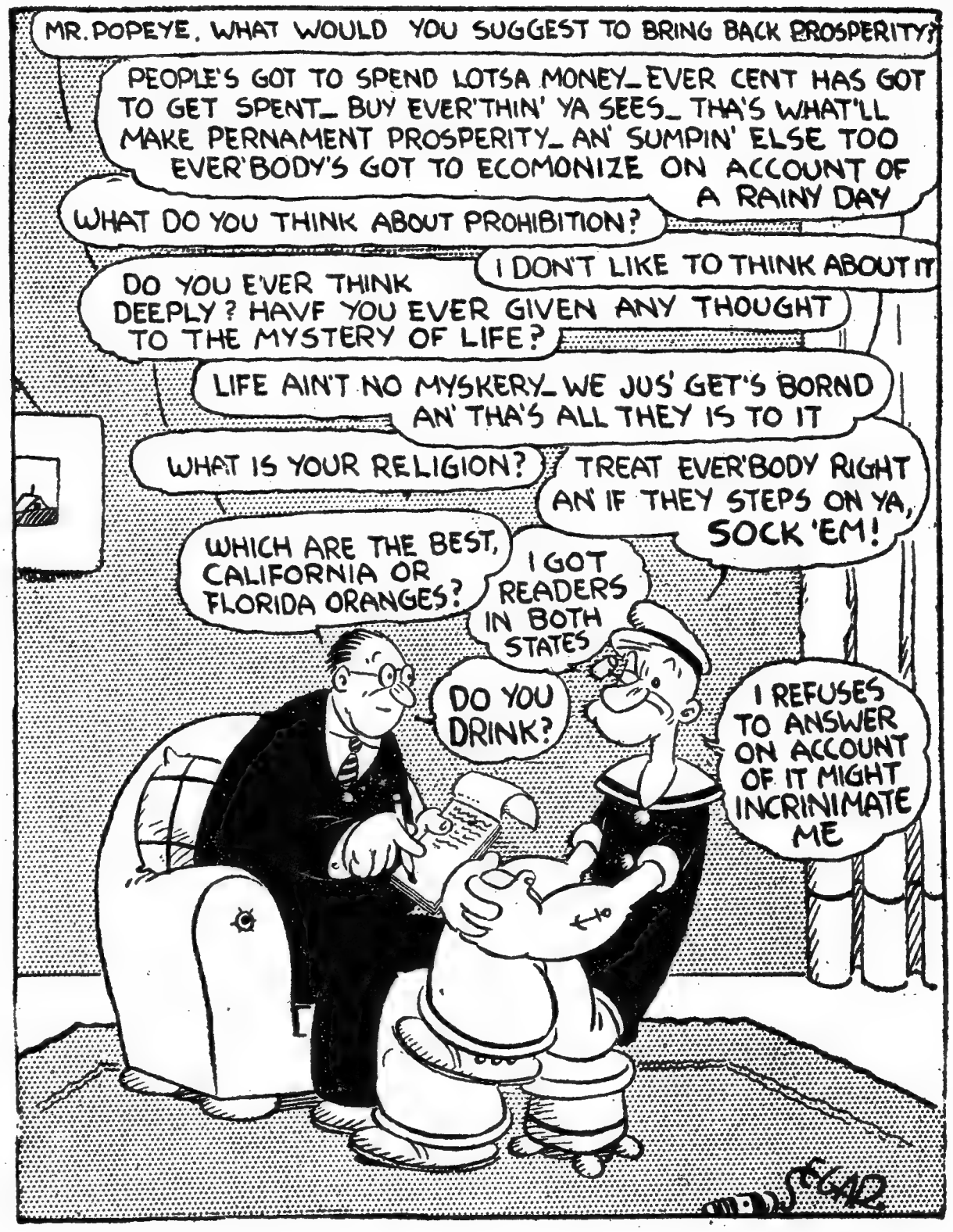
"Where do you prefer to hit an opponent, Mr. Popeye?"

"I just lets fly, an' any place from socks to dandruff is O. K. with me. Then I gives him my exter special punch, which lays him among the swee' peas."

"Would you rather be a detective or a pugilist, Mr. Popeye?"

"I gotta be both. A defective is no good unless he can swing his mitts on account of knowing how to be a pugilist."

"Does Olive Oyl approve of your disposition to fisticuffs?"



The crimson tide began to flow once more, Popeye began to bring his right triphammer into position and the interviewer knew that his time was up.

And that's that!

(Today, tomorrow and every weekday follow Popeye's career in the comic strip, "Thimble Theater, starring Popeye," which appears daily in The Post-Enquirer.

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Ruef 2
Ruef
Goldberg
Grocers--Tea, Coffee, Wine,

A NOTE ON REPRODUCTION:

All the strips in this volume have been shot from printed newspaper tearsheets that are over three quarters of a century old. While much effort has been devoted to finding the cleanest copies and extensive retouching and color correcting has been done, many do retain traces of their somewhat compromised origins. We hope this does not mitigate your enjoyment of these classics.

—THE PUBLISHERS

September 12th, 1933

Mr. R. G. Carpenter
Box 354
Carlsbad, New Mexico

Dear Mr. Carpenter:

You've got to take your spinach with a smile; don't snarl at it as you hoist it to your mouth. And you must laugh while you are chewing it. Then, if you don't choke, the spinach--or the laugh--will do you good.

I am glad to hear you are not constipated. Now as to your bowels, I would advise you to eat more or less cheese with your spinach until the proper consistancy is obtained.

Trusting that this advice will correct what ails you, believe me, I am,

Sincerely yours,



E. C. Segar

ECS/PG



★★★

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS:
THE LAST OF THE SEGAR POPEYE STRIPS

"THE PERFECT COMIC STRIP." – CHARLES M. SCHULZ

ISBN NUMBER: 978-1-60699-453-2
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E. C. Segar was taken from the world of comics far too early, but his final year and a half of *Thimble Theatre* includes some of his most inspired and thrilling storylines, beginning with the epic "Mystery Melody," featuring the Sea Hag, the Goon, and Toar! Also: Rare art, two essays by Popeye expert Richard Marschall, and Segar's own illustrated five-part biography of Popeye!

"With a corncob pipe clenched in his grimacing mouth; tattooed, hypertrophic forearms; balding pate; and a nose and chin that resemble nothing so much as an old man's genitalia, Popeye is a fearsomely Brueghelian spectacle — and therefore an ideal cartoon character. … There's a decidedly existentialist, often Sisyphean cast to his dilemmas, but the hell that is other people proves less an occasion for philosophy than for anger and fisticuffs. Ceaselessly kinetic, knockout stars buzzing about his head (or his opponent's), his improbably proportioned body is always cocked and at the ready; Segar drew Popeye as a stop-action spontaneous combustion." – BOOKFORUM

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"I consider the Popeye run of E.C. Segar's strip one of the towering achievements in comics. [The volumes] contain some of the greatest humor comics of all time…" – TOM SPURGEON, THE COMICS REPORTER



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